

*The Australian*

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

DECEMBER 31, 1958

PRICE



**THE RAINIERS AT  
NEW YORK BALL**

SEE PAGES 8, 9, 11



The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

wishes you a Merry Christmas

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DECEMBER 31, 1958

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#### OUR COVER

● Superbly dressed Princess Grace, escorted by Prince Rainier, was a regal figure as the Monaco royal couple arrived at the fabulous Imperial Ball at New York's Astor Hotel. Her brief visit to the United States was a triumph for the former film star. Our cover and color photographs on pages 8, 9, and 11 are by Robert Feldman, of our New York staff.

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## The Weekly Round

● "Our very dearest friends have been Australians and one day I hope to visit Australia," says Josephine Blumenfeld, the first instalment of whose delightful book "Pin A Rose On Me" begins on page 16 of this issue.

MRS. BLUMENFELD, a charming English grandmother, told our London correspondent:

"The late Sir Thomas White, former Australian High Commissioner in London, and my husband were the closest friends.

"They were prisoners together in Turkey during World War I, escaped together, and each wrote a book on his experiences."

As well, Australian artist Stanley Parker did a sketch of her that was published recently in "The Tatler."

FAMOUS portrait painter Gerald Brockhurst, whose opinions on "The Changing Faces of Female Beauty" appear on pages 12 and 13, has a set price for his paintings. He charges £2230 for a head-and-shoulders portrait and adds an extra £450 if the sitter's hands are included.

"MR. A. S. Onassis" was the name read out as the winner of a television set raffled at New York's Imperial Ball, at which Princess Grace and Prince Rainier of Monaco were guests of honor (our cover and pages 8, 9, and 11).

It didn't take long for the guests to identify the name—Aristotle Socrates Onassis, the multi-millionaire Greek shipping owner.

Mr. Onassis did not attend the ball, but many thought that Princess Grace or her husband might have got the ticket for him—the Onassis luxury yacht Christina is usually anchored in Monaco Harbor.

#### NEXT WEEK

● Our next issue is our big special fiction issue for holiday reading. For full details see page 27 of this issue.





OUTDOOR CAFES on St. Tropez waterfront. Here smart crowds gather to sip aperitifs and look across to the luxury yachts and cruisers moored where once there were only a handful of fishing-boats.



BEST-SELLER ("Bonjour Tristesse") authoress Françoise Sagan dancing with her husband, Guy Schoeller, in a St. Tropez cabaret (above).



BOHEMIAN atmosphere in a back-street cafe is provided by colorfully dressed artists and students who entertain themselves (left).

## ST. TROPEZ

# They call it the Village of Love

● St. Tropez, the once-quiet Riviera fishing port, has become Paris-by-the-sea. Because of the celebrated couples who spend holidays there it has earned the sub-title "Village of Love."

**B**ELINDA LEE and Prince Orsini have dined on yachts in its harbor. Sophia Loren and Carlo Ponti have strolled arm in arm along the quays.

Porfirio Rubirosa (playboy, ex-husband of Doris Duke and Barbara Hutton) spent a new honeymoon there with his French actress wife, Odile Rodin. Sydney Chaplin and Noelle Adam, the star of Françoise Sagan's ballet "Le Rendezvous Manqué," have wandered hand in hand through its narrow streets.

Guy Schoeller and his wife, Françoise Sagan, spent some months there while Françoise finished her fourth book.

Brigitte Bardot met there Sacha Distel, the young guitarist she is to marry, and announced her engagement in the "privacy" of the most popular cellar-nightclub, "L'Esquinade."

First to congratulate her was her ex-husband, film producer Roger Vadim, and his beautiful new Danish actress wife, Annette.

Mel Ferrer and Audrey Hepburn, Jean-Pierre Aumont and Marisa Pavan have

lazed on the beaches and danced in the nightclubs.

Queen Juliana of Holland shopped in its market with her daughters.

Actress Michele Morgan and her husband, Henry Vidal, have a villa just outside the town and a cabin cruiser in the port.

Cadillacs, expensive red sports cars, and old corks filled with blue-jeaned students roar through the narrow streets of St. Tropez. The cafes are crowded with celebrities and the harbor is crammed with yachts.

As for fashion—it's unique. Millionaires and students dress alike. New arrivals call at Madame Vachon's waterfront shop for their outfits.

Men wear fishermen's jerseys in blue-and-white stripes and linen "little boy" hats.

Women perch straw boaters on top of chiffon scarves wrapped round head and throat. They wear violent-hued shirts, thigh-length, over the briefest shorts. In the evening they encase their lovely suntanned legs in stove-pipe pants of brilliant velvet or striped cotton.



TAHITI BEACH, three miles from St. Tropez, where the fashionable crowds migrate late each morning by yacht, cruiser, or car to swim and sunbathe. At the height of the season 40,000 people crowd into "St. Trop," which has only 360 hotel beds.



# DALI

## and the girls with pony-tails

• Salvador Dali, the famous Spanish artist, was surprised when he saw a blonde and a redhead on the beach near his house. For a moment he thought they had risen from the sea.

FASCINATED by their hair, which they wore in long pony-tails, he showed them over his house. Using their hair as reins, he "drove" them like a pair of fillies from room to room.

Then he sketched them—with their hair harnessed to an armchair in which Dali was riding.

Before they left he gave them his signature adorned with typical Dali symbols—the sun casting long shadows from two figures on the beach, and an ant.

The girls were New Zealanders Marie McMahon and Patricia Dayman, who tells this story:

WE reached the top of the scorched, terraced hills of parched olive groves, passed two members of the Guardia Civil standing at the cross-roads, and started down the snaking road to Cadaques.

Suddenly, round a bend, there it was—and we knew we'd seen it before.

And then we knew where we'd seen it—there was the whole background of Dali's

"Crucifixion," the calm, placid bay in the land where it is always afternoon, the little white Spanish houses clustered round the church on the hill, the high-prowed fishing boats pulled up on the beach.

Dali, we discovered, lived at Port Lligat, about half a mile from Cadaques, so we rattled on down the dusty earth road in our second-hand London taxi.

The House of Dali, with a tall, beautiful dove-cote at the rear, overlooks the sea, chalk-white against the burnt hill.

On a rock wall in the garden we could see an ornate and symbolic Dali clock.

Marie and I eyed the house, wanting to discover for ourselves what manner of man was this that gave lectures on art in a diving-suit, had been known to sleep in a coffin, and paint his fingernails black.

### Here we were

Dali once said, "Ultimately everyone comes to me." Well, here we were, all the way from New Zealand.

By the end of the day we decided to knock on his door—come what may.

We walked along the shingle

beach, and as we approached his gate, as though by a pre-arranged signal, his door opened and a figure emerged and stood silently watching us.

He seemed, in that half-light, to be not Dali at all, but an impostor wearing an outside moustache and shoulder-length hair.

I remembered the first picture of him I saw when I was eleven, in one of my mother's copies of "Vogue" magazine.

In those days, in company with the fashion drawings of Christian Berard and the newest creations of Mme Schiaparelli, Dali reproductions were a fairly regular feature.

They held my absorbed attention, which caused me to be regarded as a trifle odd.

So now I stood, rooted to the spot by my childhood awe, while Marie strode straight on and started talking.

As I came up she was saying—"and this is my friend Pat."

Dali gave us a penetrating, hypnotic look, then said, "Come," pointing through the door.

The first thing we saw was an enormous, stuffed Canadian bear, its neck festooned with

ropes of beads and mayoral chains, and on its head a crab-shell.

Dali led us up a short flight of steps to the dining-room. This, like every other room in the traditional Spanish house, was painted an airy chalk-white, a perfect background for the driftwood, starfish, and sea-eggs that decorated the walls, the great clump of dried daisies that hung over the door, and the heavy, black wrought-iron candlesticks on the long, narrow board table.

### "What is it?"

Shelves set into a wall contain a mass of unrelated objects, from an elegant gold bottle-top designed by Gaudi, the great Spanish architect, to an old lithograph of some well-moustached gentleman.

Dali, taking our long strands of pony-tail hair in each hand, again said "Come!" and drove us to his studio.

He trotted us straight to his most recent work, a still-life which included a silver-stemmed fruit bowl, and the bowl a second time, disintegrated, its stem tied in a knot.

To Marie he said: "What is it? Tell me what it is."

He stood back, his hands clasped behind his back, humming to himself and observing her reactions.

Marie, convinced that something other than the obvious was required, said: "Music—I get music. It's a trumpet."

He gave a look of impatience and said, "No, it's not! You," giving me a prod.

Like Marie, I felt I should say something like "Petrified Distraction of the Inner

FISHERMEN are always busy on the shingle beach below Dali's house. The terraced hills appear in many Dali landscapes.

THE SIGNATURE which Dali gave to Patricia Dayman.



BLONDE Marie McMahon and redhead Patricia Dayman with Salvador Dali on the beach near his home.

CADAQUES, one of the oldest villages on Spain's Costa Brava, where Dali was born and went to school. It is only half a mile from his present home, which overlooks Port Lligat.

Nuclear Fission" — but instead I said: "It's a fruit dish."

"Of course it is!" shouted Dali. "And this is the disintegration of the fruit bowl. I am very interested in disintegration at present."

The studio was filled with fascinating treasures and two large picture windows commanded superb views over the bay.

An irregularly shaped doorway, 16ft. high, formed an impressive entrance.

Beside it were a full-sized plaster statue of Apollo, crowned with a Davy Crockett hat, and a tier of Japanese lampshades.

Sugar-pink cloth scattered with spangles was draped on one wall, where high on a pair of bullock's horns hung the fantastic black-and-white hats and costumes Dali and his wife, Gala, had once worn to a Venetian masked ball.

Prominently displayed was an Easter card bearing a white cotton-wool Easter Bunny.

"That," Dali said, "is symbolic of today. All people want is the Easter Bunny. It is the ultimate in contemporary popular art."

Fondling our pony-tails and crossing the blond strands over the red for contrast, he said: "This hair is wonderful. I would like to paint you both. It would be most interesting."

### Like small boy

Then "Come, come!" he said again, taking our hair like reins, and romping us through the house like a small boy intent on showing us all his treasures at once.

Up some stairs we came to a bedroom where two beautiful wrought-iron beds were covered in deep regal red, the pair united by a sky-blue canopy.

A cage of little birds stood by a window near a large mirror, carefully tilted so that Dali from his bed can watch his two pet swans swimming in an enclosure in the sea below.

A long, broad shelf held tall, old-fashioned lolly bottles and apothecary jars filled with Spanish candy that resembles colored pebbles and birds' eggs.

A round tray held what appeared to be beautifully designed silver fish arranged like the small fish in Spanish markets that are sold in round barrels. They proved to be chocolates.

On the white mantelpiece stood brandy balloons filled with white artificial lily of the valley and daisies.

### Loud explosion

I sniffed the air and said, "What can I smell — some kind of incense?" There was a sudden loud explosion behind me and clouds of smoke filled the air, perfuming it with the same strange aroma.

When neither of us blinked at this bit of horse-play, Dali galloped us downstairs for a look at the living-room.

Here was a great stuffed swan, wings spread, suspended from the ceiling.

An arm sheathed in black armor, the hand clasping a spear, extended from one wall.

"Can you come tomorrow," he asked, "for me to sketch you?"

Regrettably we said we had to leave. "We have to be in Barcelona," we said, "so will not have time to be made immortal."

"Then come in the morning, before you leave," said Dali. "I will do something!"

And when we called there was the sketch of us, with our red and blond tresses pulling along a triumphant Dali in his elegant armchair.

"I will do something," he said again, contemplating his drawing.

"It was really most strange, your coming along the beach out of the sea. Well, bonjour, bonjour!"

We waved as we rattled once more up the hot, dusty hill.

By the time we reached the top we were not sure we had not been dreaming.





# Sky-high fashions in big balloon adventure



"THE SMALL WORLD" sets off on a big adventure. LEFT: The balloon skims the water at Tenerife after take-off. RIGHT: Rosemary Mudie and Tim Eiloart in the balloon's car. BELOW RIGHT: The adventure path.



● After the transatlantic balloon "The Small World" floated into the sky at Tenerife, in the Canary Islands, the world-at-large breathlessly awaited reports of its high adventure across the ocean to the West Indies. Before the near-tragic take-off, when equipment had to be jettisoned, Anne Matheson, of our London staff, interviewed the only woman in the four-strong crew for this story.

**ROSEMARY MUDIE**, the one woman in "The Small World," could carry only 16oz. of luggage with her, so she took her clothes problem to designer Teddy Tinling.

The result was two chic little nylon outfits—one pink-striped and the other blue—which Rosemary calls "dramatised versions of bush shorts and shirt."

Rosemary, a fashion expert, who for six years has successfully launched parades of high-fashion clothes for the Irish Linen Guild and staged yearly displays of fashions in footwear, decided that as the balloon was launched so also would be the first clothes for the clouds.

She planned to wear the outfits, one on and one off, rinsing them in seawater, and to sleep in them, too—creeping into one of the cosy sleeping-bags she also had a hand in designing.

For the cooler weather she took a windproof sailing suit—royal-blue nylon—with trousers and hooded smock to wear over the bush suit.

The crew—Rosemary's husband, Colin, and two other men—also wore these suits, which they call "zootsuits" and which can be inflated and used as lifejackets.

For stormy weather they took much the same suits in new nylon that is completely waterproof and does not stiffen in the rain. A banlon cardigan and sailing shoes with light suction soles completed her wardrobe.

For lightness, Rosemary took no jewellery—not even her wedding ring—and wore the shortest possible haircut.

"We will have plenty of baths in the salt water we take as ballast," she told me.

"That is where my nylon

bush suits are perfect. I'll take the plunge in one and change to the dry one."

Rosemary thought the men would shave in salt water.

"It's good for their morale to shave," she said.

Since her job is promoting Irish linen she packed two tea-towels for luck.

"But even these have two uses," she said. "One is printed with the solar system, and the other with the map and details of our balloon, so

that when not drying dishes they can be used as charts."

It was designing household goods that first brought the leaders of this expedition together.

Colin Mudie, artist, writer, as well as naval architect, designed a series of table mats, "Sailing Dinghy" and "Vintage Cars" (which this Christmas are about the most popular on the gift counters).

He took the designs to "Bushy" Eiloart (pronounced Eye-low-art), an old pal whom he had met sailing.

About that time Rosemary gave her young husband a book on ballooning for Christmas. So, while Bushy manufactured the table mats to Colin's design, they got talking about ballooning.

"And that," said Rosemary, "started it."

For nearly two years Bushy Eiloart, leader of the expedition, and Colin Mudie dreamed, worked, and planned the balloon trip.

All the time Rosemary kept their secret.

At the same time the 51-year-old commander, Eiloart, took his ballooning pilot's licence, and they enlisted the help of everyone—even Prince Philip—when they

wanted to borrow a balloon for training.

Professor Powell, of Bristol University, gave them their biggest break when he helped with making the balloon.

Meantime, in their tiny two-roomed London flat, 32-year-old Colin Mudie designed the eleven feet by five feet yellow car that is suspended from the balloon and carried the Mudies, Bushy Eiloart, and his 21-year-old son, Timothy, who is the wireless operator, one thousand feet up.

While the preparations were going on, Rosemary continued with her job. When not promoting fashions she learned to use a slide-rule and to navigate, since she is assistant to her husband, who is navigator.

She's also keeping the log, and has learnt to work five cameras for her job of making the cine and still camera record of the voyage.

"And I'm the cook, so I had to plan every meal," she told me.

"The food is beautifully packed by a firm more famous for their Ascot and shooting-party hampers. None of us dares put on weight, as this would endanger the height of the balloon, and it might mean throwing food overboard."

Five foot two inches high

and seven and a half stone in weight, dark-haired with skin that takes tan easily, Rosemary looks as though a puff of the trade winds they are depending on to take them to the West Indies would blow her out of the balloon.

Sonia Whitfield, her colleague in promoting fashions, who goes yachting with the Mudies, said: "I would love to be ballooning across the Atlantic with them. They are the most enchanting people to be with."

"Colin has a beautiful sense of humor, is modest—almost fey. Rosemary complements him in every way."

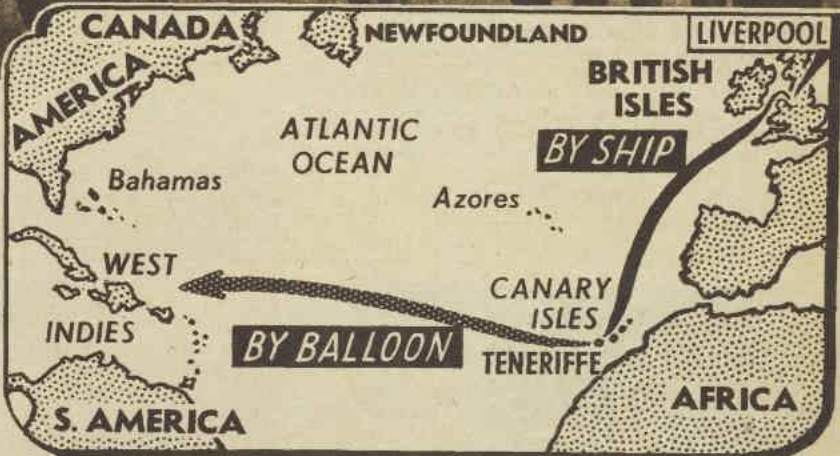
"They have been married four years and met through their love of small boats, which have been their passion."

While Colin Mudie was the key person behind the whole building of the balloon, Bushy Eiloart—a born leader—was the driving force.

"You have to know Bushy to realise he is never defeated, whatever he takes up," Sonia told me.

"For instance, he learned to play chess, and beat the whole county."

"Bushy is taking a chess set to relieve boredom on the trip."



IN EL MEDANO, a remote village of Tenerife, Rosemary Mudie makes friends with local children while the crew of "The Small World" make preparations for the take-off.





*It is the little, loving touches of sentiment that give individual meaning to family Christmases. On this page are entries chosen from the hundreds we received in our Christmas Customs Contest.*

**W**E have awarded the £10 prize to a reader who tells of a custom that unites a family scattered all over the world:

World War II separated many families, but perhaps not many are as scattered as ours. We live in Melbourne, my parents in London, my brother and his family in Nairobi, Kenya, my husband's parents in Eze, South of France, while my husband's brother lives in Michigan, U.S.A.

In the circumstances, a family reunion at Christmas is out of the question. Instead, for several years we have adopted a practice that gives us all much pleasure and helps to shrink the thousands of miles between us.

Each of the five families sends away four parcels to the others. There are delicious nuts from Kenya, usually a

huge box of chocolates from Michigan, some specially made Christmas cake from my parents in London. We send off four large packets of Australian crystallised fruit. And from the South of France my husband's parents always send away four bottles of champagne.

Even though we are far apart, we all have the same Christmas feast. We drink each other's health in champagne, think of our relatives as we saw them last, and tick off one more year to 1962. Why 1962? Because we all have a rendezvous in Blackheath, London, that year. I wonder if we will all make it!

£10 to Mrs. J. Ferris, Ashburton, Vic.

#### New world music

**M**USIC fills this household on Christmas morning:

As a young bride, with anxious thoughts about preparing my first Christmas dinner, I was a little dismayed when several young men ar-

rived at our small flat on Christmas morning and settled themselves comfortably in with every appearance of staying for the day.

When all were assembled my husband put Dvorak's "New World" symphony on the radiogram. The young men listened raptly, then departed. Then I heard the explanation of how this little ceremony began.

Several years before, these friends had given my husband the recording, arriving with it on Christmas morning. They had sat and listened to the fine music there and then, and had so enjoyed the session that they repeated it annually.

Now, here in Australia, far from all those young Englishmen, playing the "New World" symphony seems a very appropriate way of remembering old times, and of celebrating Christmas in our "new world."

£2 to Mrs. J. Cole, Orchard Hills, N.S.W.

#### Old and new

**E**UROPE and Australia are drawn together by this family custom:

Our family has the joy of celebrating two Christmases one Bavarian-style and one Australian.

My husband is a New Australian, and on Christmas Eve our little daughter and son and I join in celebrating a real German Christmas. First we have a Christmas dinner prepared entirely from recipes sent by Grandmother in Germany, and translated by my husband. Then we have a beautiful living Christmas tree, decorated by my husband as his family tree was decorated and on which are placed half the gifts; while the gifts are examined, we open the parcel which always comes from his family, and finally all leave for Midnight Mass at my husband's church.

On Christmas morning we wake to the typical Australian Christmas, the remaining half of the presents being discovered in pillowcases hung on the foot of the babies' beds. There is a leisurely breakfast, friends drop in, then we attend mid-morning service at the church which I attend, and come home for a Christmas picnic lunch, Australian-style.

£2 to Mrs. J. Gaisreiter, Fairfield, N.S.W.

#### Candle ceremony

**A**ROUND midnight on Christmas Eve, when our children are asleep, my husband and I light "The Christmas Candle."

Holding it together, we make a wish—his for me and mine for him. Then we take the candle to the fireplace and set alight the brown-paper wrappings and strings from the hoarded parcels now gleaming under our Christmas tree.

We call this "Cleaning the Cobwebs," for we want our household tidy for the spirit of Christmas to enter. At the last flame I say "Happy Birthday, Holy Child, may your peace descend upon us all."

£2 to Mrs. K. Dewhurst, Newcastle, N.S.W.





# OF CHRISTMAS

## Burning taper

**CHRISTMAS** bells first chime in our house in November with the making of the Advent Wreath.

Fern fronds in a green circle in wet sand hold four white candles signifying the coming light of the Nativity. On four succeeding Sundays a candle is lit until all are shedding their Christmas light.

Christmas Eve the wreath is replaced with a miniature crib, and a red Christmas taper replaces the four white candles.

After midnight church we come home to light our Christmas taper and open our gifts. This calls for a celebration. We breakfast merrily at 2 a.m., and then sleep.

Christmas lunch is eaten on our wide verandah in the shadow of the tecoma vine, where generations of doves have nested and reared their young with trust. At three o'clock we have our Christmas dinner. This we eat in the coolness of dusk with festive pomp and indoor ceremony, and all the while our Christmas taper burns brightly beside the little Christ in His Crib.

£2 to Miss Elizabeth A. Kinne, Booval, Qld.

## Polish customs

**M**ANY readers described Polish customs kept up in Australia. Here is one of the letters:

Christmas Eve is our time of celebration. On our table, between the dishes, straw has been laid. This straw reminds us of the poverty in which Christ was born. The traditional meal is composed of fish, fruit, soup, home-made macaroni served with "poppy milk."

I, the head of the family, take the wafer (usually sent to me from Poland), break it, and share it with the rest of the family, saying: "Guide us, O God, so that we may live to see another Christmas." Then the record-player is switched on. The tune of "Silent Night" takes possession of our souls. In solemn meditation we eat our supper.

£2 to Mr. S. Kaczonowski, Bankstown, N.S.W.

## A "star"

**T**HIS touching story tells of a family circle with a missing face:

When our youngest son, Michael, was 18 months old he was given a decoration of gold and silver off the Sunday School Christmas tree. Because of the glitter he thought it was a star.

Each year he placed this shining ornament on the top of our tree as the crowning glory, the tree not complete without it.

This year for the first time his little sister has been given the honor of placing the "star" on the top of our tree on Christmas morning, as last May Michael, aged 7, died of leukemia.

This "star" will always remind us of a little red-haired boy and the fun and pride he took in his part of making a merry Christmas for us all.

£2 to Mrs. G. Cutting, Springwood, N.S.W.

## "Our tree"

**O**UR artificial Christmas tree is one of our oldest and most cherished possessions.

It has graced every Christmas since I was five years old, and now I have daughters the same age.

Every year it is brought out, repaired if necessary, and hung with its decorations, each of which has a sentimental story. Some, like the battered Father Christmas, are older than the tree. There is a silver nut and candles (now very short) which decked the tree when I first saw it. One decoration marks the first Christmas of each of our children, another one my husband gave me for our first married Christmas.

On Christmas night we light the candles, turn off the electric light, and go outside to look at the lighted tree through the window. After singing carols we go inside, blow out the candles, and Christmas is over again until next year.

£2 to Mrs. M. A. Sanders, Lower Mitcham, Vic.

## Cherub's symbol

**W**HEN my aunt died she left me a candle, which has around its base six cherubs, each carrying a symbol of Christmas.

There is a mechanism inside, which when wound up sends the cherubs moving around the candle to the music of "Silent Night."

Every Christmas, while the pudding is burning and the room is darkened, we play the candle as my aunt did once, in memory of her and all others of our family who are far away, or are no longer with us.

£2 to Miss B. Thomas, Brighton-le-Sands, N.S.W.

## Card contest

**A** CHRISTMAS card competition is the highlight of our day.

My younger brother originated it — now it is an institution. After Christmas tea we take down the cards which have been decorating the sitting-room and, seated around the table, sort them into sections — "Most Christmasy," "Best Australian Scene,"

"Most Artistic," and so on. There is even a section for "The Dullest Card."

Then we judge them, passing on the best in each section to my father, who makes the final decision. Each recipient of a winning card is presented with a chocolate, and there is a special award for the owner of the "Grand Champion Card."

Our yearly competition has become quite famous among our friends, whose cards often have a note attached, such as: "This is for the 'Christmasy' section," or "How's this for the dullest card?"

£2 to Miss N. Butterley, Beecroft, N.S.W.

## Maori cooking

**H**ERE'S a Christmas custom from New Zealand:

We live in the centre of the North Island on the boundary of the King Country where it meets the Aotea Harbor. On the Maori side of the border lives Mrs. Whakaruku Waitere, and every Christmas she makes a big hangi, and invites the Pakehas (white people) to the feast.

A hangi is a Maori cooking oven. To make one, you dig a shallow hole about 3 feet across, lay small stones in the hole. On top of the stones you light a wood fire, and after it has burnt for 20 minutes or so,

and the stones are nearly red hot, the unburnt wood and charcoal are raked off. Cold water is then splashed on the hot stones to cause a cloud of steam, which cooks the food.

A mat of plaited New Zealand flax is placed on the stones, and on this is placed the food — pork, kumaras, potatoes, maize cobs, cabbage, green peas, fish (snapper and shellfish). Over this is placed another flax mat, clean sacks, and a solid covering of soil. After 30 minutes' steaming the dinner is perfectly cooked.

Food is served in plaited flax containers.

Three or four families—Maori and Pakeha—sit on the ground and enjoy a wonderful feast, happiness, and goodwill.

£2 to C. R. Buckeridge, Te Mata, Auckland, N.Z.

## Christmas basket

**T**HIS custom began in the depression years:

Our "Family Custom" began in the 'thirties, when Christmas trees were hard-to-come-by luxuries, and our gifts went into a Christmas Basket. They still do.

On Christmas Eve each member of the family wraps his or her gifts, marking each one plainly with the recipient's name. These, with any parcels which have arrived by mail, are piled into the family

clothes basket, decorated for the occasion, and covered with a cloth.

After breakfast on Christmas Day, we gather around and in turn dip under the cloth. Each parcel is handed to its rightful owner, which adds our own special flavor to the joys of Christmas, which for us would be a much poorer celebration without our Christmas Basket.

£2 to Miss M. Ellis, Mt. Eliza, Vic.

## "The Box"

**T**HE focal point of our Christmas morning is "The Box."

This holds my husband's gift to me, which has been secretly purchased, boxed, sealed, then put on top of the kitchen cabinet. Everyone who comes tries to guess the contents. It is usually put up in November, but one year it went up in October.

The size of the box is not always a clue to its contents. Once a huge box contained a small brooch, and another time the box contained only a written instruction to look in a drawer, where I found another clue. After about 10 clues I ended up in the garage. It was a lot of fun. Months after Christmas people still ask me: "What was in the box?"

£2 to Mrs. I. Pailthorpe, Dundas, N.S.W.

## Family concert

**W**E have a family concert on Christmas Day.

After gifts have been distributed, each member of the family gives an item. Although we have seen the "acts" and heard the songs and recitations for many years, they still bring laughter to our home, and always there is a new grandchild coming forward. Altogether there are mother, father, nine children, seven in-laws, and 22 grandchildren at our gathering.

£2 to Mrs. A. O'Loughlin, Swan Hill, Vic.

## Cricket game

**A** QUEENSLAND family join in an after-dinner game:

For a great number of years my husband and I have had our five married sons and daughters and their families home for Christmas dinner.

When dinner is over we all have a game of cricket on our lawn. Young and old join in, and we have a wonderful time. After cricket we have tea together, and finish with a sing-song. I am 70 years old, and still play games with the family at Christmas. Pop has just passed on, but the rest of us are meeting this Christmas.

£2 to Mrs. E. E. Porter, Mt. Morgan, Qld.





# GRACE AND RAINIER AT NEW YORK BALL



IN HAPPY MOOD, Rainier and glamorous Princess Grace receive many admiring and curious stares on the packed dance-floor at New York's Astor Hotel during a charity ball. Princess Grace refused to dance again after someone stood on her foot. The Rainiers were in America on a month's visit to Grace's family.

● All eyes were on Prince Rainier and Princess Grace of Monaco at the fabulous Imperial Ball at New York's Astor Hotel recently. They mingled with guests on the crowded dance-floor till someone trod on the foot of Her Serene Highness. She then lost all serenity and stormed off the dance-floor to the Royal Box, followed at some distance by Rainier. Color pictures showing this incident are on page 11.



GUESTS at the Imperial Ball were Mrs. Pearl ("Hostess-with-the-Mostest") Mesta and Paul Williams, New York District Attorney. At the ball Princess Grace drew the lucky number of a 5000-dollar (approx. £2250) car. She also drew a blank when she asked the winner to come forward.



LEFT: At midnight, guests were entertained with a Court ballet and a tableau "Beauty and the Beast." Here Gypsy Rose Lee, the famous strip-tease artist, poses with the Peacock.

ABOVE: A lion-like Eddie Albert was the entertainment compere. The actor is shown with ballet star Vera Zorina (left) and Melissa Hayden, prima ballerina of the New York City Ballet.





ABOVE: Prince Aly Khan, Pakistan's delegate to the United Nations, chats with Mrs. Richard Cowell, a striking blonde who was formerly Gail Whitney.



RIGHT: Francis Hunter, an American Davis Cup player of the Tilden era, with his wife. Waitresses, reflected in the mirror, wait ready to pour champagne.



IN THE TABLEAU, comedienne Hermione Gingold, portraying Europa, clowns with the Bull. Fabulous jewels were worn by the glamorous sirens.



OPERA SINGER Patrice Munsel sings and displays the non-operative charms which have made her a top night-club attraction in America. She is also a Metropolitan Opera favorite. She was one of many stars who entertained.



DOYIMA, a top fashion model, who appeared as Cleopatra with the Dog god. Doyima alone wore jewels worth a million dollars. Jewels on loan for the tableau, valued at many million dollars, included the 337-carat Catherine the Great sapphire.



# Finishing school for working girls

By DIANA PHIPPS, of our London staff

● In a building just being completed on a bomb-blitzed site in London's Curzon Street is something new in finishing schools.

ON the building's enormous plateglass windows is written "The John Douglas School," where pupils are working girls, would-be models, and housewives learning fashion, beauty, and deportment.

No exclusive finishing school could be more lavish. The reception-room is decorated in lilac. Glass cases are filled with beautiful bric-a-brac, cosmetics, and clothes.

Background music is provided by Charles Trenet singing French songs, enhancing an atmosphere reminiscent of an expensive boutique on the Rue de la Paix, Paris.

Along a short passage are carpeted classrooms, painted in pastel colors. Upstairs are beauty and hairdressing salons, with the most modern equipment.

## Marble shower

On the lower ground floor is a clubroom, decorated as though it were an exclusive little restaurant. Backing the clubroom are marble shower and changing rooms, an ironing room, and lockers.

The school is the idea of John Douglas Watney — he does not use his surname in business in case it should be associated with Watney's ale.

His staff consists of a pretty receptionist, who worked for six years in a home for problem children, her assistant, the daughter of an air-marshal, and fashion, beauty, and deportment experts.

In less than two months, nearly 200 pupils have enrolled at the school, their ages ranging from 16 to 50. When the building is completed, there will be accommodation for 400.

Mr. Watney's motto is "The Douglas Plan will groom you for success."

As well as teaching how to walk, dress, make-up, and groom hair, the school provides lessons in sophistication, poise, and the social graces, so that the student will be at ease in any society.

## Keeping pace

Although most students are girls who want to become models or work in television or on the stage, many young — and not so young — wives enrol to learn the social graces so that they can keep pace with their up-and-coming husbands.

One of the first students was 16-year-old Heather Meeson, the child of a broken home, who once wanted to be a "Teddy girl." London's equivalent of a widge.

Heather's father asked Mr. Watney to supervise her life, clothes, grooming, even welfare.

She arrived at school with bleached hair down to her

shoulders, her face a mask of make-up, wearing a tight skirt and sweater.

With tact and kindness, Mr. Watney and his assistants cut and styled her hair; taught her the correct use of make-up.

Next day she went to Mr. Watney with a bitter complaint. Boys no longer whistled at her when she passed.

Mr. Watney explained what he was trying to do—to bring out her personality, to show off her pretty face to best advantage.

He explained new values to her and gave her a new outlook on her life, which until then had been lonely and harsh. Soon Heather began to spend more and more time at the club — when not there, she was working for her father — and she was happiest when she shyly began to make herself useful around the school.

Heather was happy. "You see," she said, "I never had a friend before I came here."

When teaching good grooming, the school first cor-



JOHN DOUGLAS WATNEY, principal of the finishing school which guarantees social success for working girls.



SIMPLE ballet and limbering-up exercises are taught to help eliminate figure faults and to teach good posture.

rects students' figure-faults. An expert corsetiere advises on foundation garments, and will make a special corset for problem figures at a low price.

After make-up for day and night has been mastered, a hairdresser styles each girl's hair, and shows her how to set it and keep it groomed.

Then the fashion expert shows the girls how to make their own clothes. She also will design and make dresses for the students at a very low cost, payable in weekly instalments.

The students are shown how to wear accessories, how to get out of a car, how to sit.

They are taught simple ballet exercises, are given elocution lessons.

Guest lecturers visit the school to talk on flower arrangement, appreciation of music and art, local government, and many other subjects.

Outings are arranged. On a visit to London Airport students were shown over an aircraft and taken to the control tower. The only expense was the bus fare—5/- return.

Mr. Watney does not often find a girl with potential star

qualities. When he does—and three instructors must agree with him—the girl gets special grooming.

When he considers the girl is ready he will arrange auditions and film tests.

When students have no classes they can watch television in their clubroom, buy a cup of coffee, or eat a two-course lunch for 3/6.

They can listen to records, but rock-'n-roll is banned.

"They can hear that elsewhere," said Mr. Watney. "I want them to learn about other music."

# Hungarian looks at Australia

● "Australians are like a good proud horse which has never been ill-treated." Study that statement closely, because it comes from a Hungarian who fled his country in the 1956 revolution and who has practically never known freedom.

"YOU have only to look at Australians," says Dr. Denis Halmagyi (pronounced Halmargee), "to know that they have never known personal and national humiliation."

"You have only to compare the faces of workers here going to their jobs with the tragic beaten faces of Hungarian workers to know that these Australians are free men against a background of a free country."

Dr. Halmagyi arrived in Sydney recently to become one of two Adolf Basser Research Fellows in Medicine of the Royal Australasian College of Physicians.

For the next five years Dr. Halmagyi will do research work at Sydney University's Medical School on one specialist subject — the heart and its circulation.

Only 37, he has fair hair and green eyes, looks like an American, and speaks English with alarming fluency and little accent for a man who has only just scraped off his shoes the dirt of the Russian-smashed Hungarian revolution.

Dr. Halmagyi's people were farmers way back, but his father and mother are doc-

tors of dentistry, his father-in-law is a country doctor, and his wife is a pediatrician (specialist in children's diseases).

He studied medicine at Szeged University, 100 miles south of Budapest, and had almost completed his course when he was called up by the Hungarian Army and sent to Germany.

He deserted, returned to Budapest, joined the Underground movement, was picked up by the Gestapo, and for a fortnight was tortured to give the names of his associates.

## Disillusion

The arrival of the Russians in January, 1945, saved him, and he walked to Szeged, where he was able to complete his studies and join the Medical School staff.

"We were at first happy to see the Russians," he said, "but we were soon disillusioned. Then the Communists took over in 1948 and life changed for the worse, for everyone, immediately."

"Since coming to Australia, Communist speeches I've heard are almost word for word with the Communist speeches I listened to in Hungary before the take-over."

"Freedom, democracy, the rights of man, the promises of a glorious future—all were forgotten when the Communists grabbed power and Hungary became a police State."

## The flight

Dr. Halmagyi had no pre-knowledge of the revolution, which began on October 23, 1956, but Russian tanks which went through Szeged only eight hours later had been moving for six days from Odessa, and he thinks the Russians knew in advance that the revolution was coming.

When the Russians withdrew from Budapest and then returned on November 4, Dr. Halmagyi and his wife decided to get out.

"With our boy, Gabor (Gabriel), then nine, we went to Budapest on November 7 and through friends were given an address in a town near the Austrian border."

"There we made contact with a man, and a party of 26 of us walked 12 miles on a black night, dodging Russian patrols, until we reached a small border canal and crossed one by one on a tiny raft."

"Across the canal Hungary was black, but the lights were

bright in friendly Austria. It was symbolic."

Dr. Halmagyi says that after almost a lifetime under dictatorships, both Right and Left, he is only just beginning to relearn how to lead a normal life.

"This may sound curious, but here I'm meeting my childhood again, picking up the pattern of life I knew as a youngster."

"One of the biggest differences between Western man and Iron Curtain man is that where I came from man has no interest, no hobbies."

"A man's life under Communism is unceasing work to stay alive and unceasing work for the party."

"He can't have a car, can't travel, can't have any interests, can't have any pleasure, can't open his mouth."

"When I first arrived I went one weekend to a beach and stood wondering, almost amazed, because I had never in my life seen so many beautiful young men and girls, perfect physical specimens, who laughed and were gay, and whose eyes and faces were untroubled."

"I said to myself, 'Doctors are not really needed in this country, for Australia — just the privilege of being able to live in this atmosphere of sun, light, good food, and freedom — is itself good medicine.'"



WELCOME for the refugee doctor. From left, Dr. Halmagyi, his son, Gabor, Mr. Adolf Basser, who endowed the research fellowships, Mrs. Halmagyi, and Dr. H. Maynard Rennie, honorary secretary, Royal Australasian College of Physicians.

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*New York Ball*  
*from page 9:*

# "MY ACHING TOE," SAID GRACE



*1. The Rainiers could have danced all night.*



*3. A trampled foot, a broken spell.*



*4. Furious Grace ready to storm off.*



*2. Gay, in love, and away from royal cares.*



*5. Disgruntled Rainier ready to follow.*



LILLIAN RUSSELL summed up all that made the 'nineties glamorous and gay.



THEDA BARA, "Vampire" of the silent films, was the slinky, "dangerous" type.



CLARA BOW, "It" girl of the 'twenties, brought the magic emphasis to body lines.



## A Famous Artist Evaluates

# The Changing Faces of



Artist Gerald Brockhurst and his portrait of a glamorous grandma.

SINCE the dawn of time the female of the species has changed the face of beauty at her whim and man has succumbed to her wiles. The Marilyn Monroe of today may be the Theda Bara of tomorrow.

Never before in history have women been able to make men so fickle in their taste for beauty.

Daring has become a symbol of beauty. And before one has a chance to appreciate a smouldering Sophia Loren a pert Brigitte Bardot challenges her claims.

A psychiatrist might say that this emphasis on the rapid turnover of beauty standards today is a symptom of man's insecurity and woman's aggressiveness.

As an artist who has painted some of the great beauties of our time, I observe all this with amazement. I look for beauty in the line of the body and the inner loveliness that comes through in the expression of the face.

Despite her angular grotesqueries,

Cleopatra intrigued a man of action like Mark Antony. But she never set a lasting standard for beauty.

In beauty's changing face, Nefertiti, Egypt's child queen, with her simple straight features and large innocent eyes, represented the true beauty of her age. She has inspired artist and man down the centuries.

### Symbol unsurpassed

IN the Golden Age of ancient Greece, Aphrodite, the goddess of love, with her classic features became the symbol of all beauty and has remained unsurpassed. In Aphrodite we find perfection. Her beauty is the standard by which all female physical attainment is measured.

The need of each period of history is found in its representation of female beauty. The Renaissance, with its revival of interest in ancient studies, resulted in paintings like "The Birth of Venus," by Botticelli, and "La Donna Velta,"

GERALD BROCKHURST (left), at work on a painting of Marlene Dietrich, is probably the world's most sought-after and most expensive portrait painter. Known as the "President painter," Brockhurst holds honors from his native England, from Germany, France, Italy, and the U.S., of which he is now a citizen. Famous personalities who posed for him include economist Bernard Baruch, the Duchess of Windsor, and Clare Boothe Luce.



GRETA GARBO, with Conrad Nagel, is what "man has ever sought in woman."



MARILYN MONROE, today's pace-setter, finds her throne constantly threatened.



SOPHIA LOREN, a smoulderer-supreme, may be looking to see who'll replace her.



# Female Beauty

by GERALD BROCKHURST

**They're gorgeous, but how do they rank with the ideal?**

by Raphael, showing the provocative opulence of womanhood.

These throw a permanent challenge to all mankind to discover their secret. Take Da Vinci's immortal "Mona Lisa." Who can look at her smiling face without being fascinated and captivated? She changed the face of beauty from serenity to enigma.

The marble goddesses of ancient times, and the fascinating faces captured in the oils of the Renaissance, completed a cycle in the changing aspect of beauty. One accentuated the lyric essence, the other spirituality. You might say the contributions of the artists made these women immortal.

No artist works in a vacuum. Something about these women, the mythical and the real, made their creators reach the heights of their capabilities. It is the female desire to be admired that comes through. Egypt, India, Greece, all achieved this ecstatic goal.

Sometimes artists can capture woman-kind's demand for recognition in whole series of paintings. The works of Titian, with their exciting, fleshy women, and Velasquez, the great Spanish painter, are good examples.

Rossetti's "Miss Siddle," Gainsborough and his contemporary Rey-

nolds, with their great ladies, Dante Gabriel Rossetti's alluring creatures, Sargent with his wonderful romanticists, all these have revealed to men in every age the changing outlines of beauty.

## Enduring standard

**F**ASHION in clothes and in hairstyles may come and go, but the women of great art are throwbacks to the adoration of Venus. They are all her daughters.

If I were to choose one woman in our time who could transcend all time,

I would choose Garbo. She represents everything that man has ever sought in woman. Beauty plus enigma.

Garbo's body is the emancipation of today's woman, with its lean, almost boy-like lower lines. It says accept me as your equal.

And isn't that what most women are trying to express today? Garbo's face is one that dreams are made of. A nose of strength. And lips of softness. What a rare combination.

In other days she would be an immortal on canvas instead of a flickering light on a fast-fading silver screen. You

may be thinking but what of Marilyn Monroe, Sophia Loren, and their contemporaries? There is no denying their importance in our present society, but how much of it is momentary? Will they ultimately be relegated to the oddities of other generations?

In the changing face of beauty, only time has the answer. But what a wonderful answer it can be: an Egyptian queen or a young, adorable innocent of gamin-type freedom of the present moment, like the appealing young women who adorn the covers of magazines today. Each telling of her own times, yet risen from Venus herself.



All through recorded history, artists have been inspired by classic beauty: Simple straight lines of Egypt's child queen Nefertiti (far left), Venus, the ideal woman (left), Cleopatra (above), and the allure of India (at right).







## THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

● As soon as the excitement of Christmas is over, the annual flow of holidaymakers from inland areas to resorts all around the Australian coast will increase. Among the many children who will see the city and the sea for the first time this summer will be 75 aboriginal children like these happy boys and girls aboard the miniature train at Sydney's Taronga Park Zoo. Every year the Aborigines' Welfare Board holds a camp at La Perouse, Sydney,

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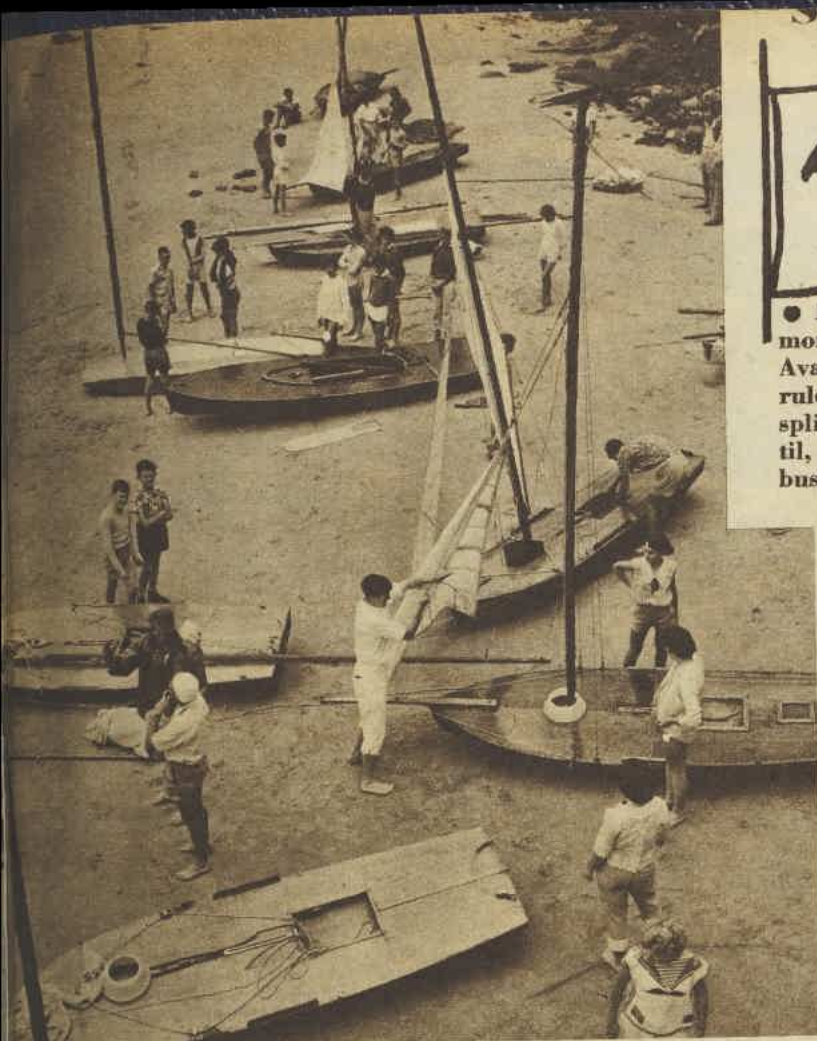
for aboriginal children from towns, stations, and reserves in out-back areas of New South Wales. Medical and dental care are included in a gay schedule of trips to the zoo, Luna Park, pantomimes, and beaches, and watching films and television. When the camp matron asked one little boy how he enjoyed his first swim in the ocean, he said, "The water's all right, but I don't like the stuff they put in it." Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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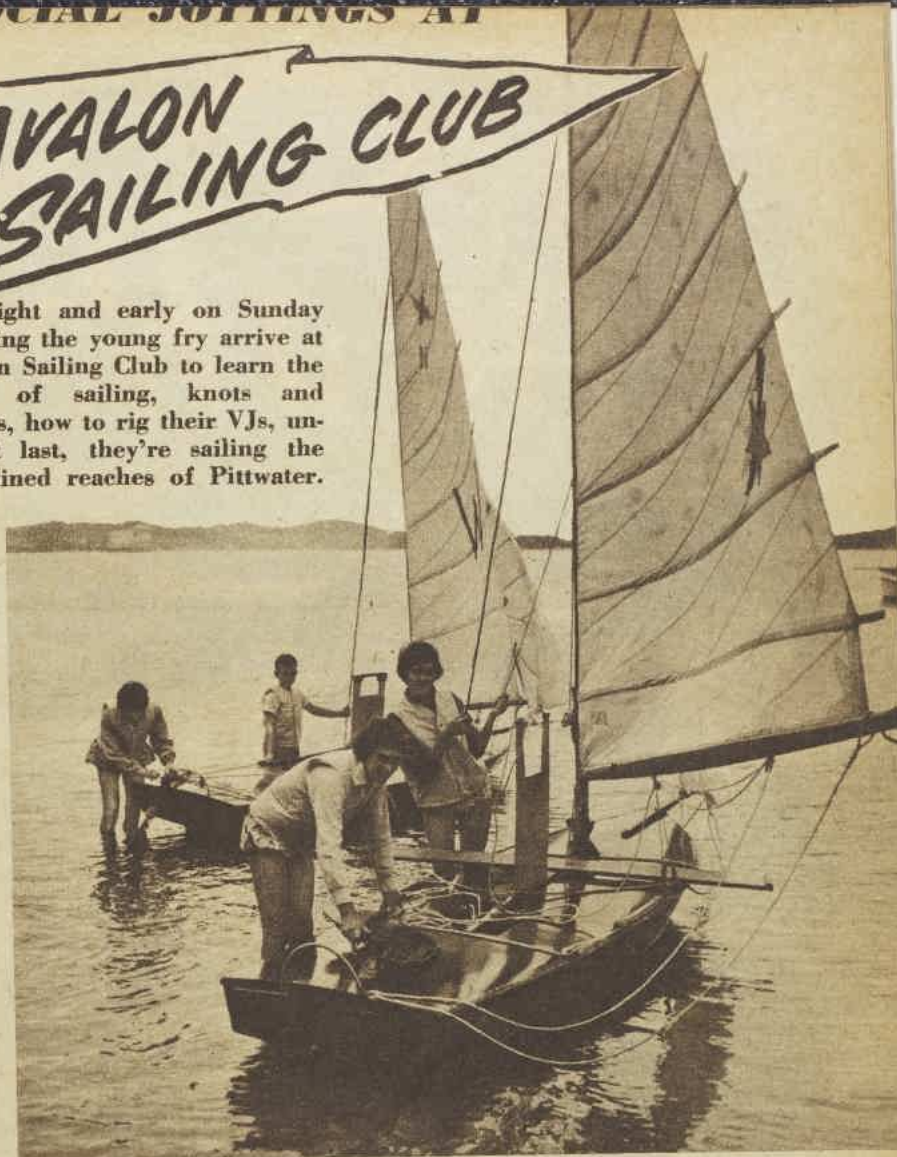
# AVALON SAILING CLUB

● Bright and early on Sunday morning the young fry arrive at Avalon Sailing Club to learn the rules of sailing, knots and splices, how to rig their VJs, until, at last, they're sailing the bush-lined reaches of Pittwater.



**SUNDAY MORNING SCENE** at the Avalon Sailing Club at Clareville as the young sailing enthusiasts start to rig their tiny yachts, plot courses over the water, and plan their picnic lunches in the clubhouse.

**SAILS SET** and the blue water calling as Carol Campbell and Sue Railton launch Starlight, while (at back) Annette and Michael Friend launch Windward. All must be strong swimmers before joining.



**RIGHT:** Dale Ryves discusses tides and currents with her father, John Ryves (right), and Graham Walsh. Mr. Ryves is one of the instructors at the club.

**BELOW:** Three pretty girls, Sue Ure (left), Jill Pursell, and Barbara Glover, carry bundles of sails across the sands from the clubhouse to the VJs.



**AT LEFT:** Tony Catts and Hamilton Hunter (centre) talking to Janet Cox before they finish rigging Hamilton's VJ, christened Requin, the French name for shark.

**PROUD OWNER** Terry Mitchell, of Avalon (second from left), shows his new tangerine M o t h. Hokai, to Richard Williamson, Jane Rowe, and Robyn Walsh after class.



# Pin a Rose on Me



**W**INNIE, my bursting English rose, my peony, my all, who comes at eight every morning, didn't come.

The empty silence downstairs told its own sad tale. It meant getting up, getting breakfast, and doing the fire. I could have woken Sarah, but that meant going through the garden to the cold studio where she sleeps, wrapped in art and polo-necked sweaters, after a night of remoulding the brave new world in garlic-steeped espresso bars. And who am I, to disturb a budding existentialist? However, being a sweet, kind, dutiful, beautiful daughter, she laid the fire in her Braquish fashion before going down her Bloomsbury way.

Have hot bath.  
Dress and decide to leave all housework in case Winnie should turn up (though I know full well in my soul of souls and pit of pits that her children are ill and she won't).

Make food list and drag limping Fanny and basket to shops.

Outside it is crisp and clear like Christmas cards. My street is short and wide, the houses square, white, and Regency. They have poplars, cherries, oaks, and bays in tubs in the front gardens, and when the moon is full their bare branches reflect on the shiny white walls like giant cobwebs.

Ahead of me is a little low-down gentleman in a tweed overcoat and brown trilby hat. He looks unsafe as though he might trip or fall over. As I reach him he turns round suddenly. Fanny's lead gets entwined with his short legs and we collide. He says, "Excooze," and tries to lift his hat, but he gets in a muddle and his hat rolls in the road. He is very old, and as he is old and foreign I feel I should pick up his hat.

"Hold the dog," I say. "I'll fetch your hat." He is so pleased, his little eyes shine with gratitude. "Zo kind," he murmurs, "and doggie nice, too. May you inform where is office of post?" It is round the corner, so we walk along together as though we have been married for year heads down to avoid the east wind, shoulders touching.

I show him the post office. He bows again, and before there is any chance of him losing his hat I make for the butcher's.

Son Tom, Flavia, his new wife, my brother's son and his new wife are coming to dinner, but the four of them being so newly married puts me off buying fresh meat. I settle for spaghetti and kidney sauce, a

melon to cool their ardor, ice-cream and chocolate cake because they are young, and lots of cheese and celery because I like cheese and celery.

Lay table and prepare spaghetti well in advance so as to get in some reading before they arrive. Read for too long, change in a hurry, rush down to kitchen, fall at stove, and bring down saucepan and spaghetti. Spaghetti falls out of saucepan and lies like a splintered baby on the linoleum. Fanny gets out of her basket and licks it. Rush to telephone and ring competent sister-in-law.

"What should I do?"

"Pick it up, of course," she says in her competent, assuring voice.

"Yes, yes. But how does one pick up spaghetti?"

"With a big fork, silly. Twiddle it like the Italians do, have the saucepan near so that it doesn't slip away again."

Am very grateful, but suddenly tired and would like to go to bed. I had been fondling a vain hope she would get in her car and come and pick it up for me as she did once when I fell with a bowl of boiling fat.

Evening and dinner success. All of them ecstatic about spaghetti. I don't tell them it's been on the floor or that Fanny licked it. It wouldn't have mattered, they eat anything at that age.

Try to think back when I was first married, but all I could remember was A's words: "You're nothing more than a ruddy dormouse," and a spinach-colored, chintz-curtained four-poster, dotted with bright red briar roses. Sad.

After coffee, beer, cider, and milk chocolate, they go.

"Can we come again soon? Can we have spaghetti again soon? Will you come to us soon?"

They pat me, hug me, kiss me, struggle into their coats and go, leaving parcels, hats, briefcases, and umbrellas behind.

They are awfully nice.

**SARAH** has terrible cold. S.B.C. says it will be cloudy with some rain. Give Sarah long lecture on the importance of keeping her extremities warm and fill own hot-water bottle from new, exciting, bright-red electric kettle. Forget to put in stopper. Sit down on it while still lecturing and scald bottom. Sarah goes out bare-legged, bare-chested, and as unconvinced as all daughters of all time.

Winnie arrives with breakfast tray

and papers. Her children have German measles.

Breakfast is wonderful. Winnie is wonderful. Everything in my world is suddenly wonderful as a streak of yellow sun alights on the boiled egg. Decide to lie and wallow in wonderfulness, but morning papers dispel all wonder and the sun goes in.

Llewellyn telephones. "I'm here," he says in quiet, farming voice. "Can I come round?"

Later he comes. With him comes Wales, red fields, sloping hills to mild shores, white cottages, the Eisteddfod, and nearly all Milk Wood.

"I have to go shopping," he says. "Anna needs collapsible bath for the man baby. We are in caravans now. The little house had to go with the farm."

We shop at a large chain store. Llewellyn is the only man shopper without bowler hat. I am the only woman without crocodile bag. The black-suited gentleman assistant regards us with suspicion.

"Of course it is for camping, madam. This is the only bath worth your consideration. Waterproof and convenient for packing, it collapses thus." He demonstrates its collapsibilities and catches his thumb in the leg. He is very brave, but turns pale. Llewellyn drops Fanny and rushes to his assistance, but brave Black-suited won't hear of it.

"It's quite all right, sir," he assures us, "quite all right. Are you sure you have the hang of it?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," we are terribly sure. Anything rather than have him catch his other thumb. Though it is far more than we wanted to spend, we agree to buying it because of the thumb.

Llewellyn takes Fanny under one arm, expensive collapsible bath under the other, and we go up to the tea-room for refreshment.

"Tea? Tea for two?"

The torn-looking, red-haired waitress with the pink eyes swings a pencil and pad from black tape attached to waist belt.

"No toasted tea cakes, scones, buttered baps, sandwiches, cakes, or jellies?"

"Just tea, thank you."

She swings away behind swing door. Half an hour later she returns with a dolly's teapot for dwarfs, two teacups for giants, a milk jug with initials in navy-blue lettering, and a tin hot-water jug.

She has forgotten the sugar.

We drive back along the Embankment and stop the car to watch the sun dipping behind the boats' masts. Everything in misty pink, grey, yel-

● Author Josephine Blumenfeld has based this delightful story on incidents in her own life. She lives in a small Georgian house in London, has a grown-up family, grandchildren, and a Pekingese. Her father was a famous Fleet Street editor and her late husband a well-known publisher.



# Beginning an account of the daily life of a London housewife, told by her in charming and amusing episodes.

low and gentle, the bridges look like fine pen-and-ink drawings slung on to the picture at the last minute.

"London is beautiful," Llewellyn says, "but I couldn't live in London; it would be the noise that would kill me."

I watch him as he leans over the Embankment wall. His green eyes behind their long, untidy, straw lashes gaze calmly across the river to the trees opposite, and I think how like he is to the wooden, carved heads they make in Switzerland for corks-tops; carved crooked, chipped, rugged, red, brown, old and young, gay and sad. He chooses his reading and music as carefully as he sifts his seeds. Children, animals, men and women feel safe with him. He is the kindest man since Jesus.

"I am staying with my smart friend—the surgeon, you know." He turns his head suddenly and his speckled green eyes are laughing.

"He will be coming to stay at the farm in spring for fishing. I like to think of him fishing, then he is at his best."

Get home to find letter from school-days' best friend I always hated and who now, after twenty years, can't let well alone. "Shall be in town Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of next week. Can't we possibly meet?"

We met once during the twenty years. It was no good. Hockey sticks, red hands, suede Shakespeare, and eager confidences are things best buried. Tear up letter. Change to go out to dinner.

Walk to car. Voices coming down the street.

"It beats me. After all, she married a most delightful creature."

The woman's voice is smart and lazily annoyed.

I lean out of car and call Fanny. She has disappeared. Get out of car and gust of wind blows my newly brushed hair over my face. Curse Fanny. Run back to the house.

"Fanny! Where are you?"

"Here she is." It is the man's voice. A tall, elegant, going-out-to-dinner man. He has Fanny in his arms. She lies with legs and feathers outstretched, gazing up into his face.

"You can't have her," says the man. "I love her. I must have her. She's mine," and he twiddles round so that I can't see Fanny, only his broad, expensive back. The woman, a mink woman with heliotrope nails and cigarette, orange hair and a put-on-top mouth, laughs deep in throaty throat.

"Pekes are divine, aren't they?"

Arrive late for dinner like a blown-down tent. Dinner party given for host's latest book. Haven't read book, haven't heard of book, decide not to mention books, but eager, pink-haired woman in pink strapless dress, with wide powder-blue eyes and short upper lip, leans over lemon soufflé and says, "Andrew tells me you're in the book world. I've always longed to be near books. Tell me about books."

"Oh, Mother, Mother, pin a rose on me."

★ ★ ★

**L**ONG-DISTANCE call from Bungle, my old mother's old companion.

"I think you should come at once," she shouts down the wire.

"I don't want to be an alarmist, but she's sinkin' fast. Of course it's not for me to say, but if I was you..."

This happens about once a fortnight. "Do I have to go? Is it serious this time? If I don't go shall I ever forgive myself?"

It is as though someone else were

talking, but it is really myself talking to me. It is two hundred and fifty miles whichever way you look at it, and when I get there my mother is sitting up in bed sucking beef tea and hot buttered toast.

"You?" she says. "What on earth have you come for? You've only just left."

Bungle hovers round the foot of the bed, her loose lower plate clanking against her loose upper plate. She seems fatter and more distraught than a fortnight ago, and there is a grey button missing from her grey cardigan.

There is also a hospital nurse who looks like a man: man's face, man's hands, and a man's wrist-watch. She is tall and gaunt and gruff, with horse-hair cropped short. She calls us all "dear."

"I've really given up nursing, dear," she confides to me by the window, "but her mother likes me to come, you see, dear, so I said to my husband, 'I'm off for the night, dear,' I said, 'and don't get in another woman as I'll be back in the morning,' I said. Well, you know what bank managers are, dear?" And she jerks me in the ribs with a starched, scrawny elbow and cackles like a pantomime witch.

After hotel dinner (chicken lying in a cool pool of beef-cube juice, sterilised, bicarbonate of soda sprouts, roast (one side only), potatoes, and aged yellow blancmange masquerading as lemon soufflé), go back to my mother's drawing-room and sit by fire opposite male-type nurse, who eagerly accepts cigarettes and inhales like a tram-driver.

"As I was saying, dear, you know what bank managers are. Poking their noses into everything. But he had warned her, dear. He foresaw the whole thing, dear. 'Forewarned is forearmed,' he said, dear. Very unwise of her not to take his advice, dear, but she was always one to know best. After that, of course, he lost interest. Well, you know what men are, dear? 'Never run after a bus or a woman, that's my motto,' he always says.

"He's like that. Oh yes!—very much like that, dear. But she paid for it, dear, hand over fist she did, and lost the lot. A regular rogue he was, that nephew; her sister's child, too, you can't hardly credit it, can you, dear? Oh! I could tell you some things, dear, they'd make your hair stand on end, dear, they would really."

Drive through ten miles of beauty to station. Surely no trees have ever been so gold-topped in an evening sun, no earth so russet-red, no fields so lush green, no skies so purple, pink, mauve, or primrose-yellow.

Arrive too early and pace platform with Fanny, whose ears have been blown inside out. Surprised sheep watch us from their pen alongside the track. Tweed mother and duffle-coated son also pacing platform. Tweed mother's face round and blotched like a scarred balloon.

"Would you think you got on well with Mr. Burton?"

"Dunno really."

The son's voice rises like an anaemic whistle through the top of his duffle, his cheeks are thin eau-de-nil and his teeth stick out over his collar.

"A charming lot, the Burtons. Your father was so fond of them. Do you think you would like to work for him?"

"Dunno really."

"What will you do tonight?"

"Dunno really."

"You'll write and tell me what you

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# The Tongue Test

proves that Maclean-white teeth  
are healthy teeth



## Try the tongue test now!

Run your tongue over your teeth. Feel that clinging coating? It discolours your teeth—and it harbours germs. Brush with Maclean's and try the tongue test again. The coating's gone—gone completely. Your teeth are safer from decay.

Macleans lifts clinging coating clean off—even between teeth where the brush can't reach—keeps teeth whiter, SAFER FROM DECAY



DENTISTS TELL you that the first thing to do to keep your teeth healthy is to keep them clean. This is because a coating forms on your teeth, day and night. A coating that not only makes your teeth dingy, but harbours decay germs.

Of course with ordinary toothpastes you can scrub most of this coating off—where the brush

can reach. But Macleans works in a different way. Its special ingredients lift the harmful coating clean off the teeth; clean them whiter than ever before.

If your teeth are white and clean they are free from coating. So they must be safer from decay. Make the tongue test yourself and prove that Maclean-white teeth are healthy teeth.

Did you Maclean your teeth today?

## BEAT SUMMER FATIGUE



At the end of a Summer's day, two Bayer's Aspirin Tablets will get rid of that tired, headachy feeling FAST!



Bayer Pharma Pty. Ltd., 56 Young Street, Sydney

# Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

## WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WHEN we remember Australia's foundation next month could we not have other celebrations in addition to sports meetings, processions, and re-enactments of the first landing on these shores? Would not Australia seem more significant to all of us if State orchestras gave symphony concerts with programmes of music by Australian composers, and if cinemas screened Australian films, old and new, in the week nearest to January 26? What about the professional theatre presenting Australian plays at this period, with Australian actors in the leading roles? Could not our national art galleries display more paintings by Australian artists at this time, and bookshops give more prominence to works by Australian authors?

£1/1/- to Betty Allom, Shorncliffe, Brisbane.

WHAT should one do when confronted with a clear view of a person shoplifting? A friend told me recently that in a big store in our town she saw a woman "lift" several articles of underwear and leave the shop without being detected. In reply to my criticising her for not denouncing the thief, she replied that the store should have provided floor-walkers, and, besides, why should she get mixed up in the publicity of it all. Should we turn this blind eye, or should we "raise Cain" if we see a shoplifter in operation?

10/6 to Constance E. Little, Swan Reach, Vic.

READING about adult migrants coming from Britain for £10, and those under 18 free, it seems rather hard that the lowest fee to send a Christmas parcel to Britain is 10/9. I don't think the post office would lose a great deal if this was reduced over the festive season, because at the present rate the postage is almost as much as the parcel is worth. Not a help to boost Australian products!

10/6 to Mrs. M. Henry, Sawtell, N.S.W.

BUTTON days seem to be getting out of hand. Surely the time has come to organise some central charity similar to the American Community Chest that could handle all finance. If we add up all the two-shilling buttons bought in a year, the amount is staggering. Would it not be better to appeal for a yearly cheque, which would be a taxation rebate to the donor, rather than drag the money, two shillings at a time, from unwilling pockets of a public too embarrassed to refuse?

10/6 to Mrs. Kay Bohanna, Kogarah, N.S.W.

LAST year The Australian Women's Weekly published a letter of mine with an appeal for used Christmas cards to make scrapbooks. The response was overwhelming. However, I am unable to do this work any longer and cannot use any more cards.

Sent in by Miss M. Vanderschaar, Waverton, N.S.W.

## Ross Campbell writes...

### BUSY LINE

YEARS ago I thought the telephone was a romantic invention. I used to hang around waiting for it to ring.

Would Gladys invite me to her 21st birthday? Would Ethel change her mind about the mixed doubles?

Today, alas, the phone brings no romance, only rignmarole.

So many people talking on it seem unable to stop.

After a while they say, "I really mustn't keep you." But they keep on keeping you.

I have, therefore, given some thought to methods of ending telephone conversations.

The rough-and-ready way is to tell a straight-out lie, like: "There's someone at the door, Jack. I'll have to go."

Generally I prefer the milder "Ah, well" technique.

By saying "Ah, well" or "All right then," you gradually suggest to the ear-basher that the talk is entering its final stage.

Other useful remarks are: "I'll be seeing you on Tuesday, then," "It was very nice of you to ring," "I'm afraid I've got a cake in the

oven," and (a sly one this) "I really mustn't keep you."

But the going is hard when you come up against a tenacious opponent like Mrs. Trampleasure.

She rang the other night and asked to speak to my wife. My wife was



out, but she was ready to talk to me instead.

"How are the children?" she asked.

I knew I was sunk, because after replying that the children were O.K. I had to ask how her children were.

"I'm a little bit worried about Mona," she said. "She's not eating

as well as she used to. And she's got that little spot on her chin that won't clear up. Of course she's a very highly strung child, you know. She's doing wonderfully well at her ballet. Miss Stumbles chose her to be one of the two sisters in Cinderella at the concert —"

And so on, about Ronnie and Zelda, too, for five minutes.

"That's nice," I said. "Ah, well, I'll tell my wife you rang."

"Yes, I really mustn't keep you. Mrs. Natter told me your wife had a slight cold. I wish you'd get her to inhale with Mother Hokum's Balm. It's old-fashioned, I know, but it's really wonderful. I've used it for years, etc."

"All right then. It was very nice of you to ring."

"There's just one thing I meant to ask. Do you happen to know if Daisy Romping has broken off her engagement? I tell you why I'm asking, when we were at the pictures the other night —"

"Excuse me, Mrs. Trampleasure. There's someone at the door. I really must go."

I don't like using the lie direct. But Amy Trampleasure asks for it.



# LONELY BACHELOR

By DOROTHY BLACK

**A**S a boy at school it had been pleasant enough to have three mothers, all descending on him bearing gifts, mostly edible. Other boys, outfitted with only the usual number of parents, had frankly envied him Aunt Laura, Aunt Nora, and Aunt May, who had brought him up as their own.

It wasn't so simple now that he was at sea, constrained to spend every leave with them because they expected it. There they always were, waiting for him when his ship came in. Aunt Laura, Aunt Nora, and Aunt May, grown older and wearing peculiar hats, sweeping the waterfront with binoculars. Other chaps no longer envied him.

Brought up as he had been on Nelson's famous signal, Ian saw no way out of the impasse. The Aunts, of course, should have had other interests, but they hadn't. They should have married, but none of them had, though there had once been an admiral in Aunt Nora's life. He had given her a silver brooch of a battleship and had taken evasive action.

Aunt Laura was the strong-minded one. Ian had never grown out of being a little afraid of her. It was Aunt Laura who, when once he ventured to speak of the day when he would have a home of his own, impaled him with her agate eye and said: "This is your home, dear boy."

Ian had more or less resigned himself to fate, but there were bitter moments. There had been a moonlight night off Gibraltar when he had heard the midshipmen talking, exchanging amorous memories and experiences ashore, as lads will. Someone had said: "What about Number Two? Isn't he engaged yet?"

Someone had said, "Good grief, no. Number Two is in love with his Three Old Aunts." Everyone had laughed.

The grey ship wallowed through the grey wastes of the Bay of Biscay. All aboard made Christmas plans. Not for many years had any of them been at home for Christmas, and in Ian's heart a wild hope surged. His Aunts, he knew, always went abroad. They spent the winter on the Riviera.

Just for a little while he imagined that for once he might escape and spend his leave in his own way. In the country somewhere, maybe in rooms in a village where church bells would ring and children sing. There might even be sleigh-bells in the snow!

It was not to be. He got the letter at Malta.

"Dear Boy—We are all delighted at the prospect of having you for Christmas once again. We shall be in Cannes, as usual, and what fun it will be to hang out the stockings again together, quite like old times."

"Spending leave with your Old Girls as before?" said Jimmie One kindly. He was busy tying up the strange assortment of toys he had purchased in Port Said for his son's Christmas stocking.

Ian looked on gloomily. He could not help wondering whether a child of nine months would really appreciate the cloth camel with authentic trappings and almost authentic smell, but he said nothing. His not to question why.

He had had trouble himself over suitable gifts for the Aunts, who long ago had absorbed all those blobs of amber, scarab bracelets, embossed handbags, wrought-leather belts, and fringed shawls that Eastern merchants sell with such skill from little boats as they float on the liquid garbage at Port Said. In the end he had decided it would be better to get them something at home.

Jimmie One had a little house in Pompey, and a little wife who looked like a gnome he had found somewhere and domesticated. He also had the aforesaid baby, which seemed to accompany them everywhere on leave, done up in a kind of blue linoleum parcel. Ian envied them from the bottom of his heart.

"You should break away, you know," said Jimmie One gently. "You could buy them a Peke."

Ian himself had once thought of that one, but it hadn't worked.

"They don't like dogs," he said sadly.

Jimmie One smacked Ian on the back and said: "Never mind, my old bandolier. It's always darkest before dawn. Cheer up. Your time will come. After all, it's only a month."

To a happily married man a month seemed all too brief. To a forlorn

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Peggy helped Ian to fill the stockings which he gave every Christmas to his aunts.



ILLUSTRATED  
BY MILLS



# NO TIME AT ALL

SHORTLY after its take-off from Miami for New York a commercial airliner known as COASTAL 214 is reported overdue by its first scheduled radio contact. Air Traffic Control at Jacksonville. The plane cannot be contacted by radio and it also disappears from the radar screen. Its disappearance is reported to New York where the message is received by the Coastal Airlines operational officer, WILLARD TRACE, whose brother, MIKE TRACE, is the plane's pilot. Willard telephones Mike's girl-friend EMMY VERDON, who has invited newspaperman BEN GAMMON for dinner. When she tells him what Willard has said he rings the news agency where he works and it gets a scoop by sending out the first news of the plane's mysterious disappearance.

When Ben tries to talk to MARSHALL KENT, a vice-president of the airlines, dining with FELIX ALLERDYCE, who is trying to sign up the airlines advertising, Kent is rude to him, but Gammon is a tough enough newspaperman to get a passenger list from him. Among the passengers are a woman and her small daughter, JANE. They are presumed to be the family of ALBIE WEBBER, a boxer on the eve of a big fight with WOLF HAGAN. The news of the plane is kept from Webber so as not to upset him for the fight.

Gradually the air authorities presume that Coastal 214 must have come down in the sea and all Coast Guards, shipping, and planes are warned to keep watch, but bad weather is reported and if the plane is in the sea it is apparent that the plight of the passengers will be desperate. NOW READ ON:

ST. NICHOLAS ARENA had been slow to fill, as always, and the result was that a good number of the fans finally on hand to watch the Albie Webber-Wolf Hagan fight had arrived after hearing, one way or another, the 9.30 news bulletin. Those in the arena who knew that Mrs. Albie Webber and her daughter were aboard the missing plane relayed the information quickly to those who did not. They were all fight fans, nothing more, and they had not made the effort that the newspapermen had made to ascertain that this actually was the wife of the fighter. They assumed she was. They were just as right as the newspapermen.

The only insulated man in the house was Albie Webber, the fighter himself. He did not know, and no one now would tell him. The ring announcer looked fearfully at him as he called his name, and on the television microphone the sportscaster who was going to do the blow-by-blow lowered his voice to a pitch of dramatic intensity and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you're looking at a fighter whose wife and child are reported aboard the missing aircraft." The speaker paused and breathed heavily. "We don't know for certain that Albie Webber has been told—it's almost a one-hundred-per-cent certainty that he hasn't. He looks calm, he looks composed, he looks to be in control of himself, the same Albie Webber we've seen before, that same pleasing contender from Tenafly. He's the underdog in this fight, ladies and gentlemen, and now in the face of a . . . well, a titanic personal tragedy, what will he do? What would you do?"

A hoarse voice sounded from the gallery: "Go get him, Albie! Take him apart!" It could not be known whether the voice knew or not about Albie Webber's wife and child.

But it was all the crowd needed. They came massed suddenly to their feet, roaring Albie Webber on. And the fighter heard them. He seemed to nod his head, and as the first round commenced he came out and drove a right hand hard to the midsection of Wolf Hagan, then a left and a right to the head, and Hagan was down on his knees amid an animal roar that was, in direct translation, the crowd's pity for the other man—the man who had hit him. Hagan stayed there where he was, and when the referee had counted to ten he came quickly to his feet, looked once at Albie Webber, then grabbed a towel from one of his seconds, and settled it over his shoulders, and half-vaulted from the ring.

In his dressing-room Hagan sat on the rubbing table and let Dolphin Grimes, his second, cut the gloves off his hands.

Happy Gallant, Hagan's manager, paced the floor like a caged puma. Suddenly he stopped and pointed a savage finger at his fighter.

"Eight to five! You was eight to five!"

"Shut up!" Hagan said to him.

"Oh, yeah, shut up!" the manager yelled. "I'm gonna tell you something, bright boy. You tell me shut up, but I'm gonna tell you something. You're lucky that guy had the wife and kid on the aeroplane. You hear me? Lucky! Because it wasn't they'll feel sorry for him, the commission'd bar you for life. And hold up the purse, too! What are you gonna say to that?"

"Shut up!" Hagan said.

Happy tapped himself rapidly on the chest. "I never told a fighter of mine to lie down in my life. Tonight, what? 'Oh, I can't fight him! He's going to kill me! Kill me, kill me, kill me!' Kill you? That man couldn't kill you with a .32 in one hand and a bayonet in the other. He hit you one time, you got on your knees and stayed there. What are you? A Mohammedan? What were you doing? Facing east? Mecca or something?"

He stood before his fighter, putting his face close to Wolf Hagan's. "I'm gonna tell you something, buster, I'm gonna tell you something. No matter how it works out, his wife and kid are dead or his wife and kid are alive or it wasn't his wife and kid to begin with, you got one or two things gonna happen. Either you threw the fight or you didn't throw the

"What for?" Gallant said. "You didn't sweat none."

"Maybe I want to get wet."

"You already got wet." Gallant jerked his thumb towards the arena outside the door. "You went diving. Remember?"

"You gonna kill me with your jokes," Wolf Hagan said.

"I'm gonna kill you with something else besides jokes," Gallant said. He looked at the two seconds, Marc Klein and Dolphin Grimes. "New way to become champion, boys. Put your family on an aeroplane that falls down some place. Then all you got to do is look at the other fighter and he falls down, too."

"Look, will you, please?" the fighter said. "Tonight was a fluke."

The manager nodded heavily. "Two million dollars."

"Stop it with two million dollars," Hagan said. "You're always spending money you ain't got."

"I've stopped spending," Gallant said bitterly. "All I know is Webber's gonna be champion where it should hev been you."

"No, he won't!" Wolf Hagan said. "He's gonna quit fighting."

"Who told you? A gipsy?"

"If it was my wife and kid I'd quit fighting," Hagan said.

"I told you before the fight, you still can't get it through your head," Gallant said. "It wasn't your wife and kid."

News, rumor, and isolated factors of hysteria worked almost together now, at this stage; yet something else was beginning to happen, too.

Here and there people connected with the event in one way or another began to be puzzled.

Ben Gammon was one of them.

"In a way, it doesn't make sense," he said.

Emmy Verdon said, "What doesn't?"

"Losing radio contact before losing radar contact."

"I don't understand it," Emmy said. "I don't know how those things work. Is it supposed to be the other way round? Are they supposed to lose the radar before the radio?"

"No," Gammon said. "No. It's not which should happen first. The two of them ought to happen at about the same time."

"Why?" Emmy said.

"I don't know," Gammon said. "I wish I knew more about that kind of thing." He was standing at the window, looking out at the rain, and the glass in his hand was empty. "I'm not very mechanical."

"Well, there's still hope," Emmy said. "Don't you think?"

"Sure I do," he said. "If he's down in the water and he's got any kind of life-saving equipment at all, they're bound to get some kind of a fix on him, even in bad weather. I just don't understand it, which in itself doesn't mean much. Maybe we've got the story a little twisted. Who knows?"

Emmy said, "What do you mean, twisted?"

"I'm not mad at Willard," he said.

"What's being mad at Willard got to do with it?"

"I mean if he gave you the facts wrong it doesn't have to be his fault."

"But why would Mike's own brother have the facts wrong?"

"Who knows? Something like this, at this stage of it, nobody really knows what the real point-to-point story is. You know."

"But the important thing is there's still hope," Emmy said.

"That's right," Ben Gammon said, and turned to look at her. He almost said, "You'll wind up marrying Mike yet," but it would have been a cruel thing to say—at least, at present. A cruel thing to Emmy, and cruel, too, to himself.

At 10.19 a new lead came over the wires of the Global Press Association:

A FOUR-ENGINE COASTAL AIRLINER WITH 16 PERSONS ABOARD INCLUDING THE WIFE AND CHILD OF BOXING STAR ALBIE WEBBER IS MISSING AND FEARED DOWN AT SEA OFF THE NORTHERN FLORIDA OR CAROLINA COASTS.

WEBBER, WHO HAD NOT YET BEEN INFORMED

fight, in which case I can't even get you a re-match, you lost so bad. So either way Webber gets the shot at the title instead of you. You want to know what I estimate? I estimate two million dollars. A million dollars that should have been yours and a million dollars that got no business being his. Bright boy, you went and kicked two million dollars in the pants."

"All right," Hagan said to him.

"All right?" the manager said. "All right?" He threw his hands up as if he were a helped-up victim. "Two million dollars, and all he can say is all right."

"Leave me take a shower, will you, please?" the fighter said.

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OF THE NEWS, SCORED A SENSATIONAL ONE-PUNCH KNOCKOUT OVER HEAVILY FAVORED WOLF HAGAN IN THEIR NATIONALLY TELEVIEWED BOUT FROM NEW YORK'S ST. NICHOLAS ARENA TONIGHT.

BESIDES HIS FIVE-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER JANE, THREE OTHER CHILDREN, TRAVELLING WITH THEIR PARENTS, WERE AMONG THE PASSENGER LIST OF TWELVE ON THE PLANE WHICH LEFT MIAMI AT 7.36 P.M., EASTERN TIME, HEADED NON-STOP FOR LAGUARDIA AIRPORT IN NEW YORK.

COASTAL AIRLINES REPORTED THAT THE PLANE FAILED TO MAKE A SCHEDULED RADIO CONTACT AT 8.04 P.M. AT FIRST IT WAS REPORTED THAT DESPITE FAILURE OF ALL EFFORTS TO MAKE RADIO CONTACT, THE GIANT AIRCRAFT STILL WAS VISIBLE TO RADAR WATCHERS ON THE GROUND.

HOWEVER, A LATER REPORT STATED THIS WAS NO LONGER TRUE. THE PLANE WAS EQUIPPED WITH LIFE-SAVING OCEAN GEAR IN CASE OF EMERGENCY OVER WATER, AND OFFICIALS WERE EXPECTED TO ORDER AN OCEAN SEARCH OF THE CRASH AREA DESPITE THE PREHURRICANE RAINS AND HIGH TIDES LASHING THE ATLANTIC COAST. ANOTHER PLANE, CHARTERED FOR THE USE OF ARMY SERVICEMEN AND THEIR DEPENDANTS, TOOK OFF FOR NEW YORK FROM MIAMI FOUR MINUTES FOLLOWING THE DEPARTURE OF THE ILL-FATED COASTAL FLIGHT 214, WITH 91 (REPEAT 91) PERSONS ABOARD, BUT WAS REPORTED TO HAVE PASSED THE COASTAL PLANE WITHOUT MISHAP.

IN ADDITION TO ITS TWELVE PASSENGERS AND CREW OF FOUR, COASTAL 214 WAS REPORTED CARRYING AN EXOTIC CARGO OF FREIGHT.

There was more to it than that, of course, but that was the top to it. Harry Timmons, the re-write man at Global Press Association in New York, had rapped it out in a hurry—working so fast that at least one line was clearly misleading; the one where he wrote, "three other children, travelling with their parents," making it sound as if there were three other sets of parents when what he meant was the Diaz family of five—but he had accomplished the main purpose, which was to get Albie Webber up in the lead. Some fifteen or twenty million persons had watched Webber knock out Wolf Hagan on television, and Webber was, at this point, the story.

The news agencies had not yet learned when the Coast Guard would start moving in on it; nor that a comparison of radar observations at several southern points had, in a matter of only recent minutes, narrowed the potential crash site. Not by much, but "not much" was enough to eliminate 5000 square miles from the search area.

Still, with the lack of contact and the weather, it was going to be difficult, indeed. Difficult and, again, puzzling. There were things about it that did not hold right. Maybe it was nothing more than the fact that this kind of accident never passed easily while it was in the process of happening. The usual kind—the one you didn't hear about till afterward—gave you the benefit at least of a little hind-sight and reflection.

Dutifully, the wife and son of Herman Jonas had gone with him to the airport to see him off on the Everyinch. The son was seventeen years old, gangling and wary, the product of his mother's first marriage. The mother was a small, bitter-faced woman, with rouge plastered on her cheeks.

"You'd think he'd have given me more than thirty-five dollars," she said. "What am I going to do with thirty-five dollars?"

"You married him, old lady," the son said. "Not me."

"What if one of us had to go to hospital?" she said. They were seated at the kitchen table in the flat-roofed subdivision house that Herman Jonas owned. "What would thirty-five dollars do then?"

"Use his medical fund," the son said. "What do you think insurance is for?"

"What's going to happen now?" she said. "You going to start in defending him?"

"Not me," the son said. "All I was saying was simply he's got insurance."

"Has he ever got insurance?" the mother said. "Andy, you know what being insurance-poor means?"

"Not exactly," the boy said.

"It means," the mother went on, "you spend so much on insurance you don't have enough left over to afford the everyday things of life. Thirty-five rotten dollars, and he'll be nearly a week in New York. Now do you understand?"

"In other words," the boy, Andy, said in a soft voice, "he's got a lot of insurance."

"But it's life insurance, practically all of it," his mother said. "If something happens with doctors or hospitals, what good does it do?"

"I know," Andy said.

"What do you mean, you know?"

"I know about his life insurance."

"How do you know?"

"I just know."

"Have you been looking through his papers again?"

"Why not? You do it."

"I'm his wife."



"You're your father's son."  
 "He keeps telling me to treat him like my real father."  
 "It was a black day I married him," the mother said. Her face worked and she began to cry. "Andy, be a good boy and get me the brandy off the shelf in the cupboard. I only did it for you."  
 "Cut it out, old lady," the boy said, and went and got the brandy and set the bottle down in front of her.  
 "A glass, too," she said to him.  
 "Maybe I should get two glasses," the boy said.  
 "Why do you have to drink anything?"  
 "Well," the son said, "we're sitting here celebrating."  
 "Huh," the mother said. She took the glass he gave her and poured the brandy for herself. "Celebrating what? These same four walls? The thirty-five dollars?"  
 "We're celebrating because he's . . ." The boy paused. Then he said, "not here."  
 The mother nodded. "I didn't think of that." She drank some brandy. "You're right. Go ahead. Pour yourself something. Thirty-five dollars!"  
 "But," he said, sitting down at the table across from her without pouring himself anything to drink; "there's always the insurance."  
 "Sure! The insurance. If he drops dead."  
 "Maybe he will."  
 "Him? He's healthy as a horse."  
 "He flies a lot," the boy said.  
 "That's right," the mother said. "He flies a lot."  
 "Planes crash sometimes."  
 "We might as well sit here and dream," she said, and had some more brandy.  
 "Tell me," he said. "I want to know. Do you hate him? Do you really hate him?"  
 She sat there, her hand gripping the glass, staring into emptiness. After a time she said slowly, "Yes. I hate him. Him and his stinking thirty-five dollars."  
 "I hate him, too," the boy said quietly. His eyes seemed to come alight. "And if he crashes on a plane, the insurance is worth more, isn't it?"  
 "He didn't take out any of that flight insurance at the airport," the mother said. "He was going to, but we were late getting there."  
 "The regular life insurance he's got ought to be plenty," the boy said.  
 "All right," she said, a little more thickly and heavily than before. "When's the crash?"  
 "It'd be all right with you, wouldn't it?" the boy said. He was watching her carefully.  
 "Listen," she said to him, "I don't care what happens to him as long as I can get my hands on something more than what he's been leaving around."  
 "Old lady," the son said, "it's a good thing for both of us I'm smart."  
 She nodded and refilled her glass. "Some day you'll be a famous scientist and give money to your mother."  
 "That's right," he said, and paused, looking at her. "I'm working on something right now."

"That's my son," she said. "Always studying."  
 Suddenly he stood up. "Back in a minute," he said.  
 "Something to show you."  
 She nodded again, looking deeply into her glass.  
 "Here," he said. "See what I've got?"  
 She looked dimly. "Scrap-books. Two scrap-books." She shook her head. "I didn't know you kept scrap-books."  
 "Look," he said, and placed the books down on the table, then started to run through the pages. "This one was the one that happened in Canada. The other one was the one that happened in Colorado. Both times they put bombs on the planes and blew them up. Both times they were caught."  
 "What's that?" the woman said. "What's that?"  
 "They didn't think it through enough," the boy said. "Now, listen and try to understand. When I've been working on is something entirely different. New in principle. Are you listening?"  
 She nodded.  
 "What you do is think with them all the way." He had begun to talk more rapidly. "The investigators, I mean. A bomb blows up a plane, they can figure out later what happened. Why? Because they're looking for it, that's why. They're not miracle men. If they have no other reason for a plane crashing, they look for reasons. But if they have a reason—he shook his head slowly—they'll never look any further." He smiled. "So. You give them a reason. You understand? You make something else happen first. Before the bomb goes off."  
 "Something else," the woman said dully, nodding her head.  
 "It works in three stages," her son said. "The last stage is the bomb going off. The stage before that is something else wrong with the plane—not too bad, not too good. Enough to make them think it's what brought about the crash, but not so much that when they look at it they think of sabotage. The hydraulic . . . well, you don't understand. Anyway, that's stage number two."  
 He smiled. "Stage number one, before anything happens, is for the radio to go dead. So he can't report stage number two to anybody. You see, old lady? You see how it all ties together. It's a problem, old lady, but it deserves being solved, don't you think?"  
 "I suppose so," the mother said, drinking. "The trouble is, you wouldn't do it."  
 "No?"

"No. Now that I think of it you're always talking about blowing him up with a bomb."  
 "It takes a genius to figure something like this out," he said easily. "It isn't just a matter of a time-bomb. It needs know-how—months and months of study and work. Electronics."  
 "Of course," the mother agreed. "Electronics."  
 "From the electronic to the mechanical, but in orderly phases."  
 "Orderly faces."  
 "First phase first."  
 "Second face second."  
 "Third phase . . ."  
 The phone rang.  
 "It'll be for you," the boy said.  
 "Then I'll answer it," the mother said, and went out into the front hall where the phone was, saying, "I'm coming, I'm coming," as she went.  
 She was gone a good while. When she came back her face was dull, and she said, "What time is it?"  
 "About ten-thirty," the boy said. "What's the matter?"  
 The mother looked around the room. Her eyes settled on her son as if she was seeing him tonight for the first time. She said slowly, "What did you do?"  
 He frowned in bewilderment. "What did I do?"  
 "That was the paper. The newspaper. On the phone. What did you do?"  
 "Old lady," he said, "I don't hear your message. What do you . . ."  
 "WHAT DID YOU DO?" she screamed.

If it is true that half the adult population of the United States is interested in news and the other half in sports, then by eleven o'clock, both through news broadcasts and the telecast of the fight in New York, almost everybody in the country must have known about the Everyinch. The public had become privy to information which at such a stage was usually severely restricted and constrained. The wonderful thing about it—if wonderful is the word—was that, as far as practical value was concerned, the public knew just as much as was known by the private officials.  
 Some of the public knew more, in a way. In Jamaica, New York, the former wife of Mike Trace, pilot of Coastal 214, heard the broadcasts. Her name was Karen—Karen Trace, for she had kept her married name, even after her

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"Look," said Max Wild, sitting on the edge of Timmons' desk, "you can make the story sound more exciting than that."





# The Story of Holly and Ivy



No matter what your age—the shining star of Christmas is the belief you will get your heart's desire . . .

A complete story by RUMER GODDEN

Neither, of course, had Holly. The owl's name was Abracadabra. He was so big and important that he thought the toyshop belonged to him.

"I thought it belonged to Mr. Blossom," said Holly.

"Hst! T-who!" said Abracadabra, which was his way of being cross. "Does a new little doll dare to speak?"

"Be careful. Be careful," the dolls warned Holly.

Abracadabra had wide-spread wings marked with yellow and brown, a big hooked beak, and white felt feet like claws. Above his eyes were two fierce black tufts, and the eyes themselves were so big and green that they made green shadows on his round white cheeks. His eyes saw everything even at night. Even the biggest dolls were afraid of Abracadabra.

Holly's place on the glass shelf was quite close to Abracadabra. He gave her a look with his green eyes.

"This is the last day for shopping," said Abracadabra. "Tomorrow the shop will be shut."

A shiver went round all the dolls, but Holly knew Abracadabra was talking to her.

"But the fathers and mothers will come today," said the little elephant. He was called Crumple because his skin did not fit but hung in comfortable folds round his neck and his knees.

He had a scarlet flannel saddle hung with bells, and his trunk, his mouth, and his tail all turned up, which gave him a cheerful expression. It was easy for Crumple to be cheerful; on his saddle was a ticket marked "Sold." He had only to be made into a parcel.

"Will I be a parcel?" asked Holly.

"I am sure you will," said Crumple, and he waved his trunk at her and told the dolls, "You will be put into Christmas stockings."

"Oooh!" said the dolls longingly.

"But you won't all be sold," said Abracadabra, and Holly knew he was talking to her.

The sound of a key in the lock was heard. It was Mr. Blossom come to open the shop. Peter, the shopboy, was close behind him. There could be no more talking, but, "We can wish. We must wish," whispered the dolls, and Holly whispered, "I am wishing."

"Hoo! Hoo!" went Abracadabra. It did not matter if Peter and Mr. Blossom heard him; it was his toy-owl sound, "Hoo! Hoo!" They did not know, but the toys all knew that it was Abracadabra's way of laughing.

The toys thought that all children have homes, but not all children have.

Far away in the city was a big house called St. Agnes', where thirty boys and girls had to live together, but now, for three days, they were saying goodbye to St. Agnes'.

"A kind lady—or gentleman—has asked you for Christmas," Miss Shepherd, who looked after them all, had told them, and one by one the children were called for or taken to the train. Soon there would be no one left in the big house but Miss Shepherd and Ivy.

Ivy was a little girl six years old with straight hair cut in a fringe, blue-grey eyes, and a turned-up nose. She had a green coat the color of her name and red gloves, but no lady or gentlemen had asked for her for Christmas. "I don't care," said Ivy.

Sometimes in Ivy there was an empty feeling and the emptiness ached; it ached so much that she had to say something quickly in case she cried and, "I don't care at all," said Ivy.

"You will care," said the last boy, Barnabas, who was waiting for a taxi. "Cook has gone, the maids have gone, and Miss Shepherd is going to her sister. You will care."

"I won't," said Ivy, and she said more quickly, "I'm going to my grandmother."

"You haven't got a grandmother," said Barnabas. "We don't have them." That was true. The boys and girls at St. Agnes' had

no fathers and mothers, let alone grandmothers.

"But I have," said Ivy, "at Aylesbury."

I do not know how the name came into Ivy's head. Perhaps she had heard it somewhere. She said it again: "In Aylesbury."

"Bet you haven't," said Barnabas, and he went on saying that until his taxi came.

When Barnabas had gone, Miss Shepherd said, "Ivy, I shall have to send you to the country, to our infants' home. There is nowhere else for you to go."

"I'll go to my grandmother," said Ivy.

"You haven't got a grandmother," said Miss Shepherd. "I'm sorry to send you to the infants' home, for there won't be much for you to see there or anyone to talk to, but I don't know what else to do with you. My sister has influenza and I have to go and nurse her."

"I'll help you," said Ivy.

"You might catch it," said Miss Shepherd. "That wouldn't do," and she took Ivy to the station and put her on the train.

She put Ivy's suitcase in the rack and gave her a packet of sandwiches, an apple, a ticket, two shillings, and a parcel that was her Christmas present; on to Ivy's coat she pinned a label with the address of the infants' home. "Be a good girl," said Miss Shepherd.

When Miss Shepherd had gone, Ivy tore the label off and threw it out the window. "I'm going to my grandmother," said Ivy.

All day long people came into and out of the toyshop. Mr. Blossom and Peter were so busy they could hardly snatch a cup of tea.

Crumple was made into a parcel and taken away; teddy bears and sailing ships were brought out of the window, dolls were lifted down from the shelf. The boy doll in the kilt and the doll with the gloves were sold, and baby dolls and brides.

Holly held out her arms and smiled her china smile.

"I am here. I am Holly," she said, and she wished, "Ask for me. Lift me down. Ask!" but nobody asked.

"Hoo! Hoo!" said Abracadabra.

Ivy was still in the train. She had eaten her sandwiches and opened her present. She had hoped and believed she would have a doll this Christmas, but the present was a pencil-box. A doll would have filled up the emptiness, and now it ached so much that Ivy had to press her lips together tightly and, "My grandmother will give me a doll," she said out loud.

"Will she, dear?" asked a lady sitting opposite, and the people in the carriage all looked at Ivy and smiled.

"And where does your grandmother live?" asked a gentleman.

"In Aylesbury," said Ivy.

The lady nodded. "That will be two or three stations," she said.

"Then—there is an Aylesbury," thought Ivy.

The lady got out, more people got in, and the train went on. Ivy grew sleepy watching the snowflakes fly past the window. The train seemed to be going very fast, and she leaned her head against the carriage cushions and shut her eyes.

When she opened them the train had stopped at a small station and the people in her carriage were all getting out. The gentleman lifted her suitcase down from the rack. "A . . . b . . . y" said the notice-boards. Ivy could not read very well, but she knew "A" was for Aylesbury. In a moment she was out in the street and the train had chuffed out of the station.

"I don't care," said Ivy, "this is where my grandmother lives."

The country town looked pleasant and clean after the city. There were cobbled streets going up and down and houses with gables overhanging the pavements and roofs jumbled

together. Some of the houses had windows with many small panes, some had doors with brass knockers. The paint was bright and the curtains clean. "I like where my grandmother lives," said Ivy.

Presently she came to the market square, where the Christmas market was going on. There were stalls of turkeys and geese, fruit stalls with oranges, apples, nuts, and tangerines, that are like small oranges, wrapped in silver paper. Some stalls had holly, mistletoe, and Christmas trees, some had flowers; there were stalls of china and glass, and one with wooden spoons and bowls.

One woman was selling balloons and an old man was cooking hot chestnuts. Men were shouting, the women had shopping-bags and baskets, the children were running, everyone was buying and selling and laughing. Ivy had spent all her life in St. Agnes'; she had not seen a market before and, "I won't look for my grandmother yet," said Ivy.

In the toyshop Mr. Blossom had never made so much money, Peter had never worked so hard. Peter was fifteen; he had red cheeks and a smile as wide as Mallow's and Wallow's; he took good care of the toys and did everything he could to help Mr. Blossom. "That abominable boy will sell every toy in the shop," grumbled Abracadabra.

"What's abominable?" asked Holly.

"It means no good," said the dolls, "but he is good. Dear, dear Peter!" whispered the dolls, but Abracadabra's green eyes had caught the light from a passing car. They gave a flash, and rattlebang! Peter fell down the stepladder from top to bottom. He bumped his elbow, grazed his knee, and tore a big hole in his pocket. "Hold on! Go slow!" said Mr. Blossom.

"Yes, sir," said poor Peter in a very little voice.

"Did you see that, did you see that?" whispered the dolls. Holly wished she were farther away from Abracadabra.

Soon all the baby dolls but one were sold, and most of the teddy bears. Mallow and Wallow were taken for twin boys' stockings; they were done up in two little parcels and carried away. Hardly a ball was left and not a single aeroplane. The sailor doll was sold, and the doll with the umbrella, but still no one had asked for Holly.

Dolls are not like us; we are alive as soon as we are born, but dolls are not really alive until they are played with. "I want to be played with," said Holly. "I want someone to move my arms and legs, to make me open and shut my eyes. I wish! I wish!" said Holly.

It began to be dark. The dusk made the lighted window shine so brightly that everyone stopped to look in. The children pressed their faces so closely against the glass that the tips of their noses looked like white cherries. Holly held out her arms and smiled her china smile, but the children walked away. "Stop, stop," wished Holly, but they did not stop.

Abracadabra's eyes shone in the dusk. Holly began to be very much afraid.

One person stopped, but it was not a boy or girl. It was Mrs. Jones, the policeman's wife, from down the street. She was passing the toyshop on her way home when Holly's red dress caught her eye. "Pretty!" said Mrs. Jones, and stopped.

You and I would have felt Holly's wish at once, but Mrs. Jones had no children and it was so long since she had known a doll that she did not understand; only a feeling stirred in her that she had not had for a long time, a feeling of Christmas, and when she got home she told Mr. Jones, "This year we shall have a tree."

"Don't be daft," said Mr. Jones, but when Mrs. Jones had put her shopping away, a chicken and a small plum pudding for her and Mr. Jones' Christmas dinner, a piece of fish

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"That's the very doll I want for Christmas," Ivy said, looking longingly in the window.



# Gentoo the Penguin

By  
**NORMAN LAIRD**

**G**ENTOO the penguin panted up the twisting course of the icy stream. Past patches of native cabbage with leaves as big as plates. Past silvery clumps of purple-headed snow-asters. She made her way slowly, for she was full of more food than she needed for herself.

Where the course narrowed, she joined a close procession of hundreds of travellers who found this part of their natural street steep and trying. Tempers became short and voices loud. Peevish ones reached out to tweak her tongue, or to give her a sly nip on the behind.

But she rebuffed them with the edge of her tongue, and beat at them with her stiff paddles. Nothing short of an earthquake would deter her from climbing the watery track that led nine hundred feet to the top of the bleak plateau.

There were some nasty traps on the mush and scree left by departed glaciers. Often with a squawk of surprise she slid back as many feet as it had taken minutes to climb.

Then there were the burrows of the night-birds mewing in their secret caverns. She tumbled in and out of them with grunts of disapproval.

**B**LOWING and puffing, she came to the fringe of the huge bird town, and steered her way to a few scraggy ferns. It was, perhaps, not the best place to settle for a home, but she and her husband had been a bit tardy, and, as is always the way, the firstcomers had chosen the safe positions.

Raising her feet high at each step with her paddles held out behind her as balancers, she trundled up to her spouse, who put on a fine show of being busy.

When she stood by him, he hissed and bowed low so she could see his handsome blue-black head and the white circlet that ran across it from eye to eye. The nestlings under him piped up, for in their way they knew that their mother had arrived with food.

Gentoo returned her mate's greeting. Then, very quickly, they changed positions. She to feed the young and take over the watch and he to begin the long trek down to the sea.

Relieved of his charges, he stretched himself a few times. Then he was on his way — a small figure against the grim bulk of the sky.

That was three days ago.

Gentoo looked in vain for her husband with the bright red beak and orange feet. "Caa-aw-aah!" she cried and shook her head, and looked towards the tarn where the hunters had their nests.

A bored gull cruised above and cut ovals in the air. She ignored it and went on with her work of tidying up the straggling edge of the nest which she had done a thousand or more times.

Peering upward and about her, and having satisfied herself that all was well, she stepped off the nest and stooped low to examine her nestlings. The three young ones struggled to their feet and held their mouths open. The eldest one nibbled her throat, but she had nothing to give him.

It was the time of trouble!

The first hunter arrived. He strutted with cool and glassy arro-

gance, and pretended interest in the frail bones of a night-bird. Casually, he scratched at a fragment of moss, slyly eying her from time to time.

Gentoo found no comfort in the nearness of his ebony beak and enamelled talons. She knew the hunters. They worked at the edges of the rookery like the sea bites at the land. She was afraid because she was alone.

One by one they dropped from the sky and bombarded her with shrill, taut voices. They flashed their pinions as if contemptuous of one who could not fly. They ruffed their feathers and fanned their wings. They pranced about on leafy feet — a gloomy ballet to the raw winds.

**A** HUNTER came close and stropped his beak on a stone. There was the chill gleam of a dead star in his unwinking eye.

Gentoo bristled into sudden fury, but an age-old bond stronger than anger helped her resist an impulse to rush at him. She rocked gently over her young while she watched and waited.

After a while the intruders flew off. She had time to rest but there was no sleep. A leaden sky came up. The pale sun was lost in a mist which crept up from the sea.

Then the wind bellowed across the land, and tore at the roots of the grasses as though they were vipers. The grey light deepened as storm curtains ranged in from the curve of the ocean. Yellow fog and thick mist swirled about and hid living things from one another.

Gentoo felt a sharp tug from under her, and jerked round to see a hunter dragging one of her nestlings away. "Caa-aw-aah!" she cried in a voice handed down from the dawns and dusks of time. She strained about the nest, moving her

body from side to side in a wretched agony of doubt.

Knowing quite well what she would, or would not, do; knowing that she would never leave the nest, the hunter calmly beat at her nestling, whose weak voice became still.

Other dark ones came. They tugged and pulled. Some of them soared aloft with strings of pink flesh and they quarrelled with one another.

"Caa-aw-aah!" cried Gentoo again and again. Her cries were taken up by all the other penguins so that their voices throbbed and were heard above the storm. Sleepy elephant-seals lifted their great heads and sniffed the air.

A few gulls and sea-swallows aroused by so many throats chased the hunters, but they shrieked their scorn and plunged away to paddle in the surf below.

Night came. Gentoo crouched low over her family, for this was also the time of the hunter. The wind dropped and a heavy silence lay upon the land.

Dozing, she heard the screech of Sooty the albatross as he swept on his leather shears over the pewter sea. She knew him and was not alarmed.

Suddenly she sat up. She could hear the brushing of dry wing-tips over dead grass and the chatter of small stones. Fear seized her. "Caa-aw-aah. Caw!" she croaked into the well of the night.

The leathery brushing sound drifted away. Then it returned and something settled down not far from her. The nestlings felt their mother tremble, and her quickening pulse warned them to be still.

With the first light, she saw the sea vulture sleeping by a boggy patch of sedge. He had fed well and was too heavy to move into flight.

But the hunters came. They annoyed him so he threw up his meal. Then he clacked his horny beak and sprang awkwardly into the air.

When the vulture had gone, the hunters gathered about Gentoo and jeered. They kept up their wild chant, and lazily they drew near her.

Her husband flew under the water. He searched for small, shining fish that came from the depths in sunless hours — but there were none.

He went into the kelp forest where crimson sponges lay and filmy plants writhed as in a dream. Here were crabs with long stick legs that moved with spidery grace. He saw, too, a turquoise creature that shot away leaving an inky cloud behind it. Food was scarce.

He returned to the scaly back of the sea and scooped up tiny shrimp-like creatures with his combed tongue and soon he was full. He did not see the liquid shape that sped forward with its curious wolf-like jaws at the ready.

He felt a sharp pain. Then he was flung from the water about ten times his own length. He turned in the air in a flash and dived deeply until the pressure on his lungs was as much as he could bear.

One of his paddles was torn, and a scarf of red ebbed in the pattern of

● Tasmanian Norman Laird, author of many stories of Australian wild life, was a member of the pioneer expedition to Macquarie Island, in the Antarctic, in 1947. There he took these photographs and later wrote "Gentoo the Penguin" as an amusement for his small daughter, Margaret.

a rose on his white chest as he fought his way to the safety of the shallows.

Need of air forced him to the surface. The sea-leopard flowed after him with superb ease. But he could leap higher and faster than his pursuer, and he did this like a dolphin until he reached the frothing surf, which bundled him headlong on to the rough beach.

He rested all that day and through a night of snow which melted as it reached the ground.

Before the morning sea fog rolled in he saw that the sea-leopard had come ashore. Small vapors trickled up from its warm body. There was a stain about its jaws. He shook himself and wearily plodded over the dull shingles to the mouth of the mountain stream.

His kind croaked at him to keep out of their way, for they were afraid of the message on his chest. Some of them, as is the way of wild things, struck at him. He cried out and had to beat them off.

More than once he hesitated in his traverse of the heights, but his will had the power of the yellow lichens riveted to the rocks.

**F**LAT FOOTED and stiff-kneed, he edged towards the familiar clump of ferns. The hunters were careless of his coming. They danced about Gentoo on wintry feet. He saw them. An ancient and terrible hatred arose in him, and his squarish eyes had a look no living thing could mistake.

"Caw!" he trumpeted. It was a fierce and vivid cry. He could not run and he could not fly, nor was he a very good walker. In his excitement he lunged forth and fell over. A hunter sliced at his wounded paddle. One taunted him to draw back. Yet another scraped cruel hooks across his head and mocked him with agile wings.

He seized one of them by the shoulder and held it clamped in his beak while he rained blows upon it with the iron-edge of his uninjured paddle. The hunter screamed, and its fellows hovered over it and screamed, too. He gave his dark opponent's wing a twist which broke the bone.

The dazed hunter hopped, skipped, and made hopeless little jumps into the air. It did not understand its own tragedy. Wherever it went it was hammered by hard paddles in a running gauntlet that never ceased until it died. When that happened, its fellows came and looked at it, then flew away to begin their hunting anew.

For a few moments after the heat of the battle, the warrior lay still. Then, obeying a timeless instinct, he rose shakily to his full height and hissed a greeting to his wife.

With exquisite dignity he bowed low before her and offered her a piece of grass he had lifted from the nest at her feet. Not to be outdone, Gentoo gravely accepted the shred, tucked it deftly back into the place whence it had come before stepping aside to let him take over the vigil.

(Copyright)

**THE Royal Penguin Rookery on Macquarie Island is one of the great bird rookeries of the world. Experts estimate its population at more than a million birds.**

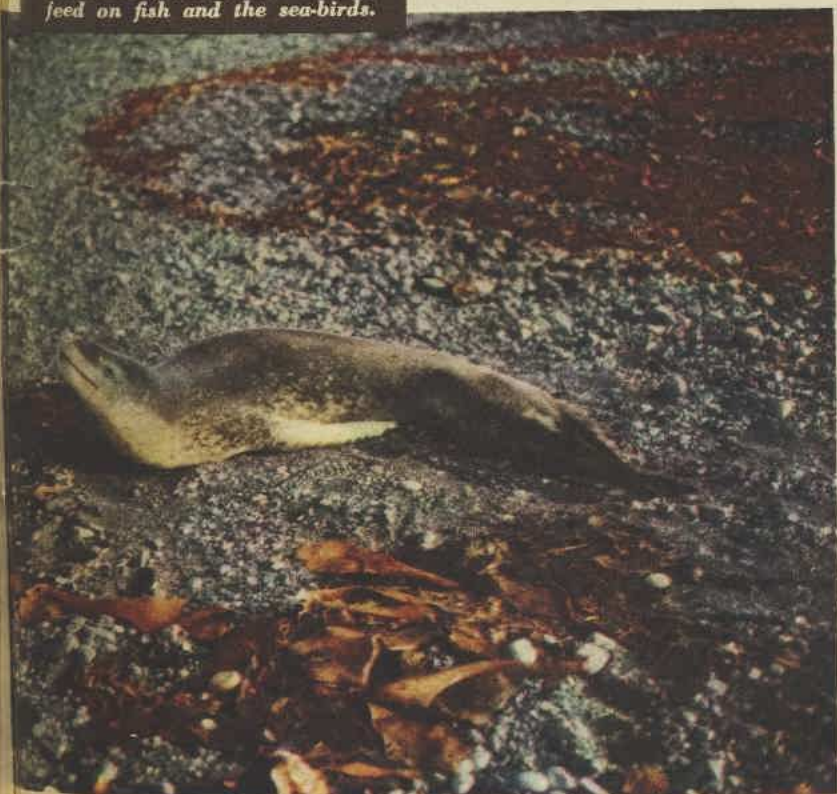






**GENTOO THE PENGUIN**, the heroine of Norman Laird's story, on the Macquarie Island Plateau, 900 feet above the turbulent sea.

**THE SEA - LEOPARD** which attacked Gentoo's husband. These seals, with wolf-like teeth, feed on fish and the sea-birds.



**THE HUNTERS** who attacked Gentoo's family. These Southern Skua, hawks of the sea, feed on the eggs and young of penguins.





# Two days to Christmas

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS



*Eva's last letter had said, "Just think — this will be our last Christmas apart."*



SMITH lay on the red sand and tried to think constructively. He was able to do this much better than other men in similar plight could have done, for his was a phlegmatic, almost a dour temperament, an altogether admirable attribute in a flying man.

"A flying man," he was thinking with grim humor as he looked at the shattered fabric of the aeroplane wing which was shielding his upturned face from the glaring Central Australian sun. It was really hot.

"Must be all of 112 deg. in the shade," he thought, "but, after all, it's only two days to Christmas."

He sat upright with a jerk, thinking he'd heard a voice in the desert silence. Then he laughed, a little shakily. It was his own voice he'd heard. He must have been half drowsing until the last word escaped his lips.

He drew his legs up into the narrow strip of shade still afforded by the wing, for the burning sand was more than the bare flesh below his shorts could stand. Smith was reminded again of Christmas. Not the immediate one, but that of the previous year. He had lain in the sun then, too. But there had been no need of shade, for it had been the tempered sun of the South on Cottesloe Beach. Eva had been with him.

"Come on," she'd said after they'd finished the conventional Christmas dinner with her family, "let's go down to the beach; it'll be deathly here with everyone sleeping off the effects."

They surfed until they were tired. Then they lay stretched side by side and talked about the future.

"But if you start this charter flying away up there in the North, Doug, it will be years before we can marry."

"Of course not," he assured her. "Living's cheap up there around Derby."

"Derby," Eva interrupted. "It's miles away from anywhere, Doug, and there are wild buffaloes and crocodiles. Oh, Doug! I don't think I'm cut out for the life up there. Why can't we stay here? There's the beaches and the river and everything, and you know Dad promised to help us get a house."

She put her arm across his shoulder coaxingly. "Doug, stay here. You've got a good job and —"

"That's just the trouble," he burst out. "I don't want a good job, as you call it. Do you think

I want to spend the rest of my life selling cars? I'm a flyer. Without anything to fly with," he added bitterly. "Eva, I'm sorry, but that's how it is. Can't you see? I can rake up enough to buy that Fox Moth. It's not very big, but it's a useful machine and it'll do very nicely for a start."

And he calmed her fears as he talked on, whilst the breakers crashed on the shore behind them and a seagull strutted before them uttering hoarse cries. He dug his toes into the hot sand.

The hot sand—and the seagull crying—no, it wasn't a seagull, surely. It was a crow. Smith rubbed his eyes. He was still lying under the wing. In front of him the crow again produced a morbid croak.

He got slowly to his feet. It flapped away a few yards, to settle down again and regard him unblinkingly.

He began to recollect the tales he'd heard from bushmen. How, if there was anything wrong, if a man had no water or was injured, the crows began to come. No matter where—a hundred miles away from anywhere—the crows would come. First one, then another and another.

He turned his back deliberately on the crow and, with a tremendous effort of will, walked steadily back to the wrecked Fox Moth. He looked at it steadily. Slowly reason reasserted itself. His throat was dry and he dropped on his knees to where he had buried his water-bag in a scooped-out hole beside the twisted undercarriage.

He took it up in his hand and shook it. There was a gurgle inside. He could last another full day, perhaps two! Resolutely he replaced it in the sand and stood up.

The sun was not so hot now. He looked at his watch: nearly six o'clock. Soon it would be night, suddenly as night happened in these latitudes. He heard again a faint croak in the pregnant silence and roused himself to turn and watch the still solitary crow hop a few paces and take off into the red eye of the sun before it wheeled away into the distance.

"To tell all his pals, no doubt!" he thought, as he enviously watched the effortless flight. He sighed and walked back to the plane, where he searched the fabric surface with questing fingers for a moment, then, producing a stub of pencil, commenced to write on it.

"I, Douglas Smith, of Perth, being still in full possession of my faculties,

wish to record that on December 22, while on a cross-country flight from Derby to Alice Springs, I was forced down in this spot, Lat. 30deg. 8m. N. Long. 125deg. Today is the 23rd. I have enough water for tomorrow."

Smith fished into the cabin and drew out his bush rug, wrapped it about him, and lay on his back looking up at the glittering Southern Cross and its companions pin-pricking the faintly luminous black of the sky and wondering if they were searching yet.

The Great Sandy Desert was a big place, though—800 miles or more across—and he and his plane were tiny specks in an ocean of sand, almost invisible from on high, as he knew only too well.

Certainly if he could only hear the welcoming drone of an engine he'd be all right. He had all that worked out. There was nothing to make a decent smoke within miles, but he could set fire to the plane. What was it? "A pillar of smoke by day and a column of fire by night." Odd, how one's early teachings came to mind. He had not thought much about the Bible for years. He wasn't sure he wanted to now. The associa-



tion of ideas was too direful. He composed himself for sleep.

Smith awoke in the false dawn and shivered as he remembered where he was. He searched the lightening sky, hoping for the sight of a circling black speck. But there was nothing. For minutes the sun hung there on the rim of the horizon, a fierce burning ball.

To Smith's troubled fancy it almost seemed as if the whole world was like this and always had been. He wondered briefly if he had ever lived in the world of men, and then he remembered Eva.

What was it Eva had said in her last letter? Oh, yes! "Doug," she had written, "it's wonderful to know you're making a success of things and that we can really think about making a home at last—up in your beloved North. I still feel a bit frightened of the unknown, but I want to be with you. Just think, this will be the last Christmas Eve apart . . ."

"Christmas Eve," he thought again. "This is Christmas Eve!"

He walked unsteadily to the tail and studied his writing of the evening before. Yes, there it was: "On December 22 . . ." There was something wrong. "December 22." Why, that was only the day before yesterday, if this was really Christmas Eve. He'd been here longer than that. He looked across the sand and shut his eyes against the glare as he fought with reason. He supposed he was beginning to be delirious.

There was a swallow left in the water-bag. He threw discretion to the winds and started towards it, to pull up with a wavering jerk. Before him on the sand squatted a black crow. The same one—he knew it was the same one. "Old pal," he giggled foolishly.

The bird was startled at the sound of his voice and retreated hastily with loud croaks. The sound brought returning reason. He passed his hand before his eyes and once more made for the water-bag. Feverishly he uncorked it and let the contents trickle down his parched throat. Then he dropped it on the ground and stared at it, suddenly assailed with a burning thirst. He crept a few steps and dropped wearily to the ground. He fell into a sort of coma for a while, but presently the heat of the sun roused him again. He rolled over and became aware of something sticking up above his head.

Something that seemed to waver in the air. He tried fiercely to concentrate, and the blurred image resolved itself into a familiar shape. It was the tail of the plane and there was writing on it. Oh, yes! "Lat. 30deg. 8m. N. Long. . . ."

He remembered. He wrote that weeks ago, but there was something else about it. Where had he seen a similar thing before? Reason fought with delirium again. Of course, in the museum at Perth: the framed fabric of the tail of Keith Smith's plane. The sad relic of another Smith who had been found not far from here when he'd been forced down while searching for Kingsford Smith. Yet another Smith. This country seemed to have an attraction for birdmen of that name.

All the details came vividly to mind now. One Smith—Keith Smith—had been lost, but the other one—Kingsford Smith—had been found. He and his crew had contrived a hand-driven generator from the wreckage of their plane and with the power derived from it had managed to work their radio and send out an S.O.S.

A hand-driven generator! Hope forced him to his feet and he found his way to the cockpit. Feverishly he examined his gear. The radio was intact. And one of his landing wheels hung in the air, free to revolve. He could devise motive power for the generator with that—if he had the strength left to turn it fast enough when he'd got it rigged up.

With renewed hope he commenced to open his tool-kit. He'd be right, thanks to the example of Kingsford Smith and his crew. And his crew!

He dropped the kit in the sand. Of course, there had been more than one of them. Impossible to do it alone.

Douglas Smith groaned and dropped to the sand, clawing his way beneath the wing with the remnants of his shattered strength. Silence reigned in the desert and a bevy of black crows hopped a little nearer.

It was early on Christmas morning. In the high pale of the North Australian sky a plane circled while one of its occupants peered down at the tiny speck on the desert below.

"It's Doug Smith, all right, Jack," he said to the pilot as he lowered his glasses and picked up a small packet from the floor. "Get her down a bit so's I can drop this to the poor beggar, pronto. There's a half-circle of crows around him, but they're keeping their distance, so that's a good sign that he's still alive."

Smith heard the roar of the rescue plane, but didn't move. It is doubtful if he wished to, for he was resigned to death and it was too much trouble to start life over again.

And then his failing hearing caught a familiar sound. A hoarse croaking in the still air. His mind cleared for a moment and he listened. The croaking was intensified. He fancied it held a triumphant note and raised his head. The crows hopped away, and as his bloodshot eyes followed them they focused on something half buried in the sand beyond.

For a long minute he looked towards it, then raised himself slowly to hands and knees and started to crawl. Twice he faltered, once he lay full length again, until a fresh cry from the birds drove him on to reach the package.

He drew it slowly towards him, and as he clawed open the flap a piece of paper fell out. He struggled to focus his wavering gaze on the writing for a moment, then looked across to the tail-plane cocked at a grotesque angle and laughed hoarsely.

The crows took startled flight at the sound, and as they wheeled into the blue Smith looked again at the scrap of paper still clutched in his dry fingers.

"Ground party reaches you tonight. Merry Christmas, Doug," it said.

(Copyright)





"I'm NOT insecure . . . I'm HUNGRY!"



"A Lavender Bag! The very thing I was longing for . . . What? Oh, it's a pincushion . . . a pincushion. Just EXACTLY what I wanted!"

# It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

THE breeze that blows in the back window carries the summer smell of salt, conjuring the picture of beaches beyond the asphalt.

There are mangoes and cherries in the corner fruit-shop, hydrangea and agapanthus and those big white daisies in the florist's.

If I ever had to live in a foreign, cold - Christmas country, I'd want a special kind of Christmas tree.

It would be decorated with blue and white flowers instead of holly. And maybe the scent of mangoes, cherries, and sea-salt could be arranged.

TO be fond of dogs and to be generous at Christmas are both praiseworthy characteristics.

Nevertheless, the R.S.P.C.A. in Sydney, endeavoring to exploit these virtues jointly, appears to have gone a little far.

It is sponsoring a Christmas guest-dog scheme, inviting people to invite dogs from its Dogs' Home to spend a holiday in a private home.

Probably this is a device for getting dogs adopted. Most people who feel impelled to invite a dog for Christmas won't send him back.

So, all in all, I suppose it's a harmless enough piece of whimsy.

RECENT issue of an American magazine carries a remarkable advertisement inserted by the Jamaica Tourist Board.

It shows Mr. Noel Coward standing precariously on a rock and holding a cup of tea while a wave breaks over his feet.

He is wearing white trousers, a scarlet jacket, scarlet loafers, and a sophisticated expression. For the last mentioned he deserves full marks, as it is very difficult to drink tea standing up on a wave-washed rock. On second thoughts, he may be merely winning.

The ad. carries some copy extolling the virtues of Jamaica, annotated in red ink by Mr. C.

Amusing is what it means to be. On the whole, it probably is.

ANOTHER step in the move towards making banks cosier stems from Auckland, New Zealand.

There a bank will soon have a special banking chamber for women.

The new establishment will be staffed by women and will have a spacious lounge.

The management states that it wants to dispel the idea that banks are cold and formal.

It's possible that this policy of attracting women is inspired by the knowledge that in America women hold a substantial portion of the country's money and shares.

But usually women don't reach this happy position of financial security by understanding banking.

They reach it by understanding men.

NOT surprisingly, there is now a Married Men's Protection Association in New York.

Its aim is "to reverse the trend of domesticity that is overtaking husbands."

There is no doubt that men have lost a lot of ground in recent years. They don't help with the housework as a favor any more. They are expected to do their share of it as a matter of course.

One reason is that so many wives work.

But there are other reasons for the 20-century enslavement of men. That American association should make a study of smoking and non-smoking wives.

I know a girl who never used to iron a shirt or mend a sock. Her husband, having been a sailor, was skilled at these occupations and he continued to do his own laundry and mending after marriage.

Then, on medical advice, she gave up smoking.

"It's wonderful," says her husband. "She irons all my shirts and I haven't got a sock with a hole in it."

"Can't be helped," says his wife gloomily. "I have to do something with my hands."

REMEMBER that "tycoon toothpick" I mentioned a couple of weeks ago? It was gold-plated, cased in leather, and sold in America for a dollar.

I've just found a companion-piece for a tycooness. It's a nailfile with a gold handle, the file composed of diamond and sapphire crystals. The price is 12 dollars and it's on sale in America.

FASHION designer Paul Breville predicts that next year's high-fashion accessory will be a bunch of balloons. "A girl holding balloons looks good in a fashion picture," he said. "And women go out walking with poodles. Why not balloons?"

The lady he describes inhabits pages whose glossy surface shows another world,

A world of females, elegant and haughty. Their lips — as well as hair — are always curled.

They used to hold umbrellas with long handles,

And poodles on a leash were likewise smart;

And now balloons — so carefree, airy-fairy —

Oh, sir, control your fancy! Have a heart!

We humbler ladies with our shopping baskets —

Suppose we get infected by the trend? And little boys go running to their mothers:

"Poor Mrs. Jones — she's gone right round the bend!"

Continuing . . .

## The Story of Holly and Ivy

from page 23

for the cats, and a dozen fine handkerchiefs which were Mr. Jones' present, she went back to the market and bought some holly, mistletoe, and a Christmas tree.

"A tree should have tinsel," said Mrs. Jones. She bought some tinsel. "And candles," she said; "candles are prettier than electric light." She bought twelve red candles. "They need candle clips," she said, and bought twelve of those. "And a tree should have some balls," thought Mrs. Jones; "glass balls in jewel colors, ruby red, emerald green, and gold." She bought some, and a box of tiny silver crackers and a tinsel star. When she got home she stood the tree in the window and dressed it, putting the star on the top.

"Who is to look at it?" asked Mr. Jones.

Mrs. Jones thought for a moment and said, "Christmas needs children, Albert. Couldn't we find a little girl?"

"What's the matter with you today, my dear?" said Mr. Jones. "How could we find a little girl? You're daft," and it was a little sadly that Mrs. Jones put holly along the chimney shelf, hung mistletoe in the hall, tied a bunch of holly on the door-knocker, and went back to her housework.

Ivy was happy in the market. She bought a bag of chestnuts from the chestnut man; they were hot in her hands and she ate them one by one. She had a cup of tea from a tea stall on wheels, and from a sweet stall she bought a toffee apple. When her legs grew tired she sat down on a step and wrapped the ends of her coat round her knees. When she was cold she started to walk again.

Soon lights were lit all along the stalls; they looked like stars. The crowd grew thicker. People laughed and stamped in the snow to keep their feet warm; Ivy stamped, too. The stall-keepers shouted and called for people to come and buy. Ivy bought a blue balloon.

At St. Agnes' a telegraph boy rang the bell. He had a telegram for Miss Shepherd from the infants' home. It said, "Ivy not arrived. Suppose she is with you. Merry Christmas."

The boy rang and rang, but there was no one at St. Agnes' to answer the bell, and at last he put a notice in the letter box, got on his bicycle, and rode away.

In her house down the street Mrs. Jones kept looking at the Christmas tree. "Oughtn't there to be presents?" she asked. It was so long since she had a tree of her own that she could not be sure. She took Mr. Jones' handkerchiefs,

wrapped them in white paper, and tied them with some red ribbon she had by her, and put the parcel at the foot of the tree. That looked better, but still not quite right.

"There ought to be toys," said Mrs. Jones, and she called to Mr. Jones, "Albert."

Mr. Jones looked up from the newspaper he was reading.

"Would it be silly to buy . . . a little doll?"

"What is the matter with you today?" asked Mr. Jones, and he said again, "You're daft."

Soon it was time for him to go on duty. "I shall be out all night," he told Mrs. Jones. "Two of the men are away sick. I shall take a short sleep at the police station and go on duty again. See you in the morning."

He kissed Mrs. Jones goodbye and went out, but put his head round the door again. "Have a good breakfast waiting for me," said Mr. Jones.

In the toyshop it was closing time.

"What does that mean?" asked Holly.

The fly sat on the axle wheel and said, "What a dust do I raise!" — Aesop.

"That it's over," said Abracadabra.

"Over?" Holly did not understand.

Mr. Blossom pulled the blind down on the door and put up a notice, "Closed."

"Closed. Hoo! Hoo!" said Abracadabra.

Mr. Blossom was so tired he told Peter to tidy the shop. "And you can lock up. Can I trust you?" asked Mr. Blossom.

"Yes, sir," said Peter proudly. It was the first time Mr. Blossom had trusted him with the key. "You have been a good boy," said Mr. Blossom as he was going. "You may choose any toy you like — except the expensive ones like air guns or electric trains. Yes, choose yourself a toy," said Mr. Blossom. "Good night."

When Mr. Blossom was gone, "A toy!" said Peter, and he asked, "What does he think I am? A blooming kid?"

Peter swept up the bits of paper and string and straw and put them in the rubbish bin at the back of the shop. Then he put on his overcoat to go home. He turned out the light — it was no use lighting the window now that the shopping was over

—stepped outside and closed and locked the door.

If he had waited a moment he would have heard a stirring, a noise, tiny whimperings. "What about us? What about us?" It was the toys.

Peter heard nothing. He put the key in his jacket pocket to keep it quite safe and turned to run home.

The key fell straight through the torn pocket into the snow. It did not make a sound.

"Hoo! Hoo!" said Abracadabra, and the snowflakes began to cover the key as Peter ran off.

The market was over as well. The crowd had gone, the stalls were packing up, the last Christmas trees were being sold. Ivy had spent all her money, the blue balloon had burst, her legs ached with tiredness, and she shivered.

Then the lights went out; there were only pools of yellow from the lamp-posts, with patches of darkness between. A bit of paper blew against Ivy's legs, making her jump. Suddenly the marketplace seemed large and strange; she would have liked to see Miss Shepherd.

You might think that Ivy cried, but she was not that kind of little girl. Though the empty feeling ached inside her she pressed her lips tightly together, then said, "It's time I looked for my grandmother," and started off to look.

She walked up the cobbled streets between the houses. How cosy they seemed with their lighted windows; smoke was going up from every chimney. "There are fires and beds and supper," said Ivy. Some of the houses had wreaths of holly on their front doors, paper chains and garlands in their rooms, and in almost every window was a Christmas tree.

When Ivy looked in she could see children. In one house they were sitting round a table eating; in another they were hanging stockings from the chimney shelf; in some they were doing up parcels, but, "I must look for a house with a Christmas tree and no children," said Ivy. She knew there would be a tree, "Because my grandmother is expecting me," said Ivy.

The toy shop was still and dark. "There will be no more shopping," said Abracadabra, and the whisper ran round the toys, "No shopping. No shopping."

"Then . . . we are the ones not sold," said a doll.

There was a long silence.

"I can be sold at any time," said a bride doll at last. "Weddings are always."

"I am dressed all in yellow,

To page 33

## Bumper fiction issue next week

SPECIAL holiday reading will be included in next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly. There will be the first instalment of an exciting new serial, a short, complete novel, and brilliant short stories by well-known authors.

### SERIAL

- "THE TROUBLE WITH LAZY ETHEL," by Ernest Gann (he wrote "The High and the Mighty"). It's his new novel and not yet on sale here. It tells what happened on a Pacific island base for an H-bomb explosion.

### SHORT NOVEL

- "THE SECRET OF LOCH LURE," by David Walker . . . this particular secret is twice as big as the Loch Ness monster and three times as funny.

### SHORT STORIES

- "ODD WOMAN," by Margery Sharp, a very feminine story of a man's two wives, the first and the second.
- "MARRY ME, MAGGIE," by Grace Metalious, a romantic story by the author of the sensational "Peyton Place."
- "ASK ANY GIRL," by Winifred Wolfe . . . and she'll tell you there's nothing worse than having no date for New Year's Eve.



# HATS LIKE HAIR — AND HAIR LIKE HATS



• The Bubble, an amusing hairstyle premiered in Paris this season. The hair is cut an even length all over the head and combed to look soft and "tousled."



• Elegant toque (above), designed by Cardin to resemble a short sculptured haircut. This one is winning "bravos" for its face-framing flattery.

• Piquant high-rising wiggy hat (below), made in tiers of looped wool. Perfect coverage for the gamine hairdo, a la Audrey Hepburn.



• Paris is letting its head go. The coiffure (left) is named coiffure. A bandeau of hair is drawn across the brows and soft tendrils rest on the forehead and over the ears in a kisscurl.

• Widening and rising, or just rising, these new-look hats and hairdos come direct from Paris. The latest hats are designed to resemble coiffures—and vice versa. Hair can be worn as you would wear a hat—with great aplomb. A coiffure can swirl casually, its line can be close and head-hugging, or it can be smoothly bouffant. More headline news is the hat designed to look like a wig, and one that covers but does not disarrange the wearer's hair. There are, too, tiny hair-revealing evening hats a la Dior—worn with chic, flat on the back of the head.

Betty Keep.





• Minute evening hats add drama to the Paris nightlife scene, and are a perfect foil for a brow-revealing coiffure. The one above is from Dior's autumn dress collection, and is worn to match a mid-calf length evening dress. Hat and dress in rose-red faille.



• A modern version of the shingle from the flapper fashions of the '20s is seen in the head-hugging haircut above. This one has a quick and easy upkeep; it is only for the young.

• Designed to cover a "chi-chi hair touse" the hat at right, with its rounded pudding-basin silhouette, is worn with a matching cravat. Take note: all shades of red will be chic for autumn.



• High, wide, and handsome in color and silhouette, the velvet toque at left is a perfect complement to the coiffure above. The toque fits right over the head without disarranging a single hair. The color—violet—is new.

• The correct height and newest shape for a bouffant hairdo is shown (above). This one is claimed as the perfect coiffure to balance the chemise and other easy-waisted, short-skirted dresses in current summer fashion.



# DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● The short-skirted party dress, illustrated at left, is chosen for a girl to wear at her 21st birthday celebration.

HERE is her letter and my reply:

"In your 'Dress Sense' column I notice you supply designs and patterns to readers, and I would like you to select a style for me to wear to a buffet dinner to celebrate my 21st birthday. The men are wearing lounge suits. I make my clothes, but need a pattern, as I am not very experienced and want the frock to be a success. I don't like the loose-fitting sack dresses. My size is 36in. bust."

The dress I have chosen has a form-fitting bodice and a skirt with graceful width. The large self-material bow makes a pretty trim. I consider the design has the perfect amount of formality for an occasion where the men of the party are wearing lounge suits.

With one of my special "Dress Sense" patterns, I feel sure the design is well within the sewing ability of the average home-sewer. I do hope you will like the dress sufficiently well to copy. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"WOULD you please advise me on this problem: If a bride wears a floor-length wedding gown, is it necessary for her bridesmaid to wear one, too?"

If a bride chooses a floor-length dress, her bridesmaid has the choice of ballerina, street, or floor length. Only

if the bride wears a short gown is it necessary for attendants to dress in the same length.

"MY boy-friend has sent me some beautiful silk brocade from Japan and I would like to have it made into a formal frock. Would you assist with a design? I want the style to be fitted at the waistline."

A dress with a "bubble" skirt would look attractive in silk brocade. Have the bodice sleeveless and finished with a low oval neckline back and front. Have the dress widely belted at the waistline. The dimensions of the belt will give an Empire-line effect, which is very new in fashion.

"I WANT to buy something cool and comfortable for hot weather wear, but I do not like the new waistless dresses. Could you offer a suggestion?"

A softly bloused sheath dress is an alternative for the conservative woman who wants an easy look but not the chemise silhouette.

"MY problem is a separate blouse to wear with a slim skirt. Would you please suggest a material and design?"

The chemise-inspired overblouse is very popular for co-ordinated "separates." The blouse is waist-skipping—and sometimes hip-hugging.

Two examples:

A shirt-chemise in woven

striped cotton, front-buttoned and falling straight to the hips, where it is accented by two flap pockets.

A sleeveless design with a high scoop neckline and low, fitted hipband, made in flower-printed cotton.

"IF the sheath frock is still being worn for late-day, could you give me suggestions about the details of the design?"

A sheath dress looks newest with the addition of a panel, or panels, to add width and ease. When two panels are used, they are attached to either shoulder at back, and allowed to swing free. A single panel (it should be approximately the width of the

wearer's back) looks very graceful fastened to the back of the dress at the neckline and then caught under the hem.

"ARE coat-frocks still being worn? If so, please tell me the newest style details."

This season the classic coat-dress is interpreted in two silhouettes. One silhouette has a bloused top and is worn with a contour belt to accent the natural waist or hipline. The second design is straight-cut like the chemise, beltless, and buttoned from a shirt collar to the hemline.

"WOULD you tell me a smart shade for stockings to be worn with a black dress, black patent handbag and shoes?"

Pale taupe, pale grey, off-black, and a vivid apricot are all smart new tints (they can hardly be labelled colors) to accent all black.

## Beauty in brief

### CARE FOR HAIR

By CAROLYN EARLE

HAIR that has been too long in the sun, bleached too often, or over-permed suffers in texture and needs restoring.

To restore its quality try a series of shampoos with a liquid or cream preparation.

There is a wide range of suitable products. Choose one for your type of hair—oily, dry, or average—and use as directed.

When you have rubbed the shampoo into the scalp grasp handfuls of hair and tug gently to stimulate the scalp.

Rinse and shampoo again. Finally rinse well in clear water until the strands "sing" when pulled through the fingertips.

## New ARRID Roll-on

NEW LOTION DEODORANT WITH LANOLIN

—in the bottle with the ball on top

Rolls away perspiration odour—while it soothes your skin



Doesn't dry your skin! ARRID has developed a wonderful water-soluble lanolin and combined it with the effectiveness of the leading deodorant. So soothing! Actually good for your skin!



New Roll-on applicator. ARRID lotion deodorant comes in the bottle with the ball on top. Rolls protection into all the pores—rolls away perspiration and odour as no other deodorant can!



So easy to use! Just tip and roll on ARRID protection! Never sticky! Never drips! Never touches finger tips. Already preferred by millions



Saves clothes from stains. So safe! Approved by the American Institute of Laundry. Roll on daily. ARRID with lanolin keeps underarms soft and dry—without drying your skin.

7'6

Available at all cosmetic counters.

Roll on ARRID daily—TO BE SAFE... TO BE SURE



INVEST YOUR MONEY SECURELY . . IN 1959

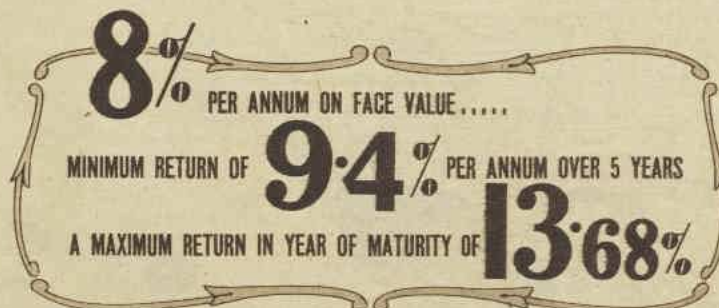
## PREMIUM NOTES



### FINANCE COMPANY OF QUEENSLAND LIMITED

One of the largest Queensland Hire Purchase Companies listed on the Brisbane Stock Exchange.

**1<sup>ST</sup> ISSUE OF £100,000**  
IN PREMIUM NOTES AT A DISCOUNT OF **£5,000**



THE PREMIUM NOTES BEING ISSUED BY FINANCE COMPANY OF QUEENSLAND LIMITED ARE GUARANTEED BY THE WHOLE RESOURCES OF THE COMPANY AND ARE A NEW AND INTERESTING MEDIUM FOR AUSTRALIAN INVESTORS. THEY CLOSELY FOLLOW THE PATTERN OF THE VERY SUCCESSFUL PLAN RECENTLY INTRODUCED BY THE UNITED KINGDOM GOVERNMENT.

**AUDITORS' REPORT.**

*We certify that the net tangible asset backing at 30th June, 1958, for each £100 unsecured liabilities, including short term deposits, was £346. Groom, Sanderson & Co., Chartered Accountants (Aust.).*

**TERMS OF REDEMPTION.** At the end of each year 20% of the total issue will be redeemed at face value. The first Ballot will be held during December, 1959. This will be done per medium of a Ballot held at the registered office of the Finance Company of Queensland Ltd., with Note Holders and the Press being invited to attend. Holders of Notes who are successful in any Ballot for Redemption will be notified and such Notes will be redeemable forthwith at the full face value, plus the interest due and payable to that date, upon surrender of the Note Holder's Certificate. The redemption of Notes in the earlier years of the five-year period is, of course, most advantageous to the Note Holder.

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" " 2 years	£116	11.05% x 2
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" " 4 years	£132	9.7% x 4
" " 5 years	£140	9.4% x 5

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**INTEREST.** Interest will be paid quarterly. The first payment will be made on the 31st day of March, 1959.

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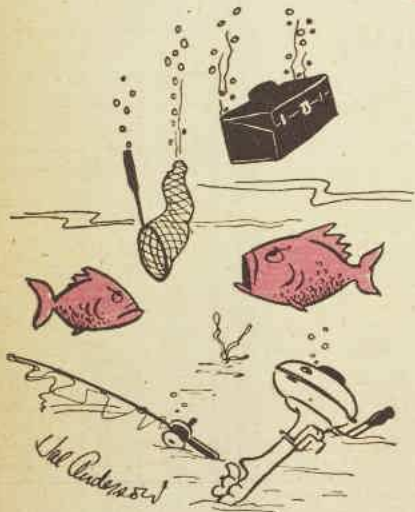


"It seemed to me the shoes put up a better fight than the tyre."

# The one that got away



"There's nothing Frank enjoys more than sitting and watching his fish."



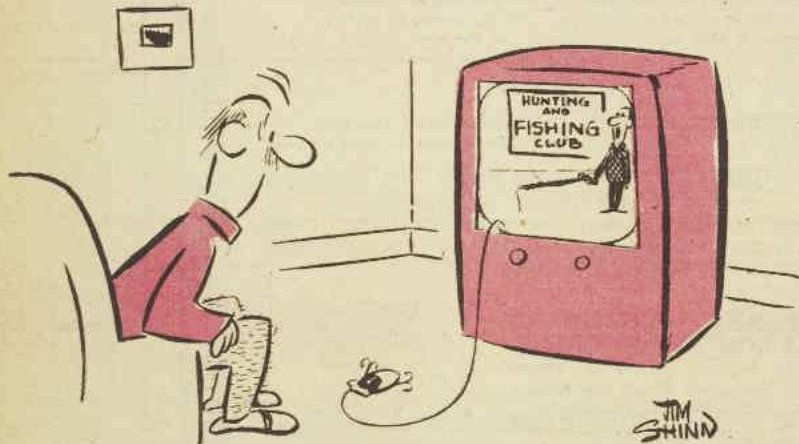
"Let's get out of here! Old Butterfingers himself will be coming down next."



"They very seldom crawl on the hook by themselves, dear."



"You should have seen the one that got away . . . with Jones!"



"Now that's the cast I normally use for those hard-to-get-at places."



"Any luck?"



"Mind if I try your end awhile, Sam?"



# Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

"LAST month I met a boy whom I like very much. I am 15½. The week after I met him I brought him home. Mum and Dad seemed to like him and they told me that I could invite him out to my place the following weekend, which I did. When he came, Dad asked him if he would like to go down the river with us, and he said that he would love it. We all enjoyed ourselves very much and when he came home he was invited to stay for tea. That is where he made his blue. He has shocking table manners and Mum and Dad think that because of this he is not good enough for me and I am forbidden to see him any more. He is very good-mannered in every other way and I think that his family has had a hard life and this is why his table manners are so bad. He is 17. What can we do? I think that Mum and Dad are just being snobbish in their attitude towards him. He is my first boy-friend. Please is there any reason why I can't see him?"

"Unhappy," Vic.

There is a very good reason why you can't see him—your parents have forbidden you to.

I feel sorry for you, your parents, and for your boy-friend. To be dropped from grace because of table manners seems, on the surface, to be a snobbish, nasty, and unthinking action.

But table manners that match are very important for any girl and boy, man and woman who spend any time together. They seem unimportant at first, but they become more and more important until finally the fact that he eats with his mouth open or holds his knife and fork badly is the basic irritation that breaks up your association.

This probably seems a black lie to you, but it isn't.

What makes the table manners problem seem so awful is that at first it appears easy to overcome. It isn't, though, unless the person concerned is sensitive to the differences, instinctively realises he is eating differently, and immediately tries to adopt the ways of the family with whom he is eating.

Your parents acted, I imagine, knowing the importance of matching table manners, and knowing they could not improve the situation without being very hurtful and embarrassing to your first boy-friend.

They have made their decision and you must accept it.

The hard life you mention need have nothing to do with the boy's table manners. It is family custom and training that make people eat the way they do. But there is a correct way to eat; hundreds of books have been written about it, giving the rules. It is necessary to conform to these rules to be a really successful person, male or female, who can be happy and comfortable in all company.

"WE are two teenagers who like two teenage boys our own age. The four of us all come from good homes, but we are worried about the boys because they have dirty minds and tongues. Our parents know these boys and like them but do not know of their habits. The boys like and respect our parents and are polite in their speech to them, but during the pictures and other places they get out of hand. Please don't tell us to keep away from them as we value their friendship and don't want to part from them. We have asked the advice of many people and now we appeal to you. Please help us."

"Worried Two," S.A.

The problem of a man with a dirty mind and tongue faces every woman some time in her life. It has to be dealt with firmly.

I regard dirty stories and tongues as completely intolerable.



## A word from Debbie...

Some frivolous food that is easy to prepare is a special holiday bonus you could make for the family.

Perfect with the odd cup of coffee are crunchy Marshmallow Fingers. Grease a mixing-bowl thickly with butter and pour in a packet of rice bubbles. Then melt a pound of marshmallows, plain or toasted, and 2oz. butter in the top of a double saucepan over hot water and pour over the rice bubbles. Stir until all the rice bubbles are coated. Butter your hands (the insides of them), shape the mixture in your hands into finger-length rolls, and put on waxed paper to set. This takes several hours.

Golden Delight is a wonderful summer sweet. Put a large block of ice-cream into your refrigerator trays, spread out with a knife to fill if necessary. Beat together half a cup of peanut butter, 2 tablespoons honey, half cup water, and a dash vanilla until thoroughly blended. Spread over ice-cream in trays and swirl into it with a fork. Freeze and serve in a tall glass with whipped cream topped with a cherry.

**ALTHOUGH** pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless the real name and address of the sender are given as a guarantee of good faith.

You say the boys "like and respect" your parents and are, therefore, "polite" in their speech to them.

If you think this over, it means that your boy-friends neither like nor respect you. You are not going to be very happy with them if they don't.

The girl, or woman, in any association sets the standard of her companion's behaviour. If you continue to tolerate the boys' present behaviour it puts you in their class, a nasty class, in which I am sure you don't belong.

Next time these boys ask you out, refuse the invitation and tell them why. They'll probably take it badly and you may not see them again ever, or at least for a while.

If they're worth having around, they'll think it over, and in time will ask you out again on your terms—with respect added to their feelings for you.

"I AM a rather attractive girl of 15. Over the past few months I have been going with a boy my own age, but we seem to fight over practically nothing half the time. A couple of nights ago I went out with a boy who is 18 and I find I like him very much. This is the first time I've been out with a boy as old as this, and now I find I have a problem. When I was going with this boy of 15, he kissed me goodnight in just an ordinary way, but when the older boy kissed me goodnight it was a lot different. I was slightly embarrassed, as I didn't know what to do next, as this is the first time I've ever been kissed like that. Is this anything to worry about, as I feel sure this boy will ask me out again some time? Does an 18-year-old boy act a lot different when he is out with a girl than a 15-year-old boy? Also could you explain what "petting" is and if there is anything wrong with it?"

Bewildered," W.A.

"Petting" is the prelude to serious love-making, and the kind of kiss your 18-year-old friend gave you is a "petting" kiss. You should not go out with this older boy again, you are far too young. A friendship with a 15-year-old girl that starts with a "petting" kiss on a first date can lead only to heartache.

Your 15-year-old friend sounds much nicer to me. Boys of 18 act very differently with a girl because they are much more experienced. You are far too young for such attentions emotionally, and according to the law, too.

You sound a very wise young girl to me; you knew there was something to worry about and were embarrassed by the kiss. Any kiss that is an embarrassment is a sad thing that a girl is far better off without.

## \*\*\*\*\*DISC DIGEST\*\*\*\*\*

ROGER WILLIAMS is said to be the largest selling pianist in the history of the record business. After hearing his latest LP, "The Boy Next Door" (HAA.2089), I can well believe this claim, and it also explains why his single of "Autumn Leaves" has sold well over the two-and-a-half million mark.

Unfortunately, he's not above playing mush. One of his albums is full of sloppy pseudo-classical stuff, but the new one is a winner. Roger studied under Teddy Wilson and Lennie Tristano, and that's a key to his piano style, but he also adds a serious musician's touch to the popular-music idiom. He has a university degree in music and also studied at the famous Juilliard School in New York, but — just to show that he's not a stuffed shirt — he became a Navy boxing champ during World War II.

Disc cover notes are usually blurb, but for once they're right when they say Williams has "that intimate from-me-to-you feeling." When I played the record it sounded just as though a friend were casually playing the piano in the next room. The twelve melodies he plays so delightfully include "Take Care," "It Never Entered My Mind," "Everyone Wants Something," "Moonlight in Vermont," "Stella by Starlight," "Ebb Tide," and the album's title tune.

The record business seems to be "taking a leaf" out of the book publishers, and has now begun to issue discs which are roughly the equivalent of "paper backs." Most of them have been issued several years back at top prices, but they're now becoming available to budget-wise collectors at nearly £1 cheaper. If you're in the market for some really good stuff you might like to hear Kleiber's interpretation of Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony (ACLA.2), the Hamburg Symphony Orchestra doing Tchaikovsky's Fifth (ACLA. 3), or a fine double, by the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra, consisting of "Les Sylphides" and Tchaikovsky's "Sleeping Beauty." All the LPs in the series have been newly pressed.

— BERNARD FLETCHER.

Continuing . . . .

## The Story of Holly and Ivy

from page 27

with primroses," said a bridesmaid. "I shall be sold in the spring."

"I am in pink, with roses," said another. "They will buy me in the summer," but Holly had a red dress, for Christmas. What would be done with her?

"You will be put back into stock," said Abracadabra.

"Please . . . what is stock?" whispered Holly.

"It is shut up and dark," said Abracadabra, as if he liked that very much. "No one sees you or disturbs you. You get covered with dust and I shall be there," said Abracadabra.

Holly wished she could crack.

"This is my grandmother's house," said Ivy, but when she got to the house it was not. That happened several times. "Then it's that one," she said, but it was not that one, either.

Somebody came down the street. Even in the snow his tread was loud. It was a big policeman. (As a matter of fact, it was Mr. Jones.)

Ivy knew as well as you or I know that policemen are kind people and do not like little girls to wander about alone after dark in a strange town.

"He might send me to the infants' home," said Ivy, and, quick as a mouse going into its hole, she whisked into a passage between two shops.

"Queer!" said Mr. Jones. "I thought I saw something green."

At the end of the passage was a shed, and Ivy whisked into it and stood behind the door. There was something odd about that shed: it was warm. Ivy did not know how an empty shed could be warm on a cold night, but I shall tell you.

The shed belonged to a baker and was built against the wall behind his oven. All day he had been baking bread and rolls for Christmas, and the oven was still hot. When Ivy put her hand on the wall she had to take it away quickly, for the wall was baking hot.

Soon she stopped shivering. In a corner was a pile of flour sacks and she sat down on them. Then she took off her coat, lay down on the sacks, and spread the coat over her.

In a moment she was fast asleep.

The toyshop was close by the passage. It was too dark to be noticed, though Abracadabra's eyes shone like green lamps.

"Shopping is over. Hoo!" Hoo!" said Abracadabra.

"Over, Over," mourned the toys.

They did not know and Abracadabra did not know that it is when shopping is over that Christmas begins.

Soon it was not dark, for the snow had stopped and the moon came up and lighted all the town. The roofs sparkled with frost as did the snow on the pavements and roads. In the toyshop window the toys showed, not as bright as day but bright as moonlight, which is far more beautiful. Holly's dress looked a pale red and her hair was pale gold.

Dolls do not lie down to go to sleep; they only do that when you remember to put them to bed and, as you often forget, they would be tired if they had to wait; they can sleep where they stand or sit and now the dolls in the toyshop window slept in their places, all but Holly.

She could not go to sleep. She was a Christmas doll and it was beginning to be Christmas. She did not know why, but she was excited. Then all at once, softly, bells began to ring.

Long after most children are in bed, on Christmas Eve, the

church bells in towns and villages begin to ring. Soon the clocks strike twelve and it is Christmas.

Holly heard the bells and . . . what was this? People were walking in the street . . . hurrying. "Hsst! T-who!" said Abracadabra at them as they passed, but they took no notice.

"Then . . . it has started," said Holly.

"What has started?" said Abracadabra.

"It," said Holly. She could not explain better than that, for she did not know yet what "it" meant — this was, after all, her first Christmas — but the bells grew louder and more and more people passed. Then, it may have been the pin of Holly's price ticket, or a spine of tinsel come loose from the shelf, but Holly felt a tiny pricking as sharp as a prick on a holly leaf. "Wish," said the prick, "wish."

"But . . . the shop is closed," said Holly, "the children are in bed. Abracadabra says I must go into the . . ."

The prick interrupted. "Wish," "Wish!" said the prick. "Wish!" It went on till Holly wished.

Ivy thought the bells woke her, or perhaps the passing feet, but then why did she feel something sharp like a thistle or a hard straw in one of the sacks? She sat up, but she was half asleep and she thought the feet were the St. Agnes' children marching down to breakfast and the bells were the breakfast bell. Then she saw she was still in the shed, though it was filled with a new light, a strange, silver light. "Moonlight?" asked Ivy, and rubbed her eyes.

SHE was warm and comfortable on the sacks under the green coat—though that had great white patches on it from the flour—too warm and comfortable to move and she lay down, but again she felt that thistle or sharp straw. The light seemed to be calling her, the bells, the hurrying feet; the prick seemed to tell her to get up.

In the street the moonlight was so bright that once again Ivy thought it was morning and she was in St. Agnes' and the bells were the breakfast bell. "Only . . . there are so many of them," said sleepy Ivy.

She walked a few steps to the toyshop. She did not know how it came to be there and she thought she was in her St. Agnes' bedroom and it was filled with toys. Then, "Not toys," said Ivy, "a toy," and she was wide awake. She did not even see Abracadabra glaring at her with his green eyes, she looked straight at Holly.

She saw Holly's dress and socks and shoes. "She is red and green, too," thought Ivy. She saw Holly's hair, brown eyes, little teeth, and beautiful joints. They were just what Ivy liked, and, "My Christmas doll!" said Ivy. "That's the very doll I want."

Holly saw Ivy's face pressed against the window as she had seen so many children's faces that day, but, "This one is different," said Holly.

Ivy's hands in their woollen gloves held to the ledge where it said "Blossom, High Class Toys, and Games." Holly looked at Ivy's hands. "Soon they will be holding me," thought Holly.

Ivy's coat even in the moonlight was as beautiful a green as Holly's dress was a beautiful red, so that they seemed to

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For sparkling  
teeth - a brighter  
smile - use  
**WISDOM**



**WISDOM**  
Made by *Addis*  
best since 1780

match and, "My Christmas girl!" said Holly.

"But the window is between," said Abracadabra.

The window was in between and the toyshop door was locked, but even if it had been open, Ivy had no money. "Hoo! Hoo!" said Abracadabra, but, remember, not only Holly but Ivy was wishing now.

"I wish —"

"I wish —"

The toys woke up. "A child," they whispered, "a child," and they wished, too.

Wishes are powerful things. Ivy stepped back from the window and Abracadabra's eyes grew pale as a cr-runch went something under Ivy's heel. It was something hidden just under the snow. "Hsst!" said Abracadabra. "T-who!" but Ivy bent down and picked up a key.

In the moonlight it was bright silver. "Peter's key," Peter's key, whispered the toys.

Footsteps sounded in the street, people were coming from church; Ivy put the key in her pocket and quickly ran back to the shed.

She had to wait a long time for the people to pass as they stopped to say "Merry Christmas" to one another, to give one another parcels, and Ivy sat down on the sacks to rest. Presently she gave another great yawn. Presently she lay down and spread her coat over her. Presently she went to sleep.

The toys had gone to sleep, too. "But I can't," said Holly, "I must wait for my Christmas girl."

She stayed awake for a long time, but she was only a little doll . . . and presently she fell asleep where she stood.

Very early on Christmas morning, Mrs. Jones got up and tidied her living-room. She lit a fire, swept the hearth, and dusted the furniture. She laid a table for breakfast with a pink-and-white cloth, her best blue china, a loaf of crusty bread, a pat of new butter in a glass dish, honey in a blue pot, a bowl of sugar, and a jug of milk. She had some fresh brown eggs and, in the kitchen, she put sausages to sizzle in a pan. Then she set the teapot to warm on the hob, lit the candles on the Christmas tree, and sat down by the fire to wait.

The baker's oven cooled in the night and Ivy woke with the cold. The shed was icy; Ivy's eyelashes were stuck together with rime and the tip of her nose felt frozen. When she tried to stand up her legs were so stiff that she almost fell over; when she put on her coat her fingers were so numb that they could not do up the buttons.

Ivy was a sensible little girl; she knew she had to get warm and she did not cry, but, "I m-must h-hop and sk-kip," she said through her chattering teeth, and there in the shed she swung her arms, in-out, out-in, and clapped her hands. Outside she tried to run, but her legs felt heavy and her head seemed to swim. "I m-must f-find m-my g-g-grandmother q-q-quickly," said Ivy.

She went into the street, and how cold it was there! The wind blew under her coat, the snow on the pavements had turned to ice and was slippery. She tried to hop, but the snow was like glass. Ivy's fingers and nose hurt in the cold. "If-I-I look at m-my d-d-doll I m-might f-feel b-b-b-better," said Ivy, but she turned the wrong way.

It was the wrong way for the toyshop, but perhaps it was the right way for Ivy, for a hundred yards down the street she came to the Jones' house.

"I must look for a house with a tree and no children." That is what she had said. Now she looked in at the window and there was no sign of any children, but there was a Christmas tree lit. Ivy saw the fire. "To

Continuing . . .

w-warm m-me," whispered Ivy and, oh, she was cold!

She saw the table with the pink-and-white cloth, blue china, bread and butter, honey and milk, the teapot warming. "My b-breakfast," whispered Ivy, and, oh, she was hungry! She saw Mrs. Jones sitting by the fire, in her clean apron, waiting. Ivy stood quite still, then, "My g-g-grandmother," whispered Ivy.

Holly woke with a start.

"Oh! I have been asleep!" said Holly in dismay. "Oh! I must have missed my little Christmas girl!"

"She won't come back," said Abracadabra. "It's Christmas Day. She's playing with her new toys."

"I am her new toy," said Holly, and she wished. I think her wish was bigger than Abracadabra, for when Ivy lifted her hand to Mrs. Jones' knocker a prickle from the bunch of holly ran into her finger. "Ow!" said Ivy. The prickle was so sharp that she took her hand down and, "F-first I must g-get my d-d-doll," said Ivy.

If Ivy had stopped to think she would have known she could not get her doll. How could she when the shop was locked and the window was in between? Besides, Holly was not Ivy's doll and had not even been sold. A wise person would have known this, but sometimes it is better to feel a prickle than be wise.

"Hullo," said Ivy to Holly through the toyshop window, "g-g-good morning."

Holly could not say "Hullo" back, but she could wish Ivy good morning—with a doll's wish.

In the daylight Holly was even more beautiful than she had been by moonlight, Ivy was even dearer.

"A little girl!" sneered Abracadabra. "There are hundreds of little girls."

"Not for me," said Holly.

"A little doll!" sneered Abracadabra. "There are hundreds of little dolls," and if Ivy could have heard him through the toyshop window she would have said, "Not for me."

Ivy gazed at Holly through the window.

She gazed so hard she did not hear footsteps coming down the street, heavy steps and light ones and a queer snuffling sound. The heavy steps were Mr. Jones', the light ones were Peter's, and the snuffling sound was Peter trying not to cry.

"I put it in my pocket," Peter was saying. "I forgot my pocket was torn. Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" said Peter.

Mr. Jones patted his shoulder and asked, "What sort of a key was it now?"

A key? Ivy turned round. She saw Mr. Jones and jumped. Then she made herself as small as she could against the window.

"A big iron key, but it looked like silver," said Peter. He and Mr. Jones began to look along the pavement.

"Mr. Blossom trusted me," said Peter. His wide smile was gone and his face looked quite pale. "I don't like boys," thought Ivy, but Peter was saying, "He trusted me. He'll never trust me again," and, though Peter was a big boy, when he said that he looked as if he really might burst into tears.

"A boy cry?" asked Ivy. She had never seen Barnabas cry. "I didn't know boys could," thought Ivy.

Peter was saying, "A thief might have picked it up."

"It w-wasn't a th-thief. It was m-m-me," said Ivy, and put her hand in her pocket and pulled out the key. "S-so you

## The Story of Holly and Ivy

[from page 33]

n-needn't c-c-cry," said Ivy to Peter.

Can you imagine how Peter's tears disappeared and his smile came back? "Cry? Who cried?" said Peter scornfully, and Ivy thought it better not to say, "You."

Mr. Jones put the key in the lock and it fitted. "I suppose I had better go in," said Peter, "and see if everything's all right."

"Well, I'm going home," said Mr. Jones. "You know where I live. If anything's wrong, pop in." It was as he turned to go home that Mr. Jones saw Ivy. "So . . . there was something green," said Mr. Jones.

Ivy knew how she must look; her coat and her hair, her socks and her shoes were dusted with flour from the sacks; she had not been able to comb her hair because she had no comb, and her face had smears across it from the toffee apple, and, "I think you are lost," said Mr. Jones.

His voice was so kind that the empty feeling ached in Ivy; it felt so empty that her mouth began to tremble. She could not shut her lips, but, "I'm n-not l-lost," said Ivy. "I'm

breath. "What doll would she like?"

"A bride doll," said Abracadabra with a gleam in his eyes.

A bride doll was standing on the counter and Peter went to pick her up, but he must have put his hand on the pin of her price ticket or a wire in the orange-blossom flowers on her dress, for, "Ow!" said Peter, and drew back his hand.

Abracadabra looked at Holly. Holly smiled.

"All little girls like baby dolls," said Abracadabra. "Take her a baby doll."

There was one baby doll left. She was in the window; Peter reached to take her out, but the safety pin on the baby doll's bib must have been undone, for, "Ow!" cried Peter, and drew back his hand.

"Hsst! T-who!" said Abracadabra to Holly. Holly smiled.

It was the same with the primrose bridesmaid. "Ow!" cried Peter. The same with the rose. "Ow!" and "Here, I'm getting fed up," said Peter. "Who's trying this on?" I do not know what made him look at Abracadabra. Abracadabra's eyes gleamed, but just above Abracadabra, in her place, Peter saw Holly.

"Why, of course! The little

still more; and then he brought Ivy in.

When Mrs. Jones saw Ivy she did not laugh; for a moment she stood still, then she dropped the fork and knelt down on the floor and put her hands on Ivy's shoulders. "Oh, Albert!" said Mrs. Jones. "Albert!" She looked at Ivy for a long time and two tears came into her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. Ivy, with her glove, wiped the tears away and the emptiness went out of Ivy and never came back.

"Dearie me!" said Mrs. Jones, getting to her feet. "What am I thinking of? You must have a hot bath at once."

"Breakfast first," said Mr. Jones, and Ivy asked, "Couldn't I see my Christmas tree?"

Mrs. Jones' living-room was as bright and clean as it had looked through the window. The fire was warm on Ivy's legs, the table was close to her now, and in the window was the tree. "With a star on the top," whispered Ivy.

"But why, oh why," Mrs. Jones was saying to Mr. Jones outside the door, "why didn't I buy that little doll?"

"And the shops are shut," whispered Mr. Jones. "We shall have to explain."

Ivy did not hear them. "Red candles!" she was whispering. "Silver crackers! And glass balls!"

She stopped. Mrs. Jones came in and gave a cry. "Well, I'll be danged!" said Mr. Jones, for at the foot of the tree, by the parcel of handkerchiefs, stood Holly.

Though Mrs. Jones was a little young to be a grandmother, she and Mr. Jones adopted Ivy, which means they took her as their own, and, of course, Holly as well. Miss Shepherd came to visit them and arrange this. "Please tell Barnabas," said Ivy.

Mrs. Jones made Ivy a green dress like Holly's red one, but with a red petticoat and red socks. She made Holly a red coat like Ivy's green one, and knitted her a pair of tiny green woollen gloves so that they matched when they went out.

They pass the toyshop often, but there is no Abracadabra. "Where is the owl?" Mr. Blossom had asked when the shop opened again, and Peter had to say, "I put him in the rubbish bin."

"Good gracious me!" said Mr. Blossom. "Get him out at once," but when they lifted the lid Abracadabra was not there.

"Sir, the dustman must have taken him away," said Peter, standing up stiff and straight. I do not know if that was true, but Abracadabra was never seen again.

"Never seen again," said the toys. They sounded happy. "Never seen again," and long, long afterward in the toyshop they told tales of Abracadabra.

Sometimes Holly and Ivy meet Crumple, who waves his trunk at them. Once they saw Mallow and Wallow put out on a window sill. They often see Peter and Mr. Blossom; in spite of Abracadabra's disappearance, Mr. Blossom trusts Peter.

"But if you had not found the key," says Peter to Ivy.

"If I had not come to look at Holly," says Ivy.

"If I had not gone to Mr. Jones," says Peter.

"If Mrs. Jones had not bought the Christmas tree," but it goes farther back than that. If Ivy had not slept in the shed . . . if the baker had not lit his oven . . . if Ivy had not got out of the train . . . if Barnabas had not laughed at Ivy . . . if Holly—

"If I had not wished," says Holly.

I told you in the beginning that it was a story about wishing.

(Copyright)

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



g-g-going to m-my g-g-g-grandmother."

"I see," said Mr. Jones. He looked at Ivy again. "Where does your grandmother live?" asked Mr. Jones.

Ivy took his hand and led him down the street to the Jones' house. "This is m-my g-g-grandmother's," said Ivy.

Mr. Jones seemed rather surprised. "Are you sure?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Of course," said Ivy. "L-look in at the w-window. There," she told him, "th-there's my Ch-Christmas t-tree."

Mr. Jones thought a moment, then, "Perhaps it is your Christmas tree," he said.

"Sh-shall we knock?" asked Ivy, but, "You needn't knock," said Mr. Jones. "You can come in."

The toys were all in their places when Peter opened the door. "No thanks to you," said Abracadabra.

Perhaps Peter heard him, for Peter said, "Thanks to that little girl."

I do not know how it was, but Peter had the idea that Ivy was Mr. Jones' little girl. "He was kind to me," said Peter, "and so was she." Peter was very grateful and, "What can I do for them?" he asked, then, "I know," said Peter. Mr. Blossom had told him to take any toy and, "I'll take her a doll," said Peter. "I can slip it into their house easy, without saying a word, but . . . what doll would she like?" asked Peter.

The toys all held their

red Christmas doll," said Peter. "The very thing!" but as he stepped up to the glass shelf Abracadabra was there.

Peter said that Abracadabra must have toppled, for a toy owl cannot fly, but it seemed for a moment that Abracadabra was right in his face; the green eyes were close, the spread wings, the hooked beak, and the claws. Peter let out a cry and hit Abracadabra, who fell on the floor. "Out of my way," cried Peter, and he gave Abracadabra a kick. Then Abracadabra did fly. He went sailing across the shop and landed head down in the rubbish bin.

"Oooh! Aaah!" cried all the toys in terror, but Peter sprang after him and shut the lid down tight.

Then he picked up Holly from the shelf in the window and ran pell-mell to the Jones'.

When Mr. Jones and Ivy came in Mrs. Jones was in the kitchen turning the sausages. Mr. Jones told Ivy to wait in the hall.

"Merry Christmas," said Mr. Jones to Mrs. Jones, and kissed her.

"Merry Christmas," said Mrs. Jones, but she sounded a little sad.

Mr. Jones had a present in his pocket for Mrs. Jones, a little gold brooch. He took it out, unwrapped it, and pinned it on her dress. "Oh, how pretty, Albert!" said Mrs. Jones, but she still sounded sad.

"I have another Christmas present for you," said Mr. Jones, and laughed. "It can walk and talk," and he laughed



# LEFTOVERS NEEDN'T BE DULL

● These four delicious dishes should please everyone and, at the same time, dispose of a variety of meat and poultry left over from Christmas holiday spreads.

By LEILA C. HOWARD,  
Our Food and  
Cookery  
Expert



## ★ MEDLEY

### LOAF ★

LOAF with apricot garnish (above) features a variety of leftover meats. Serve hot as a main course, or cut into cold slices and team with crisp salad vegetables.

Three cups finely chopped or minced cooked meats (poultry, ham, pork, veal, or lamb), 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, 1 cup piquant tomato sauce, 2 eggs, 1 cup finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoon mustard (if ham is included in the meats), 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 1 large tin apricot halves, 1 cup cream cheese, 2 teaspoons horseradish, salt and pepper, parsley.

Combine the meat, breadcrumbs, tomato sauce, eggs, onion, mustard, and cloves. Press into a well-greased loaf-tin and bake in a moderate oven for 1 hour. Drain apricots from the syrup. Blend cream cheese and horseradish with sufficient salt and pepper to taste. Fill centre cavity of each apricot half with horseradish mixture and serve with the parsley-garnished loaf.

**Pancake Mixture:** One cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 2 eggs, 1½ cups milk, butter.

Sift flour, salt and cayenne together. Beat eggs and add 1 cup of milk. Shake flour over top and beat briskly until free from lumps. Add remainder of milk to desired consistency. Stand aside 1 hour. Lightly grease a heated, shallow frying-pan or griddle-iron. Pour on sufficient batter to give a thin coating all over. Cook over heat until golden brown underneath, loosen and turn over to brown other side. Continue until all pancakes are made.

**Casserole Mixture:** One cup

chopped ham, 1 cup chopped cooked veal, 1 large tin asparagus spears, 1½ cups grated tasty cheese, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, ½ cup sour cream.

Thickly grease casserole and place one pancake on the bottom. Cover with a thin

sprinkling of ham and cheese. Set another pancake on top and repeat in this fashion with layers of ham, veal, and asparagus until all are used and one pancake remains for the top. Beat eggs and milk together and carefully pour

over layers. Place in moderate oven, cover and bake for 1 hour or until custard is set. Serve piping hot with a garnish of sour cream.

All recipes on this page are sufficient for four persons. Spoon measurements are level

## ★ LAYERED CASSEROLE ★

and an 8oz. standard measuring cup is used.

**CASSEROLES** of the type illustrated at right can be prepared early and reheated in a moderate oven 30 minutes before serving. This is an ideal dish for holidays.



## ★ TURKEY

### A LA KING ★

CHEESE flavored short pastry could be used in place of the bread slices in this interesting version of turkey a la king.

Thin slices bread, ½ cup melted butter or margarine, 3oz. butter or margarine, 3oz. flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 small onion—grated, 2½ cups milk, 1 small tin or 1lb. sliced cooked mushrooms, 1 red pepper, diced and lightly cooked, 2 cups diced cooked turkey, 1 cup diced cooked ham.

Remove crusts from bread slices and arrange over bottom and sides of deep pie-plate or casserole. Brush with

melted butter and bake in a moderate oven until tips of bread are golden brown.

Place butter in saucepan, heat, and add flour, stir well and add salt, mustard, and onion. Cook without browning for 3 minutes, cool. Scald milk and add gradually to butter and flour mixture, stirring continuously to avoid lumps. Bring to boil and simmer 3 minutes. Add diced pepper, mushrooms, and meats. Reheat and turn into toast-shell, serve.

## ★ CHICKEN-BURGERS ★

Two cups finely diced chicken, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon chilli sauce or to taste, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 2 hamburger buns, butter or margarine, tomato chutney, 1 onion, tomato wedges, parsley.

Mix chicken, breadcrumbs,

**THICK** rounds of bread or large savory scones could be used instead of buns in the chicken burgers illustrated on the left.

chilli sauce, egg, and milk together. Shape into 4 large patties and set aside. Split buns in halves, toast lightly, and spread with butter or margarine and chutney. Place patties under heated griller to brown one side. Put patty browned side down on top of each half of bun and return under griller until patty is heated and browned on top. Garnish with rings of onion, tomato wedges, and parsley.





## Lonely Bachelor

bachelor faced with three waiting aunts it seemed an eternity.

The hotel stood like a large wedding-cake planted on a hill-side in a garden full of cactus, a form of vegetation to which Ian had never felt attracted. It had never been known to snow on the Riviera before at that time of year, but it snowed. The management retaliated by making the hotel so hot that the tropics from which Ian had recently come seemed child's play compared with it.

Gloomily, that first night, Ian surveyed his fellow-travellers. There were several French families who appeared to be having a good time. There were one or two English families who had the appearance of doing an expensive penance for secret sins.

There was a large, magnificently bearded figure sitting alone, with those sea-blue eyes that are commonly supposed to come from gazing at endless expanses of water, but which Ian was well aware came equally from gazing at large quantities of spirits. He wore a sweater with a naval badge of some kind emblazoned on the chest, and looked every inch as seafaring men are expected to look.

"We call him the Commodore," said Aunt Laura. "A charming person, very wealthy. He has a villa, but I gather the cold has driven him down here."

"At least that is what he says, but we have our own ideas," said Aunt May. She was the romantic one.

"We think it is Peggy Brown. You haven't seen her yet. She sits over there at the table in the window. She is something or other in some newspaper office, I believe; just a working girl. Think what a match it would be for her."

"I believe he won the V.C.," said Aunt Laura. "Someone was saying something about it one day."

"He is very gay," said Aunt Nora doubtfully.

All three aunts were on a diet. They picked at the wonderful food sadly, though in the case of all of them, except Aunt May, it was like locking the stable-door after the horse has gone.

Ladies drifted in and out to visit the Commodore. They came and went. They had drinks, and loud was the laughter and long. He was obviously a very popular man. Ian finally met him in the bar. The Commodore addressed him with pompous affability, and asked which his ship was, and where he had been in her.

"Ah, yes, Hongkong!" His blue eyes lit with memories. "Marvellous place. Kowloon. Repulse Bay."

Ian was about to ask him in which ships he had served when a blonde broke in and the party became three-cornered. In the hotel library and reading-room Ian poked about trying to find a reference book that would tell him something about the Commodore, whose name was somehow familiar to him, but he could not say how or why.

There was nothing, but he saw a girl with smooth fair hair sitting by herself in a corner, writing. In a land of spectacular women she was nothing much to look at, but her profile, pale and clear and calm, outlined against the panelled wall, did something to Ian's heart. It gave him quite a jolt. She had a gainful look and a tip-tilted nose too good to be true. She was so absorbed in whatever it was she was doing that she neither heard nor saw him.

Ian went out, and mopped a brow that suddenly was oddly

from page 19

damp, and not entirely with the savage central-heating. One thought filled his mind, that this would not turn out to be Peggy Brown, the girl the Commodore had his eye on, for what chance has a mere lieutenant against competition like that?

Of course she was. At dinner that night she slipped unobtrusively into the chair by the table near the window, unfurled her table napkin, and looked about her. Her eyes were large and soft, and put in with a smutty finger, and in a world of hectic young women exuding appeal of every kind she looked calm. She was the kind of girl Ian had secretly dreamed of for years, in those spare moments when young men dream, but never really hoped to meet. She did something to his heart.

What was the use? What chance had he beside the Commodore with his luxuriant beard, his blue eyes, magnificent physique, his wealth, and superior rank? It looked to Ian as though his Christmas leave was going to be worse than even he had anticipated, something he had not considered possible.

Aunt Laura was busy organising the Christmas festivities. She was a great organiser. She had planned a party for Christmas dinner. The usual bogus snowballs, hooters, and paper caps had been laid on by the management, and the guests were the Commodore and Peggy Brown.

"A family party," said Aunt Laura. "It is the one day of the year when we forget about our diet, and enjoy ourselves, dear. After dinner we shall motor down into the town to the church there. They hold the usual Christmas traditional festivities, very picturesque." She gave Ian a playful poke. "And we mustn't forget to hang up our Christmas stockings, must we?"

That brought Ian up with a jolt. He hadn't yet bought their presents, and he had no idea whatever how or where to begin.

The shops were full of enchanting nonsense. Ian wandered round disconsolately the day before Christmas Eve, looking. There were sweets made up to resemble oranges and lemons and bunches of grapes, in charming baskets, but it hardly seemed kind to give those to ladies on diets. There was artificial jewellery, but somehow he did not see his aunts in any of it. In the end he decided on handkerchiefs, mundane but useful. He pushed open the door of the little shop that had its windows full of them, and there, sitting beside the counter, was Peggy Brown.

Ian's heart gave that painful jolt he was familiar with though he had long since informed it that it wasn't any good. She looked up and smiled at him. "Christmas shopping?"

"Trying — but I'm absolutely foxed. I have three aunts."

She said gaily, "I know." She paid for her own purchases and got up. "Do let me help you. I adore shopping. No, not handkerchiefs. Let's get them something dashing."

"Do you think that my aunts

"Oh, yes," she said quickly. "I'm sure of it. Now, first tell me what you can afford, and then we'll see how far it will go."

Ian had never dreamed that shopping could be fun, but that morning it was. They finished up with a nylon nightie (outside) for Aunt Laura, a satin petticoat (outside) for Aunt

To page 37

# Attractive modern home



OUR HOME PLAN No. 654, sketched above, has a smart, modern appearance without being too extreme. It is shown here built in timber, but would look equally attractive in other building materials, such as brick or fibre.

## Where to buy this plan

THE plan shown on this page can be bought for £7/7/- per full set at any of our Home Planning Centres. These Centres, which have been established in conjunction with leading stores, offer a comprehensive service to the intending home-builder.

STANDARD PLANS are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. They are usually available from stock in any building material. Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three copies of specifications. Fee, £7/7/-.

We publish a new standard plan each week.

HOME PLAN LEAFLETS available at present are "22 Home Plans" and "21 Home Plans." Price 2/6 each, plus 4d. postage. Inquire at your nearest Home Planning Centre.

FREE ADVISORY SERVICE on any aspect of planning, decorating, and furnishing your new home is given.

PLANS ARE SPECIALLY PREPARED to any reader's individual requirements or design or can be modified from any of our standard plans. Fee, £1/1/- per square.

MAIL ORDERS should give the number of the design and should state the building material to be used. Please include fee.

Addresses of the Centres are:

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.

HOBART: FitzGerald's.

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's.

MELBOURNE AND GEELONG: The Myer Emporium.

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's. Also at the Master Builders' Bureau at Miranda.

● Young home-builders who want a house that is modern without being extreme will welcome this contemporary-style bungalow because its design ensures a good resale value.

**A** LOW - PITCHED roof and extensive use of glass establish the modern character of the house. It is one of our "signature" plans by Melbourne architect F. T. Humphrys.

The sketch above shows how the carport is attached to the main building by extending the line of the pergola screen into the carport roof. This unifies the two structures and widens the front elevation.

This egg-crate screen casts interesting shadows, and with massed flowers in boxes surrounding the terrace makes the front garden a pleasant place for outdoor relaxing. The closed wall of the carport forms an effective windbreak.

The shape of the building is a regular rectangle, with a simple roof construction for practical economy. Its overall

area is 11.4 squares in brick, and 10.5 squares in timber or fibre.

Entrance to the home is directly into the living-room, and opposite the front door is a feature wall with built-in planter. This wall could be of stone, stained timber, or colorful fibre glass.

At an angle to the feature wall is a modern bar-counter which is a partial divider between living-room and kitchen. Having this half-wall instead of a complete division helps to maintain a feeling of spaciousness in the living-dining area.

Wide windows on three sides with views of the garden complete the elimination of any "boxiness."

Two of the three bedrooms have positions at the front of the house, and contain useful built-in wardrobes. The third bedroom could be converted to an additional living-room if required by opening double doors to a rear terrace.

The bathroom is in a central position. A corner opening to the hall is utilised as a linen press.

Approximate costs of building this home would be:

In South Australia: Brick, £3815; timber, £3075; asbestos, £3020.

In Queensland: Brick, £4855; timber, £3175; fibre, £3065.

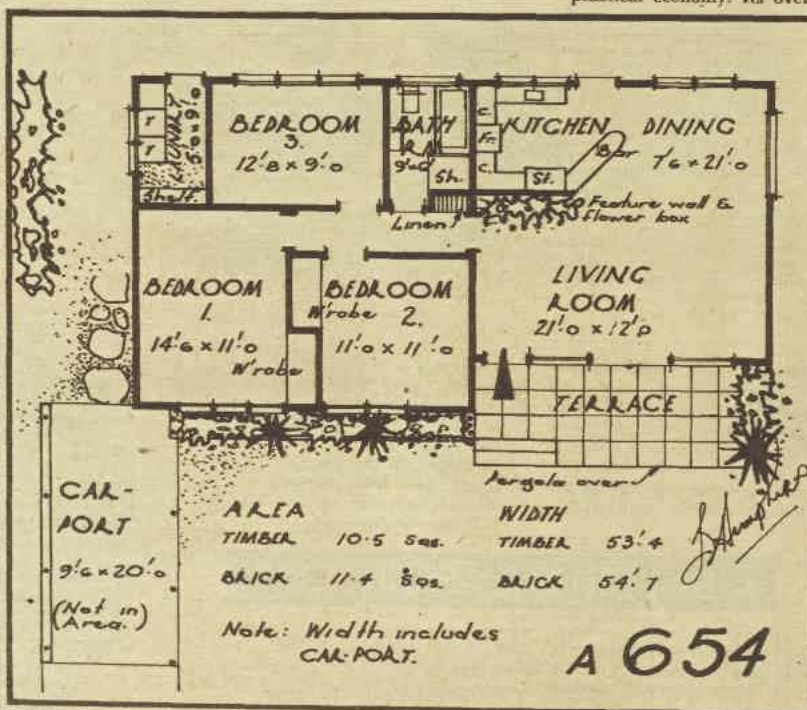
In Tasmania: Brick, £4625; timber, £3175.

In Canberra: Brick, £4965; timber, £3605.

In Victoria: Brick, £4345; brick veneer, £3835; timber, £3045; asbestos, £2955.

In New South Wales: Brick, £4875; timber, £3515; fibre, £3315.

WE are planning a special feature showing homes that have been built to any of our standard plans. Readers in all States who have built, in metropolitan areas, homes that closely follow any of our standard designs, and would like them included in our supplement, should advise our office in their State giving serial number of plan used. See addresses at the top of Page 2.



GROUND PLAN of the three-bedroom design shows the simple and convenient layout and wide areas for windows. The kitchen is in U-shape, with sink, stove, and refrigerator set between capacious cupboards that have bench working space on top. A modern bar-counter can be used for informal meals.





**CHOCOLATE CREAM PAVLOVA**, the winner of the main prize in this week's recipe contest, is a melt-in-the-mouth dessert that is particularly good for parties and special occasions. The recipe is given below.

## Glamor dessert recipe is £5 prizewinner

● A recipe for a rich, chocolate-filled pavlova wins the main prize in this week's recipe contest.

**YOU** can vary the flavor of this glamor dessert by adding 1 teaspoon coffee essence or powder to the chocolate custard mixture to give a mocha flavor.

A consolation prize of £1 is awarded for leg of lamb with pineapple stuffing.

All spoon measurements are level.

### CHOCOLATE CREAM PAVLOVA

**Pavlova:** Three eggs, 6oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 2 teaspoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

**Chocolate Custard:** Six ounces semi-sweet chocolate, 3 egg-yolks, 2-3rds cup water.

**Cream Mixture:** Half pint cream, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add sugar, beating well after each addition. Continue beating until mixture is smooth and holds its shape, then fold in cornflour, cinnamon, and vinegar; mix well.

Grease an oven slide, place a circle of well-greased paper (8 inches in diameter) on slide. Spread a 1-in-thick layer of meringue over greased paper, build up sides with balance of meringue to about 2 inches above base. Place in slow oven and bake 1½ to 1½ hours, or until firm and dry. Remove from oven, allow to cool. Prepare filling. Melt chocolate in basin over hot water, cool slightly and spread 2 tablespoons over meringue base. Add egg-yolks and water to remaining chocolate, stir over hot water until mixture thickens to custard consistency; chill. Combine cream, sugar, and cinnamon, and beat until thick. Pour half the chocolate custard mixture into meringue case and fold balance into 2-3rds of the whipped cream. Pour over chocolate layer. Spoon remaining cream in centre as a decoration and trickle a little extra melted chocolate over top if desired.

**First Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Eagle, 27 Sunnyside Ave., Horsham, Vic.**

### FAMILY DISH

**THE** combined flavors of pineapple and orange add piquant flavor to this week's family dish, which costs approximately 4/9 and serves five or six.

#### FRUITED TAPIOCA CREAM

**Half cup tapioca, 1 cup water, pinch salt, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup pineapple syrup (from tinned pineapple), extra 1 cup water, ½ cup orange juice, juice of 1 small lemon, 1 peeled orange, 1 cup tinned pineapple pieces, 3 tablespoons coconut (toasted if desired).**

Place tapioca, water, and salt in saucepan and cook gently, stirring frequently until tapioca absorbs water and becomes transparent. Add sugar, pineapple syrup, and extra water. Stir and cook further 4 or 5 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in orange and lemon juices, cool. Stir occasionally while cooling. When almost cold, fold in drained pineapple pieces (which have been cut finely) and orange sections cut into small dice. Spoon into serving-dish, sprinkle top with coconut. Serve well chilled with cream or ice-cream.

### STUFFED BAKED LAMB

**One small onion, 1 dessert-spoon good shortening, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, ¼ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tin crushed pineapple, 1 boned leg lamb, extra 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.**

Heat shortening in pan, add chopped onion and sauté until soft and tender. Add breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, parsley, and strained pineapple (reserving liquid for use later). Fill mixture into leg of lamb. Secure opening with fine skewers or coarse thread. Brush surface with extra salt, ginger, and melted butter mixed together. Place in baking-dish and bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. Combine 1 cup reserved pineapple syrup with lemon juice; pour over meat. Return to moderate oven and continue baking, allowing 25 minutes per pound of meat. Baste occasionally during cooking. Serve with potatoes and green peas.

**Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Suthers, McLean St., North Ipswich, Qld.**

### New book for cooks

**DESIGNED** for young and busy housewives, "The Cook's Handbook," recently published by the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children, contains much practical information about food and cookery, as well as 258 interesting recipes.

The recipes include all types of dishes and are economical, simple, and easy to follow. Most of them could be used as the basis for more elaborate dishes.

The book costs 6/6 and can be obtained by writing direct to The Tea-makers' Club, c/o The N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children, Box 3545, G.P.O., Sydney.

All proceeds of the book will be used to assist crippled children.

## Continuing . . . Lonely Bachelor

from page 36

Nora, and a frilly dressing jacket for Aunt May. Ian was amazed at how far Peggy made his money go.

How he longed to buy something for Peggy herself, but how could he? He was far too shy. He gulped, and put his wallet away, but he did summon up courage to say: "Let's go in here and have a drink before we go back."

They sat in a glass winter-garden looking out on the gardens and the terraces all messed up with unwanted snow.

"Do you like it here?" Ian asked her. She shook her head. "Not much; but, you see, I am a poor girl. I have to work, and go where they send me."

The Commodore was on them before they knew what was happening. He, too, had been Christmas shopping. He carried four large parcels, which Ian's instinct at once told him contained gifts for Aunts Laura, Nora, and May, and for Peggy Brown.

"How nice to find someone here to pipe me aboard," said the Commodore. "The drinks are on me! Now, what will you have?"

Ian settled for a gin and French, but Peggy said she must be going. "I've a job to finish," she said. She smiled at them and drifted away.

"That's a nice girl," said the Commodore thoughtfully. "Nicest girl I've met for some time. A chap gets sick of the too highly scented synthetic numbers one runs across out here. Snacks to be eaten at the bar, standing, what?—but not to be considered for a regular diet. Ha, ha, ha!"

He gave Ian's thin shoulders such a hearty whack that it set him spluttering.

"You must come up and have a look at my little place. Nice little place. Lovely views. Every mod. con., but it needs a woman's touch. Decent swimming-pool, but not much good in this weather, of course. Do you play squash? Fine! I have to take quite a bit of exercise to keep the old tum in check, don't you know. We must have a game one of these days." He gave Ian a playful poke.

"In which ships did you serve, sir?" Ian asked, steering the talk into more congenial channels. But they were joined by a redhead called Myra, and once again the question went unanswered.

Just as he thought, three of the parcels were for his aunts. They arrived upstairs in the apartment that evening, all the same size.

The large one was obviously being kept for Peggy. Gloomily Ian meditated on it. It was obvious that the Commodore had a mass of money, but where did he get it? Sailors, even sailors with the V.C., are seldom wealthy, and if they are, they have accumulated their money by other channels, and not the sea. Ian's own father had been a sailor. He had been a V.C., but no great sums of cash had accrued to him therefrom, and he had died a very poor man.

The aunts forgot their diet on Christmas Day. Indeed, it seemed to Ian, watching them, they were making up for the other three hundred and sixty-four days that had passed in self-denial. The hotel denied them nothing. The Commodore became very hearty and read the cracker mottoes into Peggy's ear in a rich baritone. The aunts became flushed.

Then the Commodore, rising to his feet, held up his glass.

"The Queen, God bless her," he said unctuously.

Ian drank the toast, wondering what made him have an overpowering desire to brain the Commodore with a water carafe. He tried to harden his heart. He thought fondly

of his ship and the wide-open spaces, and told himself that he would forget Peggy as soon as this leave was over. There had been other girls here and there (snacks to be eaten standing, as the Commodore said). He had forgotten them. He would forget again. But his heart said no.

At ten-thirty they prepared for the drive downtown. As he waited in the gold, silver, and nougat hall Ian saw his Aunt May approaching. She looked pale.

"Dear, I am afraid we shall have to cry off. Your Aunt Laura is not very well. Her heart, I fear." Ian's guess was that it was a different part of her anatomy that had been affected, but he said nothing.

"Nora is also feeling a little overtired," Aunt May continued, "and I do not think I ought to leave them."

Peggy appeared. She wore a red coat that had a hood which she pulled up over her head. Ian cleared his throat and broke the news.

"But you'll come, won't you?" she said.

"Do you want me to?"

"Yes, please."

He remembered something. In the sitting-room the aunts had hung their stockings, two very large, one medium. He

had filled Ian's heart for a moment was cruelly shattered.

The Commodore hissed in his ear, "I say, old chap, you don't mind skedaddling, do you? Making yourself scarce? I have a reason."

"Of course," said Ian icily. "In any case, I would like the walk back."

The Christmas moon hung large and pale in the sky, turning the landscape into an expensive Christmas card. The snow was beginning to disappear off roofs and trees, and the stars looked very large and near. Ian tried very hard not to think of Peggy, and how nice it would be for her to be so rich, after being so poor. But somehow he got scant comfort from these elevated thoughts.

He was still miserable when he reached the foot of the steps that went in a steep climb up to the cactus gardens in which their hotel stood. And coming swiftly towards him he perceived what at first he took to be a flying saucer. Surely not! he thought. Waiting until it reached him, he put out a foot to stop it.

It burst, and shed chocolates in every direction. Immense, luxurious, expensive liqueur, chocolates in wrappings of gold and silver, crimson, and blue. The cold evening air was filled with the rich aroma of creme



"Now remember! You and Harry must bring all the children and come and visit—Good heavens, what am I saying?"

would have to fill them now or the old girls would be bitterly disappointed.

"If she laughs at me," thought Ian, "I shall not be able to bear it." But she did not laugh.

"I'll help you," she said. Side by side they stood packing the presents in. The Commodore's luxurious parcels were too large, and stood on the floor.

"Poor old sweets," said Peggy softly. "I suppose the only real fun they ever had was when they were children, so they cling to it. To be old, and to have missed everything, is pretty sad."

"They don't think they have missed everything," he said. "That makes it sadder still," said Peggy.

Then the Commodore was somewhere around, crying: "Avast there! Nobody around to pipe me aboard?"

In the church the candles glowed. Boys' voices rose singing old French Christmas carols all amongst the flowers and the kindly faces of friendly looking saints.

Ian thought of his ship, and how soon he would be back aboard. He thought of the fog of tobacco smoke as the chaps sat round the dinner-table, swapping holiday yarns. Those who had had bogus Christmases would be noisy and gay, and glad to get back. Those who had spent it with their own families would be quiet and depressed. He thought of these things to prevent his thinking of Peggy so close to him that as they knelt together their shoulders touched.

It was as they came out of the church that the peace that

de menthe, prunelle benedictine, and cointreau.

Then he saw Peggy . . .

She was standing at the top of the steps, and she was crying. Her scarlet hood had fallen back, and the moonlight shone on her soft hair. His first thought was that she had dropped her expensive gift and was crying about it, and before he knew what he was about he had his arm round her and was saying hoarsely: "Dear Peggy, don't cry; I'll buy you another."

"Don't you dare!" she said. "I didn't drop it; I kicked it. You left me alone with him, and he tried to kiss me."

"But, Peggy, I thought you liked him. All that money, and then . . ."

"I don't like him," she said fiercely. "I like sailors. Sailors who pay no attention to me except to look at me as if I were a mouse."

"But Peggy, darling Peggy, he is a sailor."

"Do you know the only battle he ever fought in? The film version of some engagement in the First World War, and it went to his head so that he really believes he is a hero. This is the age we belong to. People prefer the bogus to the real. Only I don't."

She pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped her eyes with it.

"Oh, Peggy, darling!" He drew her into the shadow of a cactus and kissed her, and in that moment it seemed to him the loveliest plant in the world! His three aunts were going to have something to say, of course, but now he didn't care.

(Copyright)



# CACTI: A PLACE IN THE SUN

● Cacti are the camels of the garden. They can go without water for long periods, and the hotter and drier it is the better they seem to grow.

**T**RUE, they require very well-drained soil that contains a lot of sand, but best results are achieved in sandy loams that have been built up with some humus or rotted vegetable matter. Nature has provided them, however, with various kinds of storage vessels to hold nutriment and water on which they can live during the long dry periods that occur in their native habitats.

Small cacti grow well in pots, troughs, dishes, boxes, and in the open, and there are some lovely varieties the flowers of which rival the most beautiful orchid. Some are day-flowering, and others bloom only at night.

Many are climbers, some are columnar and grow to enormous proportions, and others flattish, globular, or trailing. There are varieties suitable for rockeries, glasshouse, lathhouse, and bush-house culture, and of cool climate, sub-tropical and tropical origin.

Watering should be done carefully to many cacti, particularly those with depressed crowns, where the water can stand and cause burning on hot days, or the development of rot diseases. A good rule is to keep the soil moist round cacti but never wet. This applies mainly to the flowering and growing season, but after that, little water should be given.



**GIANT** *Lemaireocereus marginatus* cacti, which grow to 20ft. or more. They are natives of Mexico, spread rapidly, and should be used only in big gardens — and then for backgrounds.

**EPIPHYLLUM**, or orchid cactus, grows well in pots, but needs good drainage and broken sunlight. Cuttings should be allowed to dry at the ends for some days before planting. Colors are red, scarlet, pink, and white.



**ABOVE:** Noto Cactus (right) and the *Echinocereus procumbens* (left) with magenta flower. Both these varieties are free-growing types and are easily cultivated in pots in full sunshine.

**APOROCACTUS FLAGELLIFORMIS** (rat-tail or whiplash cactus), right, which grows well in deep pots or baskets filled with coarse sand, leaf mould, and loamy soil. Thrives in sunny places, and needs liberal watering in summer.



**ZYGOCACTUS TRUNCATUS**, or Christmas cactus, is a succulent that flowers in Australia in midwinter. Has lovely cyclamen blooms and soft, spineless leaves. Makes a fine pot plant for the house. Cuttings root easily in moist soil of a limy nature.





# Last-Minute Gift Baskets

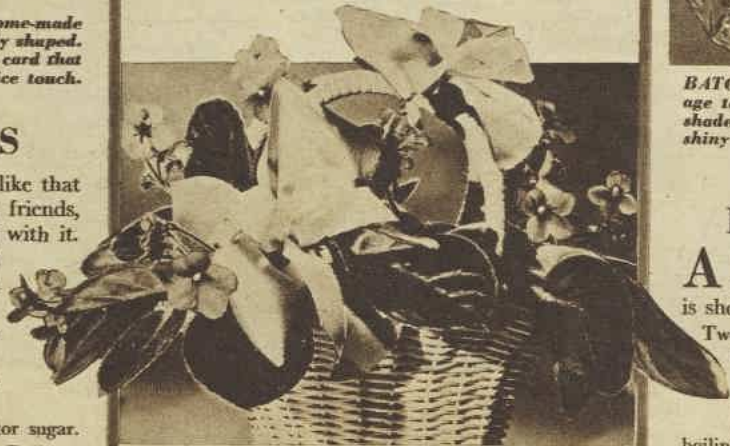


● Here are three pretty ideas for Christmas presents in baskets that can be put together in next to no time. These baskets contain cookies, toffee, and flowers, but preserves, nuts, mince, or fruit can be used just as effectively.

## PLANTS IN BLOOM

THE charming basket of flowers below will give pleasure long after its Christmas label has gone. For a basket of flowers that will last, choose the sweet and pretty African violet plant in bloom and pack it in a small basket that has been lined with silver foil.

Tie a perky bow of ribbon the same color as the violets on top of the handle and the gift will be one of the most attractive under the Christmas tree.



GAY and very feminine is this floral basket containing an African violet plant. It's a nice idea to share your gardening skill by sending a plant or a pretty bunch of flowers from your own garden.

BASKET-TRAY with a selection of delicious home-made cookies waiting to be sent off is shallow and prettily shaped. The instructions for making the cookies are on the card that is tied to the handle with a red bow. This is a nice touch.

## CHRISTMAS COOKIES

A BASKET-TRAY of home-made cookies like that above will be warmly received by your friends, especially if you send the cookie recipe along with it. Write the recipe in red ink on a white label and attach it to the handle of the basket with a red ribbon.

Choose a shallow basket that can be used for serving cakes and biscuits later on.

This recipe for Christmas cookies makes about a dozen. Increase the quantities if required.

Rub 2oz. butter into 3oz. flour, stir in 1½oz. castor sugar. Mix to a firm dough with just over half an egg-yolk. Roll out thinly and cut into fancy shapes. Lay cookies on greased baking-sheets, cook in moderate oven for about 12 minutes. Cool on cake rack. Decorate with cherries and other cake decorations.



BATCH OF HOME-MADE TOFFEE makes a bumper package tossed into this pretty basket. The basket is woven in shades of mauve, black, turquoise, white, and yellow. The shiny wrappings on the toffees are red, blue, and green.

## FOR A SWEET TOOTH

A GAILY colored basket filled with home-made toffee for the sweet-tooth members of the family is shown above. Here is the recipe:

Two pounds sugar, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Place the sugar, water, and vinegar into a saucepan, bring to the boil slowly, stirring occasionally until the sugar is dissolved. Do not stir after the sugar reaches boiling point. Cook steadily to 310 deg. F., or until it is the color of honey. Add the butter, allow it to melt, stir gently once or twice to mix the butter evenly (too much stirring causes crystallisation). Pour into a greased tin and set in a cool place. Whole or chopped nuts can be sprinkled on top of the toffee if liked.

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# TABLES FOR GALA PARTIES



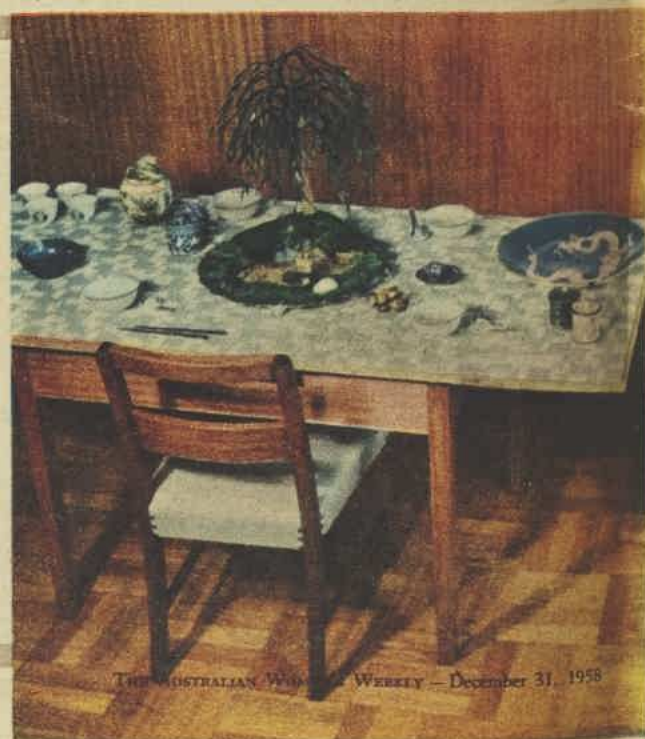
● **WEDDING ANNIVERSARY**, a dinner party for two, is pictured above. Arranged by Mrs. Colin Steley, this setting features a hand-painted Limoges china dinner service and American silver cutlery. The mulberry linen cloth is a perfect foil for blue and mauve hydrangeas in a silver bowl.



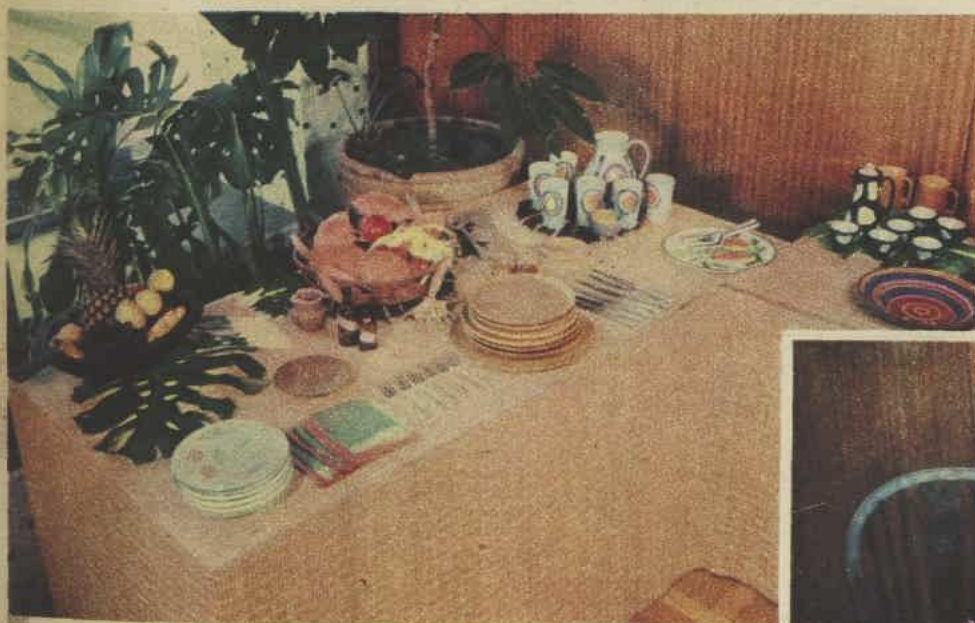
● These six lovely table settings arranged by well-known Queensland hostesses for an exhibition in Brisbane are widely different in period and style. They range from a table featuring 16th-century napery and early English ironstone plates to rattan covers and wooden platters for a buffet at the seaside. At the top of the opposite page is a replica of the table setting at a dinner party for the Queen Mother when she stayed overnight at the home of the Misses Una, Aileen, and Enid Bell at Coochin Coochin, Boonah. The exhibition was in aid of the new Art Gallery Building Fund.

● **ENGAGEMENT** party setting (left) by Mrs. Murray Brown is gay with daisies and Cecil Brunner roses banked around pink candles on an organdie cloth. A charming touch is the single ivy leaf floating in each dainty finger-bowl.

● **CHINESE** meal (right) has a jade willow tree on a grassy lakeside (made with a silver salver banked with fresh moss). Mrs. Lionel Rickerts added dragon bowls and ivory chopsticks to the tabletop of grey, white, and charcoal floor tiling.







● **GOLD COAST** buffet luncheon (above) creates a holiday mood. Mrs. Arthur Wade uses split bamboo blinds to cover the table, and tropical plants as a background for the menu, which includes a bowl of mud crabs and sand crabs, salad, fruit, mint tea, and cool drinks.

● **ANTIQUE SETTING** (right) by Miss Cecilia McNally features 16th-century napkins on an 18th-century Pembroke table. Other 18th-century pieces are the Dresden candelabrum and solid silver cutlery. Plates are early English ironstone.



● **FAMILY HEIRLOOM** crystal in this magnificent setting was used by the Queen Mother when she was the guest of the Misses Una, Alleen, and Enid Bell at their famous old homestead at Boonah, Queensland, early this year. Also on the Royal table were the Bohemian glass flat bowl and silver candelabra, which have been in the Bell family for 200 years. Blending well with these heirlooms are the modern air twist champagne glasses and turquoise mats with white seagulls in flight made by the Misses Bell's niece, Miss Diana Bell.



Continuing . . .

## Pin a Rose on Me

from page 17

decide about Mr. Burton's offer, won't you?"

The London train curls suddenly round the bending track like a toy crocodile, its headlights a pair of gleaming eyes bearing down on us in the fast-fading light. Duffle-coated boy sticks out green cheek for tweed mother to peck and we climb into the train.

Suddenly it is a new world. Gone are the surprised sheep, the golden trees, the gentle hills, the brown velvet manure heaps, the burnished hedges, the moleskin thatch on pink-washed farms, and the narrow white roads. In their stead are men in London suits, bowler hats, and tightly rolled umbrellas on the racks. The carriage heavy with pale grey tobacco smoke.

"Excuse me, I'm so sorry."

"Allow me to put it up for you. What a good little dog!"

The train rushes through the dark. The passengers settle behind their books and newspapers, legs out. Soon they are all asleep. Some of their heads droop to one side, others jerk down to their chests, a woman by the door lies in complete abandon—her head thrown back, her open mouth a dark, deep tunnel. Now her smart clothes have crumbled, her jewels fade, and sleep shows her as she really is—a tired-out, old rag doll.

People asleep are only dressed-up forms, vulnerable, unreal. Doctors, journalists, airmen, psychiatrists, postmen, composers, and nuns. It is rude to look. One tries to read or see out of the fog-blotched window.



**A**IRMAIL letter from the J's on hall table when I get back.

"Have chartered a yacht in Aegean waters. Will you join us? Have invited Harry, too. Please contact him about journey. Meet us in Athens. Cable reply."

Cable: "Buying yachting cap."

Ring Harry's office to discuss journey. Haven't seen Harry for years. Remember him as "out to dinner man," awe-inspiring, good talker, scholar, excessively tall, hand-made shoes, black Foreign Office hat, straight nose, free from veins, bumps, or hairs in nostrils, surprised staring eyes, and a mouth that has triumphed under its moustache; a man impatient with Philistines and idiots, callous, humorous, fastidious, a collector of Elizabethan musical instruments, on time to the half-minute. Not at all kind of man to be sick on in an aeroplane.

His voice is cracked, tired, torn, and all on one note. It sounds as if he were speaking from some far-off official cave. A faint smell of seaweed, shrimps, and soft-shell crabs seeps through the receiver. I imagine I hear the swish of waves as they dash against shiny, black rocks, and see Rhine Maidens on his knee.

"This is fun," he says. "So long since we met."

Ring travel agency and inquire about sea voyage on my own. They say boats infrequent, uncomfortable, uncertain, expensive.

Decide to risk Harry and aeroplane.

Harry arrives to drive me to the airport. It is too early to smile, but his soft, brown hat is reassuring and his moustache less stiff than usual. He seems happy and pleased to go. I am

neither, and I can't think why I am going. Have been up since five, leaving notes, washing, feeling sick, and fighting back the desire to get back into bed and pull the bedclothes over the whole affair.

Much-travelled friend with box of blue pills said, "Take two before starting, two more four hours later if necessary, and you won't care if it snows." Took two at six with long glass of health salts. By the time Harry arrives feel light-headed and a little mad. Harry doesn't look frightened or frightening. How tall he is and how clever. How clever it is of him to be clever and tall; most people can only manage one.

He says he had bacon and egg and tea at seven and we'll have another breakfast on the plane.

His car warm and cosy like moving padded cell; the back of his chauffeur's neck red and rugged like Devon cliffs. Hear his voice droning beside me, and drop off.

By the time we get to the airport I have slipped over to his side of the car and wake with a jerk to find head on his shoulder. Can't think how it got there. I hardly know him. It must be the blue pills. Even so, it can't be right.

Apologise and slide back to own corner, blow nose, and swallow hard; try to hold breath.

This brings on convulsions and I can't find my shoes, which I must have kicked off while asleep. They must be under rug, unless I threw them out of the window under the influence of the drug.

Airport shiny, contemporary like luxury liner. You can send telegrams, night letters, cables, have your hair washed, order theatre tickets, buy yourself orchids, scent, sweets, cigars, and chocolates, get breakfast, lunch, tea, dinner, and go to the lovely ladies' rooms, which are silver and glossy.

Moving stairways carry your luggage away through square holes in the walls. There is something final about seeing your suitcases disappear. It is as if one had burnt one's boats. There is no going back. Harry's is over weight. Our flight number is called, but I am in lovely, silver ladies' room on top floor. Beautiful, platinum, grounded air hostess mouths through china-doll make-up that my husband is waiting and that I must hurry. Can't explain that he isn't my husband, that I know him only slightly, or that I am a widow full of blue pills going to Greece to meet American friends.

Harry looks shocked that I should be late, but I don't mind anything any more, I don't mind if he frowns or shouts, I wouldn't mind if he hit me. My whole world has become a soft, pale blue lace through which I float with ease and self-assurance. Somewhere there is a gentle thrumming in my shoulder-blades. I am an angel about to take off.

Harry says he feels "as though he were eloping." I expect he has seen my wings.

The plane is only about fifty yards away from the building, but because we are so rich and brave and going to Athens we are helped into a bus which has only just time to change gear before we are alongside the plane.

Step lightly up gangway as though I did it four times a day. Why should one mind about an aeroplane? What is an aeroplane? A bagatelle. What is a bagatelle? Harry

To page 43

**T**HERE'S an old rhyme that begins, "Christmas is coming, the geese are getting fat . . ."

They aren't the only ones. Christmas is the time when just about everybody eats too much. It's fattily easy.

Consider the traditional Christmas dinner . . .

You have revitalised a (possibly) flagging appetite with a cocktail or two—a dry martini (100 calories), brandy crusta (250), Scotch whisky (85), a glass of beer (175), or a sherry (85).

Then you plough your way through, say, two slices of turkey (200 calories) with lashings of bread sauce (100), and fatty ham (250), or chicken (200), or duck (250).

Also piled on the plate is a generous helping of potato (baked, 250), peas (110), or beans (25).

Next there's plum pudding with brandy sauce and ice-cream (about 500).

Lastly, black coffee. And perhaps a few of those little mince pies (120 each).

All that could add up to 2000 calories—without second helpings or refills.

WE are going to appease our guilty conscience by devoting Boxing Day to painlessly doing some good to our shape.

WE are going to restrict ourselves to fruit and fruit juices ALL DAY, and leave the rest of the plum pudding for someone else.

We'll be slick chicks—not obese geese.

## Tea-towels gone gay

**WHAT** are your hobbies? Collecting old china? Growing cacti? Fishing? Following the Zodiac?

All these subjects today inspire designs in an unlikely medium—the once-humble tea-towel.

It is almost impossible this Christmas to buy a simple striped tea-towel. But who would want to when for the same price towels are selling with such exotic names as "Tropicana," "Al Fresco," and "Around the World."

"Collectors' Pride" is not a racehorse; it is the name of a fascinating tea-towel printed with a 17th-century Wedgwood vase, Chelsea teapot, Staffordshire cat, and other collectors' items, all labelled and authentically reproduced.

One Sydney store has printed a towel called "Old Colonial." The early Australian print shows their own shop in the 'eighties!

## Salad bowls of scented wood

**CHRISTMAS** presents with a real Australian scent in Sydney shops this year are hand-carved salad dishes and bowls in camphor-laurel wood, which has a distinctive grain and a delicate camphor scent.

They're the work of Otto Schuenemann, 72-year-old German who was an export merchant in Persia for many years before coming to Australia in 1939.

His wife is also busy contributing to an Australian Christmas—painting the wild flannel flowers and bushes that grow around their house in Grevillea Crescent, Hornsby.

# Worth Reporting



## The kids did it themselves

**A** "KIDS' CAMPAIGN," after five years' hard work, has resulted in a big three-pool swim centre which was opened recently by Prime Minister Menzies at Oakleigh, Victoria.

The children of Oakleigh first asked local Parliamentary member V. J. Doube to support their petition for a pool, backing the petition with money they had raised themselves.

Soon their parents joined in and Oakleigh Council and the State Government promised support.

The kids allotted each street in Oakleigh to a captain who organised his or her own team to run salvage collections and stalls.

Last month they held a Salvage Saturday, collecting 73,600 beer bottles, which earned them £256, and 1000 tyres, which brought in £100.

Children also organised 42 wayside stalls, which netted £217.

So far they've raised nearly £10,000 towards the £62,000 cost.

The splash pool for toddlers, the bigger pool for sub-teens, and the Olympic standard pool are surrounded by parklands with chairs and picnic tables set under the trees.

Within a radius of two miles there are 20 schools where more than 3000 of the 20,000 pupils have already booked for swimming lessons.

★ ★ ★

## THE hoop craze — which hit

Australia's young a couple of years ago — is hitting the headlines abroad. Lady Docker recently arrived in London from America with a silver hula-hoop ("for exercise," she explained), while London TV star Vera Brooks was given a £70 mink hula-hoop as a birthday present from the cast of her show, "Oh, Boy."

## The nicest present

**WHAT'S** your idea of the nicest Christmas present? In London, Anne Matheson asked some famous people, who came up with some unusual replies:

Actress Dorothy Tutin: "Googie Withers' old fur coat. I'm off to Russia with the Stratford Theatre Company, so I can really use it. Googie, on her way to Australia, couldn't need it less."

Australian stage designer Loudon Sainthill: "Records. Louis Armstrong sent me his latest blues recording; producer Tony Richardson sent 'West Side Story,' as yet unreleased here, and from fellow Australian Dr. Frank Tait came the latest Yves Montand record from Paris."

Dior director Suzanne Luling: "A pound of coffee, a bar of chocolate, and a packet of English cigarettes. This was during the war and it was the first luxury I'd had in three years."

## Diana blinked—and missed him

**AUSTRALIA'S** most publicised young man-about-London, "Deb's Delight" Charles Macarthur Hardy (now over 30 and going grey), arrived at a London premiere last week with Diana Dors—to see himself on the screen.

The film, "Behind the Mask," stars Michael Redgrave.

Before the opening Charles had been busy telling all his friends how he came to be in it: "I just happened to be at the studio lunching with a producer friend and they found they were short of a medical student. So watch for me when I appear."

After the premiere, Charles was silent. Said Miss Dors: "I must have blinked—I missed him."

## At 70, still going strong

**ONE** of wartime's most popular visitors to Australia was Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, R.N., commander of the British Pacific Fleet.

Now Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Fraser of North Cape will go to sea again at the age of 70.

Recently Prince Philip asked him to join the Royal yacht Britannia for the cruise to India, Pakistan, Singapore, and Hongkong.

"I told the Prince that I was too old to go to sea again—but as he is an old shipmate of mine I could hardly refuse," said Lord Fraser.

Although he has reached the "grand old man" stage, Lord Fraser is extremely popular with the British Press.

In recent years he has been game for most things, including a ride on an ostrich. ("The thing to know is when to fall off," he explained afterwards.)

He has also been photographed kissing a film star, dancing with a blond Folies Bergere dancer, and tripping lightly through a South African folk-dance wearing his trousers rolled up and his coat inside-out.

★ ★ ★

**THERE'S** a familiar look to the Christmas cards that Chips and Quentin Rafferty have sent out. Quentin made them herself from dozens of the May 21 issue of *The Australian Women's Weekly*, which featured the Raffertys' home on Pittwater, near Sydney.

**PRINCESS ALEXANDRA**, soon due in Queensland on her first official Royal tour, is a slot-machine addict. On a recent visit to Madame Tussaud's famous waxworks she sneaked off to the amusement arcade off the main hall, where she invested 5/- worth of pennies. Her favorite? A machine labelled "Romance Comes to Those Who Have It."

## Tales by Tamara

**TAMARA TCHINAROVA**, the Russian ballerina in process of divorce from Australian film star Peter Finch, is featured in the exclusive London "Observer's" Christmas Literary Supplement.

"The Little King," written by Tamara and Hector Cameron, and published by Angus and Robertson, is "an engaging retelling of traditional tales from Russia, France, and the Arabian East," says the "Observer."

Tamara learnt many of the tales as a child, often tells them to her daughter Anita.

## Lollo's double coming here

**CHRISTMAS** arrivals in Australia include a girl who is frequently billed as Gina Lollobrigida's double, 20-year-old London actress Yvonne Warren.

On a business honeymoon with her songwriter husband, Leslie Bricusse, she says: "We've only got single tickets because we couldn't afford returns."

Yvonne made the headlines when she lost her £600 engagement ring on the night she announced her engagement.

Later she acquired a family heirloom as a gift from Bea Lillie (Lady Peel) when Leslie was Miss Lillie's leading man in "An Evening with Beatrice Lillie."

It's a heart-shaped crystal pendant with a diamond and pearl crown and it once belonged to Sir Robert Peel, who founded the famous London "bobbies."

Yvonne hopes to do some TV work in Australia, while Leslie is planning a musical with an Australian background.



and know. Harry knows all. How tall he is. He chooses our seats and gallantly puts me near window. Perhaps he hopes I'll fall out. "You can see everything now," he says. I smile my grateful, graceful, gracious thanks. I never knew I could be so grateful, so graceful, or so gracious.

I have no legs, I feel young and fair, and delightfully tall with periwinkle-blue eyes that twinkle like periwinkles. I have a slight, very attractive lip, a neck like a swan and a heavy list towards Harry. I love myself in this pill world. Why don't people take pills every day?

Red-haired air hostess with turned-up, mascaraed eyelashes and turned-up nose tells us to tighten our belts. She couldn't tighten hers if she tried; it is smaller than any wasp's. Tussle with strap which looks like a horse's girth. The clip is unmanageable and I can't feel anything round my waist at all.

Harry says I have tightened his and the loose end of mine is entwined in his. I will surely fall out now. Upturned-nosed air hostess hands us bull's-eyes and glucose sweets on plastic tray. Bull's-eyes are round, gleaming, and expressionless like hers.

Man's voice through a loud-speaker tells us that we are airborne and climbing to five hundred thousand million feet. He can go higher if he wants to. Being airborne is just another bagatelle.

Wasp-waist hostess brings breakfast on more plastic trays. Terribly hungry and eat it all. Could eat tray, but it is whisked away before there is time. Lean towards Harry and whisper in his ear about something very important. He laughs and his moustache laughs as well. I tell him more, and more. I can hear my own voice (how pretty it is, like my eyes): I don't know what I am saying, but it must be important, the way it streams out. Harry nods and listens and laughs and agrees and sympathises, and suddenly we are told to tighten our belts again and we touch down at Munich.

Leave Harry for underground, dark, shiny brown ladies' room, and notice with trepidation that there is no longer the same thrumming at shoulder-blades and begin to feel legs again. Get glass of water from bulging Frau knitting red scarf in corner and swallow two more blue pills.

Harry is sipping coffee by open window upstairs. The counter displays wooden ornaments, china art vases of horrific design, and cuckoo clocks. I confide in Harry a desire for a cuckoo clock. He strongly advises against such a purchase. It will get broken on the yacht.

Continuing . . .

## Pin a Rose on Me

from page 42

It will be a hindrance on the voyage. He will get me one on the way home.

Feel tears pricking and surging behind eyeballs. Tall fair angels with periwinkle eyes should be ceded their slightest wish. Plead with Harry, but Harry is adamant, suddenly stubborn like a tall nanny with a moustache. "Not now," he says firmly. "Drink your coffee. We only have two more minutes." Coffee like brown gravy.

Back in plane still wanting cuckoo clock. Harry suggests patiently and with strained politeness that we discuss something else, which reminds me to go on from where I left off. Settle down to tell more, but interrupted by tea on further plastic tray. Graciously proffer my allotted honey cakes and chocolate biscuits and wafer-thin strips of cheese to American businessman opposite.

He says I am vurry kind, but he never touches carbohydrates.

I offer them even more graciously to the large-bosomed lady beside him, whose face is almost hidden by a black-spotted veil. It's hard to tell if she is awake or asleep. She was asleep and wakes with a start. I explain to her in a gentle voice that I am offering her honey cakes and choc bics. She glares, gesticulates wildly and says she never, never eats in a plane. How ungrateful they all are.

I turn in desperation to Harry, but he has gone. I never saw him go. I must have been in the middle of a sentence when he went. Can he have tired of my pretty voice? Do people tire of angels? I find myself slipping into a lovely sleep. There is a cuckoo clock swinging in front of me. The cuckoo pops out of its little house and sings, "Cuckoo, cuckoo." It is charming at first and I am delighted, but one can have a surfeit of cuckooisms. Now something seems to have gone wrong with the works and he can't stop. I stretch up to catch it, to shake it, to stop the pendulum and push the silly, cuckooing bird back into its house, but it evades me every time, and when at last I grasp it I wake with a start to find I have Harry's left ear in my hand and am trying to push it into his head.

A voice through the loud-speaker says, "We shall be landing at Athens in seven minutes. All those holding British passports, etc. . . ." Harry has a stern, bored look on his face; his moustache has stiffened as if struck by air frost.

"You must try to wake," he says in a flat voice. "I suggest

you might like to go along and tidy."

The lavatory mirror reflects a short, dark, wild wingless woman with a green face.

Stagger out of aeroplane with sagging knees and blocked ears. Athens airport like any old gasoline station in New Jersey. There is a howling north-east wind, and a lot of little men with thick necks, sunglasses, greasy black hair and khaki uniforms hanging about hangars. I search around.

Where are Apollo, Aphrodite, Zeus, Pallas Athene, Agamemnon?

### EVA and Elbert met us in a Greek-driven American limousine and drive us to Pyraeus.

"There she is!" They point at what looks to me a very small yacht far out in the harbor. The water is choppy and we sit huddled in the stern end of the motor dinghy. The spray slashes our faces. Would like to hold on to Harry but feel he may have had enough. Daren't hold on to the Jarvis', they are too tall, too thin, and too brave.

On board they offer each other highballs, retsina wine and ouzo, a local Pernod, but urge me to go straight to my cabin with hot milk for rest after the flight. Perhaps I look peculiar. I would rather stay on deck looking peculiar, but Harry takes their side. "You should rest," he says in final voice.

Alone in luxurious cabin with running H and C and a radiator that works, I try to stamp out homesickness and longing for dry land. I assure myself that with these two little Greek captains to navigate, a dining-room steward who looks like Mussolini (in white gloves), a chef like Sacha Guitry in striped apron and all those tiny dark-skinned men in white sandshoes and navy-blue pullovers who dart up the rigging and hang upside down over the sides of the ship like monkeys, nothing can go wrong.

How nice it is, I tell myself, to be in harbor. Being in harbor allows one to get the sense of being at sea without being at sea. Why doesn't one stay in harbor a few days to get the feel of things? Why doesn't one stay a week in harbor? Why ever leave the

harbor? If it were my boat I should stay in harbor all the time.

Look round the cabin and tell myself how lucky I am. Everyone told me how lucky I was before I left England. Harry told me how lucky I was in the plane. "A chance of a lifetime," they all said. "Who wouldn't give their eyes for such an invitation?" The Aegean Seas! The Greek Islands! Rhodes! Poros! Mykonos! And the Corinth Canal! Of course one would give one's eyes. I am very lucky.

There is a mirrored toilette cupboard above the pink porcelain wash-basin; there is a mirrored door to the big hanging cupboard opposite the pink basin; there are some charming little bookshelves at the head end of my bunk, and a light cunningly concealed above the shelf so that I can read at night. There is a chest of drawers and a fluffy white rug like a flattened poodle for me to step on. I am very lucky.

I get into my bunk and in the comfort of an interior-sprung mattress am asleep at once, but wake later to find it is three o'clock in the morning and realise we are leaving harbor.

I can hear them "weighing anchor." Someone is winding a winch (an unattractive sound like rusty nails grating against each other) till at last the anchor lands on deck with a groan, the winding stops, and we slide out of the harbor into the sea.

We haven't been "under way" for more than ten minutes when we run into a squall, and I know I was right about wanting to stay in harbor. The yacht hurls herself against a raging sea, there are crashes and bangs all over the boat.

I can hear little Greek feet running about the decks over my head like an army of rats. They haul things in, let things out, heave to and batten down. My heart beats unnaturally, and I clutch the sides of the bunk. It can't last, I tell myself; it is too rough to last, I console myself; no boat however well manned could fight against such opposition.

What should I do? Should I get up and help? I have no pyjamas with me, only a nylon nightgown given by sad friend the day before I left. Should I pretend nothing has happened? Should I say to myself, "This always happens to small yachts; it must have happened many times before, and someone will come along in a minute and ask if I am all right."

I wait hanging on to the sides of my bunk, but no one comes to ask if I am all right. Perhaps they have been drowned, battered by booms, or injured through falling out of their bunks. Why hasn't Mussolini come? Why hasn't Sacha Guitry come? He has no waiting to do. No one can cook in this sea.

Why hasn't Harry come? His cabin is only across the passage. When it thunders at home someone always comes and asks if I'm all right, or I knock on someone else's door and ask if they are all right. What is the matter with everyone on this ship that no one asks anyone else if they are all right?

"I'm fine," I would call through my cabin door.

"This is fun, isn't it?" I might shout.

"This is nothing. Don't you worry about me," I would say. "How are you? Is there anything I can do?"

But no one comes, and I am alone in a crazy, wave-ridden shattered little boat on the

Greek seas, terrified and alone. Why did I ever come? It was madness to leave home. What was Byron thinking about when he fell in love with these Aegean seas, these horrid arid isles?

The ship takes an extra lurch, there is a crash like the fall of buildings, and the books from the dear little shelves above my head fall on my face, and the corner of one goes into my left eye. I cry with the other eye in sympathy for my poor eye and my poor face. Now that I am blinded and crying perhaps, someone really will come.

The yacht leaps to the other side and water-bottle and glass roll off the bedside table and lie smashed on the white woollen poodle. The mirrored door of the cupboard over the pink basin swings open, all the bottles and toothbrushes and toothpaste fall in the basin, the door swings and shuts, swings and shuts, and immediately, as if in sympathy, the hanging cupboard door swings open and shuts.

Now everything in the cabin is swinging and shutting, articles of clothing, hangers, papers, clocks, and bags are flying about, landing on my neck, my arms, my aching body.

I try to be firm with my palpitating self. "Think of Nelson," I say to myself sternly, "Think of the men in submarines in the war. Think of the Cutty Sark, the Midshipman Easy. Think of all those ones who have gone 'Down to the Sea in Ships,' the Ancient Mariner and Moby Dick." But it's no good. I can only think of myself — of the horror of drowning alone in foreign waters with no one to hold my hand.

The idea is so appalling that I take sudden courage and decide to wake Harry and make him die with me. After all, we both have British passports, we are both British, and even if it doesn't count for much in the hard currency countries or the United Nations it means a lot to me in this hour of death.

I scramble out of my bunk, cut my big toe on a broken bit of water-bottle and try to wrench open the cabin door, which flies open, swings back on my face and lands me on the poodle rug with a splinter of glass in my spine.

But fear gives strength. I'm up again like a winded boxer and out of the door into the passage, flung against Harry's door. I knock and call, "Harry!" I knock again. "Harry!" He doesn't answer. I lean on the door, panting. Perhaps he is dead.

I am just going to bang again when the Jarvis' cabin door opens and I see Eva swaying along the passage towards me. Her long blue silk kimono hangs below her ankles; her two fair plaits flap about her knees. In spite of the storm I am shocked at the sight of the blue bows at the end of each plait. They seem so childlike and unimportant at the end of my life. Her eyes are sad and worried.

"What's the matter?" she asks in her quiet Southern American voice. "Were you looking for something?"

Her voice brings me back to my senses and suddenly I feel foolish and embarrassed. What am I doing after all? A grown-up woman in a nylon nightgown, with glass in her big toe, banging on someone's door in the middle of the night.

I give a silly laugh and say, "I wasn't really looking for anything. It's just that I wanted to ask Harry something. It wasn't very important. It doesn't matter any more. It really doesn't matter a bit. It's very rough, isn't it?"

Eva nods her lovely head sympathetically, the yacht gives a lurch and she is flung to one side of the passage and I am

flung to the other. Her plait flies out as we cross and hit me in my unblinded eye. At this they both water and tears tumble unchecked down my cheeks.

She tries to take my hand, but gets flung away again.

"You're crying, my dear," she says with concern. "Why don't you go to your cabin and get some rest? Elbert says the wind will drop very soon."

I sink back to my cabin, ashamed, disconsolate, and alone. I crawl into my bunk and lie among a mountain of books, broken glass, a broken clock, and a cold hot-water bottle. At dawn, as though butter wouldn't melt in its mouth, the wind drops.

Harry says he had ear-plugs in his ears.

He always wears ear-plugs at sea, he says. He says, "She is a fine little seafaring vessel. She rides well," he says, and he asks Mussolini for a second helping of Sacha Guitry's delicious bacon and eggs.

**L**ATER we go ashore. The island is grey, barren, and full of empty churches with blue domes, ornate ikons, and public lavatories manned by biblical-looking ladies encouraging visitors.

As in the song, they are all "Wild About Harry," possibly because he is so tall and English-looking despite the Basque beret worn at an angle. Whatever it is, they spied him from the shore before we had made fast the motor-boat, and waved long white scarves in his direction.

"But I don't want to go," he grumbled. "Why should I?"

We all said it was unkind not to, and he came out grinning, clutching a small bunch of flowers and munching a piece of nougat, rich in fruit and nut.

We clutch little bunches of flowers wherever we go. In the dark grandeur of the churches they take them out of vases under ikons, in the museums they divest the jars in the entrance halls.

Tiny glasses of sweet, homemade liqueur wines are pressed on us from wooden trays, and minute cups of thick, sickly sweet Turkish coffee follow us in every cottage or monastery. In all the sun shines twice. (Never, the islanders assure us, never for fifty years have they experienced such weather.) But the days it does shine, lighting up the tightly packed together white village houses, the blue doors and domes, we envy them their enchanted land.

Eva and Elbert, the perfect hosts in every other way, shoot up mountains like tall electric hares on two legs, to villages in the clouds, with only an occasional twinkle from the chrome of their cameras to show us where they are. Height, crags, boulders, dust mean nothing to them. They want to see, they want to photograph, and they want to make notes.

Harry, not so energetic and very kind, stays with me at the bottom, where we pick anemones and talk to gentle, soft-eyed donkeys slung with packs, standing patiently outside houses while the inhabitants sling their garbage into the panniers. The donkeys do not whistle or sing lewd songs, shout or nuzzle for loot in the panniers the way our London dustmen do, but like true Greek

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## IRON-ON TRANSFER AND PATTERN



MEXICAN caballeros under wide sombreros and happy elephants are the motifs of our Iron-on Transfer No. 1005F. They have been used alternately on the row of pockets of the apron illustrated. The transfer and the pattern for the apron are both available to readers.

No embroidery is needed on these colorful transfers. They merely need to be ironed on to the fabric for a permanent decoration. Use them on household linens, beachwear, or to trim children's clothes. The price of one sheet of motifs is 2/6.

The unusual apron with pockets for collecting or carrying items while cleaning the house would make a novel gift for a friend for Christmas. It is easily and quickly made from the pattern available. Price 2/-. Order your transfer and pattern from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.





islanders accept everything with resigned dignity.

Getting back to the yacht after the poverty of the islands it is incongruous but certainly delicious to be served by Mussolini, his gold-capped teeth gleaming over babas au rhum, mille-feuilles, fried chicken, and fillet steaks on silver platters whisked up with a twist of Sacha Guitry's mighty wrist in a galley the size of an ordinary hanging cupboard.

After dinner the others play bridge, while I do my occupational therapy, a rather revolting piece of tapestry I am doing for my nephew and his wife, who don't want it but who daren't say "no." It has gone wrong somewhere, it rises to a tight peak in the middle and is lopsided.

"It's pretty, isn't it?" people say sadly. "But isn't there something a wee bit wrong? Haven't you pulled the wool too tight? You'll have to have it stretched, won't you?"

I shan't have it stretched, I shall throw it into the sea the day we leave. But now while the others are writing their log books and we are drifting about between the islands, it is infinitely soothing to push colored wools in and out of any old holes I feel inclined to, and it keeps my mind off the rough seas.

The others tell me I should keep a record, as they are doing, of the trip. "It will be interesting for your children and for their children to read about what you saw in Greece," they say. "We always keep records."

But I don't believe that my children would be interested to read about what I did in Greece any more than they would be to read about what I did in Kensington. If they really want to know I can tell them when I get home, but they won't listen properly. Other people's travels are like a pain, hard to imagine unless you've had it. They will do better to see for themselves or read a book by a professional travel writer.

Eva and Elbert took photographs from small expensive cameras hung on leather straps, colored photographs from large expensive cameras on tripods, and flashlight photographs of Harry and me sucking up soup or straddling donkeys which were much too small for us.

Harry took a spoonful of temples with the cap over the lens and I dropped my box camera in the dirty water of the Pyraeus harbor and it had to be fished out with a butterfly net by one of the crew. After that it worked very well and took a wonderful picture of a white monastery up in the hills, flanked by black cypress and a pair of old ladies' drawers hanging over the wall of an ancient well.

Our last day in Athens, Harry and I bought sponges for people at home. We couldn't squeeze them into our suitcases and arrived at the airport with two string bags, the sponges oozing through the holes.

Harry swallowed the last two blue pills in a glass of cognac, and we spent the next hour in the plane waiting for any signs of confidences or ill effects, but he stayed the same, tall, composed, with shiny shoes and neatly trimmed moustache, and snored all the way to Rome.

I was sad to leave him when we got to London. He had in his tall way become more necessary to me than my lopsided occupational therapy which I had thrown to the dolphins. Now he is back among the black-hatted brigade, with chauffeur, briefcase, and an occupied look, while I am trying to work out which sponge to give whom, with Fanny rolling delightedly on the floor, her feathers entangled in the labels and unopened letters I found waiting for me in the hall.

## Continuing . . . Pin a Rose on Me

[from page 43]



IT is May in London and people are doing their window-boxes. The sudden warmth of a forgotten sun loosens shoulders, soothes shrivelled cheeks, and one can feel hairs sprouting in the back of one's neck.

In the square opposite, where I take Fanny for exercise, the birds are singing one against the other like an orchestra tuning up. The fenced-in garden in the middle of the square which has NO DOGS ADMITTED written across the gate is full of dogs, irises, sweet-smelling stocks, pansies, and falling tulips.

I stand under a white lilac, listen to the birds against the distant traffic, and am full of wonder.

A cream-and-chromium car drives up to the door of a newly painted magnificent house. Two women are sitting in the front. The driver, the older of the two, stops the car with a jerk, opens the door, and climbs out showing London legs under a tight tweed skirt. Her smart London hair blows in the wind but stays in its smart, careless sweeps. Her smart London face is eager and full of purpose.

"Come on. Get out. Help," she calls back to the younger one still in the car. The younger one slides out slowly, showing sturdy "finishing school" country legs under pleated tweeds. Her hair is longer and untidier, but it flops prettily over one eye and on her shoulders like a pony's mane.

The mother, swift as a sparrow, hops round to the back of the car, opens the boot, and reveals wooden seed-boxes crammed with half-out, forced, window-box plants.

She swoops down on the first box, grasps it in gloved hands, and runs up the steps to the magnificent white house with its navy-blue door. A maid in apron and cap opens the door and the mother disappears into the wide white hall.

"Bring the sack," she calls over her shoulder.

The girl ambles along to the boot of the car, looks distastefully at the sack, twists the top into a knot, and tries to heave it out. It is too heavy. It slides back again. She leaves it and shrugs her shoulders.

A white cat sitting on the wall of the grand house watches her with intent yellow eyes. She goes up to the cat and strokes it feebly on the head. She looks round, sees me and Fanny watching, and gives another feeble heave at the sack. The sack is still too heavy, it slumps back again like a dead body into the boot and she tosses a floppy lump of hair away from her neck and stares vaguely down the square at nothing.

The mother comes running down the steps, agile, energetic, and full of purposes, pushes the girl aside, twists the sack, drags it out of the boot, and up the steps.

"Bring a box," she calls over her shoulder.

Reluctantly, the girl lifts a box of pansies out of the boot. They, too, appear to be heavy and she wobbles the box like the strong man lifting weights in the circus. The pansies nod their heads in the wobbling box. They are like the cat, beautiful and pale with pretty pointed faces.

The girl staggers up the steps and the mother runs down the

steps, meeting her half-way. Exasperated, cross, and red in the face, she snatches the box from the girl.

"Give it here," she snaps.

The girl walks down the steps, wipes the earth from her fingers on the sides of her tweed buttocks and leans against the back mudguard. Her smooth brow frowns, her head slumps on to her chest, her pretty mouth turns down at the sides.

She hates her mother. Hates her for her energy and her enthusiasm. She hates herself. She hates the birds and the cat. Everything is hateful and foul. She doesn't know what she wants. She only knows that nobody understands, that they are all stupid. Who cares about silly window-boxes? She kicks the back wheel with her new brown "idlers" and doesn't try to take out any more of the boxes. The mother takes in all the boxes.

"At least you can shut the door after me," she calls as she runs in breathlessly with the last box.

Hunched and miserable, the girl drags herself empty-handed up the steps behind her mother and leaves the door open.

The white cat spots a young bird in the grass in the middle of the square. It crouches. Its yellow eyes blaze. A second for thought, then it leaps across the road, over the fence, and on to the bird.

The sun goes behind a cloud. Fanny and I go in. I water my flowers in the little glass passage and thank God that the agonies of my youth are spent.



ANNA, Llewellyn, Saul and newborn baby with unpronounceable Welsh name arrive by Landrover in the middle of night from Wales.

They are two days before schedule. They always arrive before schedule. I should know by now, but I don't know by now. Why does one never know what one knows? Why does one never know "by now?"

Now is Time, but Time according to scientists is timeless. It goes quicker than space, falls in space, and leaves space behind it. But to me, it is still ordinary Time. It is there, it is urgent, it catches up on me, I am excessively aware of it, and when someone turns up at the wrong time I am in a muddle, with myself, with them, and with Time.

I am assured by Sarah this is quite bourgeois, "a real artist is immune to Time." But I am not a real artist. I am a woman who lives in a small house in Kensington, moderately tidy, moderately clean, expecting eldest daughter, husband, and two children on a given day, and because they arrive two days too soon I am bemused.

As soon as they arrive there is a feeling of disruption, chaos, caravanserai-ism: and things I have never worried about before start to creak, break, and spring out.

Saul stretches out his fat arms from under the red flannel shawl, catches hold of my under lip, beams and murmurs, "Dordoin." He smells of Wales and hay. The baby in hand-woven basket squirms and screams.

Anna drops everything, flings her arms round me and Saul. Her glasses, which are held together by sticking-

plaster, fall off her short shiny nose and she doesn't pick them up. Huddled in airman's fur-lined jacket, Icelandic sweater, black ski-ing combinations to the ankle, embroidered blue Bulgarian slippers, long Welsh skirt made out of long Welsh shawl and Black Watch tartan scarf tied over black hair it is difficult to tell which way up she is.

From behind all this her eyes blaze like the blue glass in police-station lamps.

"Aren't we lovely?" she sings. "Aren't you lovely? Isn't it all lovely?"

Llewellyn staggers in under bursting brown paper parcels, half-open suitcases, a birdcage, a bowl of cream oozing over the sides, a sack of books, and a dead bunch of daffodils.

We set up cot and put Saul to bed. He stands on his head, his orange nightgown falling over his head like a tent, says two more "Dordoin's," then burrows his round, tired body under the blankets and sleeps. Anna feeds the newly born on the stairs.

So swiftly that I have hardly had time to notice, my neat little house has become an intellectual rummage stall. There is Strindberg and orange juice in the lavatory, Dostoevsky on the stairs, Ibsen on the gas stove, Freud in the grate, exercise books under the beds, unsharpened pencils in the tea-cups, tins of baby powder on the sofa, nappies on the window-sills, Gerard Manley Hopkins on the landing, and Leonardo's "Notebooks" in the linen cupboard.

Milk boils over saucepans, gas jets blaze with nothing to blaze under, ovens are left on all night, taps run. We are a "lived-in house" and get to bed at three.

Can't sleep, and do all the things people do who can't sleep. Punch and pinch up pillows, heave up sheets, stick feet out at end of bed. Feet freeze, body burns, mouth dries. Get up for drink of water, water cold and sets teeth aching, stumble back yawning and fall over Fanny, who thinks it is morning, is wagging tail and wants biscuit out of biscuit-tin. Biscuit-tin empty.

Get back to bed and try to read "The Bible Designed to be Read as Literature." "The First shall be last and the last shall be first." This applies to Anna, my first-born, last up in the morning, last to bed at night, last for meals and first in leaving undone that which she should have done.

They are to stay for a week. Awake all night herding and counting sheep. They breed as I count, get their legs stuck in swamps and their heads between wire fencing.

In the morning Anna goes off to British Museum directly after breakfast leaving me with broken biscuits, an uncollapsible collapsible pram, a play-pen with nails sticking out in the wrong direction, Saul, who has found an axe in the garden, and a month-old baby which has to be fed every four hours.

Llewellyn goes to the Tate Gallery.

"We'll be back," they say and then wave. People think that by waving everything is going to be all right.

By lunch-time the newly born is yelling to be fed. Llewellyn arrives.

"You see," he says. "I said I would be back for lunch." School friend of Anna's arrives. Having passed through the stages of Communism, Existentialism, Buddhism, and Deep Breathing, she is now a moderately clean "do it yourself" trained hospital nurse with only pale toe-nails peeping through leather sandals to show that she was ever anything but a

nice person with square teeth and a happy smile.

We sit and wait for Anna. We daren't have lunch in the middle of the screams.

Anna arrives an hour late. Horrified that we should have worried or waited, she feeds the baby, handing out pictures of Egyptian mummies she has seen in British Museum with spare hand.

"British Museum so peaceful," she says.

After lunch Llewellyn says he has to buy books in Charing Cross Road and order hay lifts in Seven Dials. Anna and school friend take Saul to the Park. The newly born one is left in its basket.

Anna and school friend arrive back in time for tea.

"We don't want tea," Anna says, "we've only brought Saul back. We are going to see the Persian Miniature Paintings. Wanda should see the Persian Miniatures."

"Where are the Persian Miniatures?" I asked with sinking heart. They don't know. We look up Persian Miniature Paintings. They are showing at the Arts Council in St. James' Square. It shuts at five. It is now half past four. It will take them half an hour to get there.

I am suddenly firm. "You can't see the Persian Miniatures, they are too far. The baby will be screaming again and anyway who really wants to see Persian Miniature Paintings? We all know what they are like."

"Wanda doesn't," Anna looks suddenly sad and much smaller, as though someone had hit her on the head. She

has always looked sad and small when she hasn't had her own way.

I say, "I will tell Wanda about Persian Miniatures instead."

Wanda sits beside me meekly and I tell her about Persian Miniature Paintings.

She listens intently as though she were a little deaf.

"Have you been to see them?" she asks at length. I tell her I don't have to see them. I say I am half Persian on my grandmother's side and the feeling for Persian Miniatures is strong within me.

She thanks me politely and follows Anna to the studio. Later, as I am pulling up weeds near the studio window, I hear them muttering to each other. It is a kind of cheated mutter. In it there is a plan to go early next morning to see the Persian Miniature Paintings.

### NEXT WEEK

• In the second instalment of "PIN A ROSE ON ME," further charming episodes of everyday living of a London housewife include an exceptionally amusing one in which she goes to buy a towelling dress she has seen advertised. Her visit to the store and her decision on the dress are delightfully described.

"PIN A ROSE ON ME," by Josephine Blumenfeld, is published by Heinemann.

## Fashion FROCKS

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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 53. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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# Continuing . . . No Time At All

from page 21

divorce, feeling that it was the right kind of name for a show-girl-model like herself. She long since had given up even a mild claim to the title of actress.

Things generally had not gone well for Karen Trace. "Karen," her agent had told her not long ago, "you're blond, you're stacked, you're not too old. You haven't got a lot of talent, but who has? What you need to do is jolt yourself—his hands moved forward expressively—"upon the public consciousness. You follow me?" "No," Karen had said. "What am I supposed to do?" "Do something," the agent said. "Have a romance with a professional football player. Make something out of yourself."

"I don't know any professional football players." "Make it a baseball player; it shouldn't be a total loss." "Besides," Karen said, and brought her handkerchief out of her purse, "I don't know what you take me for, Stanley. The only man in my life was my husband."

She was a mixture, Karen was, and none of the bad things in her deprived her of the right to keep on loving her former husband.

Tonight the mixture bubbled. Things were going very badly indeed with Karen Trace, and now there was the news on the television about Mike's plane.

Karen went to the kitchenette of her apartment and made herself some iced tea. Then, holding the glass in her hand, she went to the telephone and called the number of one of New York's largest newspapers. She told the switchboard girl who answered that she wanted to talk to someone about information she had on the missing aeroplane, and she was put through to the city desk.

"I just thought you'd like to know," she told the desk man, "that a friend of mine used to be married to the pilot of that plane. Yes, the Coastal plane. She's a model. A good-looking girl. Yes. Her name is Karen Trace. I can give you her telephone number." She read her own phone number to the man at the other end. "What? Yes, I think she's home. If you call right away, I'm sure you'll get her."

There was rumor and there was puzzlement, and they worked in a strange way to affect a man named Louis Kramer, head of Air Traffic Control for the New York metropolitan area. Kramer—he might have been related to the Kramers whose daughter and son-in-law were aboard Coastal 214; at least the names were spelled the same—was fifty-six years old, a veteran of almost all phases of aviation; tonight he had been at LaGuardia on another mission, but he stayed on to watch fresh developments on Coastal 214.

About eleven o'clock he looked up from the map that had been spread on the desk in the airport manager's office and shook his head. Joe Donaldson, the day tower supervisor at LaGuardia, said, "I don't know. Maybe they find him. Maybe they don't."

"Yup," Kramer said distantly. He was thinking of something else.

"Of course, we assume something stays afloat. There was that plane that just plain blew up in the air crossing Lake Michigan six or seven years ago." Donaldson looked at the other man.

Kramer said slowly, "Joe, there's something here."

"I don't know," Donaldson said. "We've been over it all. We've got everything they've had to report so far."

"No," Kramer said. He was thinking the words a fraction ahead of saying them. "I don't mean the official reports. I mean the fact that the public already knows about it."

"I hear it was a leak they haven't traced yet," Donaldson said. "Marshall Kent of Coastal is fit to be tied. They tell me he's spitting nails."

Kramer shook his head again. "The world is full of people. It's got more people in it than you can shake a stick at. No matter where something happens nowadays, there's somebody there to see it. No real reason for it to hold true all the time, except that it just seems to."

"You're right," Donaldson said. "More or less."

"More, not less," Kramer said. "When those two planes fell into the Grand Canyon—the most desolate part of the whole country—it turned out three people had seen them fall."

"And?" Donaldson said. "And the ocean's the same way. Boats, planes, people all over the place."

"Ah, come on!" Donaldson said. "There are plenty of crashes nobody ever sees. This time of night—black outside, raining like mad?"

"I'm not worried about people seeing it," Kramer said. He began to pace the floor. "I'm worried about the ones who didn't."

Donaldson looked at him. "What's that mean?"

Kramer stopped pacing. "Look, the whole country is in on this. By now somebody's had plenty of time to say he saw it happen, or heard it, or something." He tapped the desk with open palm. "There's human nature here. You hear about something exciting, something disastrous, something big, and you identify yourself with it. You picture yourself in a hero's role. You see a light in the sky, you hear a plane, then you find out about this business over the radio and television and if you were five hundred miles from the place, right away you have to tell somebody you were in on it. Maybe you lie. Okay. But

"But what?" Donaldson said. Kramer shrugged. "Where are the liars tonight? There hasn't been anybody to say anything?"

C. Bertram Ameil, sixty-four years old, might have been the kind of person Kramer had in mind, though he lived a bit north of the probable crash area. Ameil had reacted just as Kramer said the average human would react. Ameil was positioned for the part. He lived with his wife on Ocracoke Island, just south of Hatteras, off Pamlico Sound from the North Carolina coast. It was a lonely existence. Electric lights and the telephone had reached the island, but, curiously, they had not, even though they could light up the night and sound forth the day, reduced the loneliness.

C. Bertram Ameil was a member of the Ground Observer Corps.

A little while before eleven o'clock Ameil took his long-powered flashlight and his rain slicker and hat and boots and made ready to go outside.

"Judith," he said to his wife, "where is there a pencil and paper?"

"You're not going out tonight," she said.

"I'm not, hey?"

"There's nothing to see."

"Didn't you hear the radio?"

"That plane," his wife said.

"I know. Well, between the sea and the rain, you'd never hear it, and between the clouds and the night you'd never see it, and there's nothing to see or hear, anyway, because it's crashed long before now, poor souls."

"Same talk I always hear from you," Ameil said, and snorted. "What do you think

the Ground Observer Corps is for?"

"Not for catching pneumonia looking for an aeroplane that's already crashed a long way from here, and if it hadn't you couldn't see it or hear it, anyway."

"That's your version," Ameil said. He set the rain hat upon his head.

"You're going out there?" his wife said.

"I'm due to take a tour out there, anyway," Ameil said.

"If it wasn't for that radio you wouldn't have even thought of it," his wife said, "and you know it."

"Now, Mother," Ameil said. "Don't 'Now, Mother,' me."

Her eyebrows went up. "When I think that the defence of this country is in the hands of such as you! Suppose you did see something out there tonight. Who would you tell about it?"

"Interceptor Command," Ameil said importantly.

"Ah ha! Interceptor Command!" his wife said. "If I was the phone operator I wouldn't even put you through. How many times have you called them already with your false alarms?"

"I'm doing my duty for my country," Ameil said. "A man's never too old for that. And my motto is, better safe than sorry."

"You already did your duty to your country. The First World War."

"I never got over there."

"No. Your motto was better safe than sorry then, too."

"Every man does his duty as he sees it," Ameil said.

"Does that include the boy who shouted 'Wolf'?"

"I tell them what I see."

"They don't seem to believe you."

"That's their privilege."

"Face up to it, Father," she said to him. "Maybe they know better than you."

"I accept their verdict and do my duty none the less," Ameil said.

"I suppose that's your final word on the subject," the woman said.

"That's my final word on the subject," Ameil said, and banged out the door.

WITHIN the half-hour he was back, the rain glistening on his face. He drew a hand across his eyes, shakily, and shuffled off his coat and said to his wife, "You hear it?"

"Get those boots off'n my clean floor," she said from the wicker chair where she sat beside the radio. "Hear what?"

"If you'd ever get it into your head to turn down the radio you'd hear something once in a while," Ameil said in a croaking voice. He moved to the radio and turned it off. Then he went inside to the phone. When the operator asked for the number he said, "Interceptor Command."

"Hold your hats, boys," Mrs. Ameil said from the chair. "Father, will you hang up that phone?"

Ameil shook his head wildly at her, and she saw that his

body seemed to be quaking. "Hello," he said. "Hello, hello!"

"Now, there, you went and got yourself a chill and the shivers," his wife said to him. "You see? You're too old to be . . ."

"This is Ameil, Ocracoke," he said into the telephone. "I saw it. Just now." He drew a deep breath. "The missing Coastal plane. Flew right over me. Little more than a mile from here—four miles from Ocracoke Centre. What? With my flashlight, that's how! What? Of course it's raining. The plane was down underneath the clouds. Couldn't have been no more than five hundred foot off the ground. What? Headed north, that's which way. I could see it, that's how I know. The wing lights? Yes, they were . . ."

He stopped, and a strange look came over his face.

His wife was watching him through the doorway from the other room. She shook her head slowly, and there was a small, mirthless smile upon her face.

Ameil said into the telephone: "This plane didn't have any wing lights at all."

The ensign in the radar room at the Norfolk Naval Base said, "Oh-oh! Get the lieutenant!"

The lieutenant came in and said, "What is it now?"

"Look at that," the ensign said.

The lieutenant looked. He said, "What do you think it is?"

"I think it's that plane, sir." "The Coastal plane?" "Yes, sir."

"It can't be."

"It'd be just about pilot course."

"How long has that blip been there?"

"Just now."

"But it's on the screen. How did it get there?"

The ensign swallowed. "It just appeared."

"What do you mean, it just appeared?"

"But that Coastal plane is down."

"Yes, sir. I know, sir."

"There are grave responsibilities here; do you know that?"

"Here comes the lecture," the ensign said to himself. "And he doesn't know any more about it than I do."

"We might have to shoot that plane down," the lieutenant said thoughtfully. "How many people did they say were on it?"

"Sixteen, sir," the ensign said.

"Expendables," the lieutenant said. "That is a blip, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Put yourself in Soviet shoes for a moment," the lieutenant said. "What would be a perfect way to attack undetected? Shoot down a commercial airliner on a regularly scheduled run over water, then you take that airliner's place. Think, my boy. Use the brains the good Lord gave you."

"Yes, sir, I'm thinking," the ensign said.

"Some clever idea, hey?" the lieutenant said.

"Yes, sir," the ensign said. "But wouldn't we have seen the Russian approaching before he shot our plane down?"

"Don't underestimate the Russians," the lieutenant said.

One of the phones rang in the office at LaGuardia where Kramer and Donaldson were. Donaldson answered it, and when he hung up he nodded his head, almost in wonder. "Lou," he said, "you were right."

"What's that?" Kramer said.

"You said there was bound to be somebody. That was it."

"What'd they say?"

"Message from the Signal Corps. An Air Force interceptor station heard from one of those civilian ground observers. They say unofficially they hear from him all the time. An old fellow on that island just south of Hatteras."

"Hatteras?" Kramer said, and moved to the map. "That's too far north."

"Not if he's not down, it isn't."

"He saw him?"

Joe Donaldson shrugged. "Play it any way you want. Guy claims the plane flew over him in the rain, headed north, at about five hundred feet."

"When?"

"I don't know," Donaldson said. "They said the guy was nearly a mile from the phone, but I guess he had a car. Call it maybe fifteen minutes ago, twenty at the outside. Maybe less than that."

"Apparently he's one of those old guys. You know. Know what he said about this one? Said he could see it with his flashlight in the rain and all. So they asked him about the plane's lights."

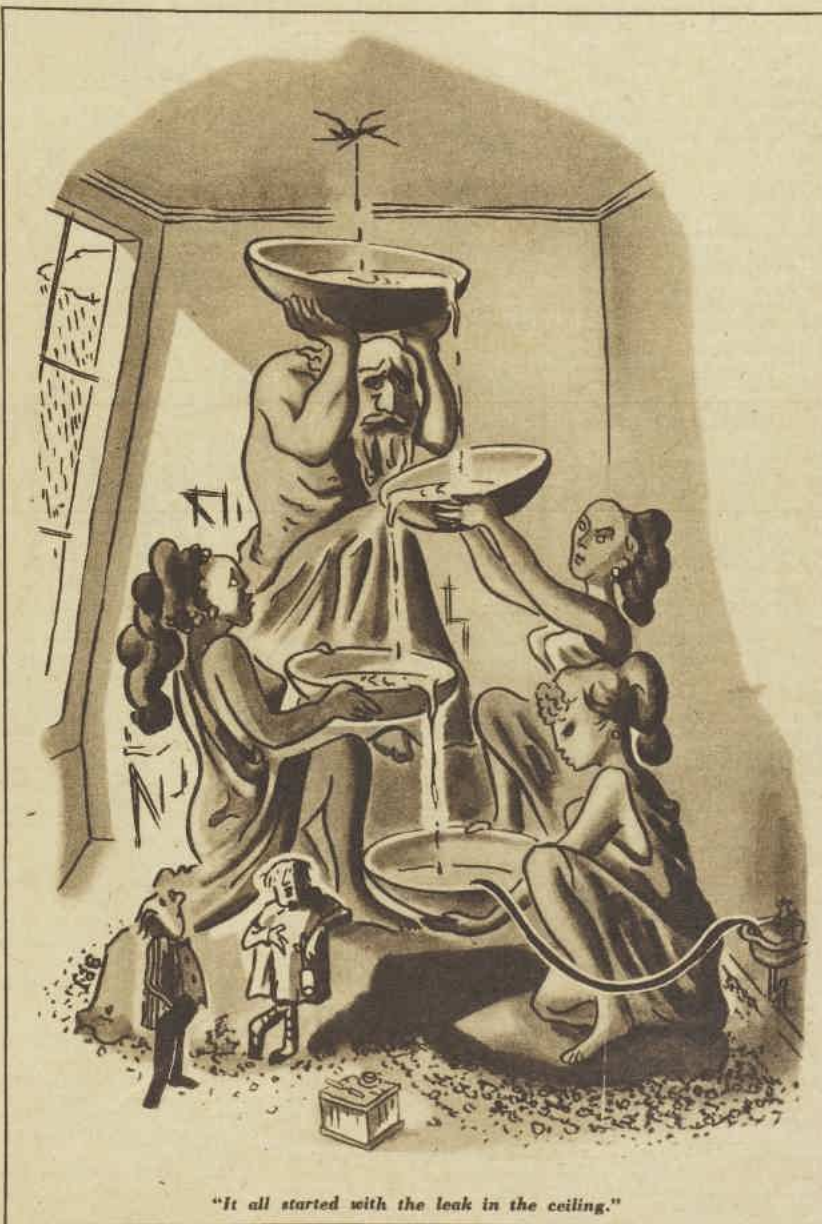
"And?"

"He said it didn't have any."

"Wow!" Kramer said. Another phone rang, and he picked it up and said, "Kramer. Who'd you want to talk to?"

He waited for a moment, then said, "That's what it said? All right. Look. Can you get me New York Air Traffic Control on this phone? Good! Right away. I'll hold on here."

He covered the mouthpiece of the receiver with his free hand and said to Donaldson, "Among



"It all started with the leak in the ceiling."

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other things, that report happened to be true."

"What report?"

"The old man."

"What?"

"Radar. Virginia Beach. They just picked him up."

"The plane?"

Kramer nodded, and the other phone rang. Donaldson grabbed it and took the newest report. "Radar at Elizabeth City and Beaufort confirming," he said across the room to Kramer. "Unidentified aircraft on their screens. Compass course just east of due north."

Kramer nodded again. He was talking into his phone now:

"... and make sure all reports are phoned into this office. Meanwhile, get me Washington on the phone..."

Donaldson had hung up his phone, but now it rang again and again he picked it up. He said, "What? Yes, Colonel. Yes, we just heard about it. What's that? Wait a minute." In turn he covered the mouthpiece of his phone and said to Kramer, "Hey, Lou. The military."

"What do they want?" Kramer said.

"He wants to know if this is a definite identification, commercial aircraft."

"No more definite," Kramer said, "except that who else would it be?"

"That's what the Colonel wants to know."

"Give me that," Kramer said, and took the phone. "Colonel, this is Kramer, New York... oh, George. How you feel? Yuh, we've got it. Just came in here. What? Oh, wait a minute, George, hold on for a second. You have an estimated speed on the aircraft?"

He nodded into the phone. "Then it's got to be propeller-driven. It's on course for our plane, and there are no other commercial or civilian craft flight-planned in the area. All right, put it this way. There are others, but they're all accounted for. What do you mean, potential enemy? You think this is Pearl Harbor? One propeller-driven... I know, George. I know it only takes one. Ah, now, what is this crazy talk! What enemy is going to fly a propeller plane north up the Atlantic coast in a rain-storm and where did he start from to begin with? Miami?"

He sighed. "And what are you going to do about it? You military give me a swift pain. You spend millions of dollars figuring out how to hit something, and nobody ever spends a quarter figuring out how to avoid getting hit. You've got jets and missiles that can shoot down my plane in four seconds flat, but you haven't got a thing that can go up there and identify him. You've got jets on the ready, but they go too fast and my guy's got no lights. They'd never even see him. What? How do I know what he's going to do next? You think you've got troubles? Mine are just beginning!"

Thus the first circle had come full. What Ed Benson had guessed at, back in A.T.C. in Jacksonville when Coastal 214 first failed to report, was, all succeeding rumor and guesswork to the contrary, simply the truth. It had, as Benson had remembered, happened just that way to a commercial Boston-New York flight early in 1936. Now it had happened to the Everyinch.

The radio and electrical systems were out.

Actually it was one system that had shorted out. It had shorted by accident, and not through the doing of any person, least of all Herman Jonas' imaginative stepson in Miami, who had not the opportunity, the material, or probably, for that matter, the nerve to put his long-standing visionary plan of sabotage into action. The boy had not got near the plane.

## Continuing . . . No Time At All

[from page 45]

There are in all modern aircraft two wholly independent electrical systems. In the case of the Boston-New York flight, just as in the case of the Everyinch now, there was no loss of power. The engines, on one electrical system, continued to run perfectly, with the magnetos continuing to supply the necessary power for firing the spark-plugs. Hydraulic mechanical equipment, such as rudder, flaps, landing gear, even windshield wipers, continued to operate normally.

But the second electrical system, governing the fuselage lights, radios, and all components independent of the engines, remains wholly separate. It is generated by alternators mounted on the engines themselves, but these power-plants have no tie-in with the electrical system required by the engines—that is, the magnetos.

And in the Boston-New York flight, just as now in Coastal 214, these generators on the engines, which were independently supplying the aeroplane's second electrical system with their power, had shorted and gone dead, thus killing the lights, radio, intercom, and instruments, but not affecting the plane's power plants in the slightest.

The crew of the Everyinch knew this and knew exactly what had happened, though it was still a matter of guesswork on the ground. Mike Trace, the pilot, had decided not to try to turn back to Miami, even though the trouble had happened just a little time after take-off. He was not too concerned about other traffic in the sky—radar would see him turn around; rather, he was concerned about it, but more concerned about the weather. Trying to find his way back in rain and clouds, without instruments, would be one of the more hazardous courses open to him.

All but two of his major instruments were out. The two still functioning were of vital importance, but neither could be relied upon for certain accuracy in the absence of other corroborating instruments and information.

The magnetic compass was one of these instruments—true only as its original setting was true, becoming a little less true all the time as the plane headed northwards, coming closer all the time to the pole. The pressure altimeter was the other, operating as a barometer. But this gave a correct reading only if you knew from other information, including a radio altimeter, what the sea-level barometric pressure was at the point you were passing over. If you knew what sea-level pressure was, your barometric altimeter told you your height above sea-level. Mike Trace did not know what sea-level pressure was.

What had he done? He had decided, apparently, to trust his operating altimeter to a certain point, to come down at least a certain distance in an effort to see where he was. In coming down he had at last reached the point where the Everyinch literally disappeared from radar screens—he was under the lip of radar scan, having become the "low-flying aircraft" that the Ground Observer Corps was organised for the purpose of spotting.

Now he had made landfall just south of Hatteras, and his next move would be a matter of careful choice. Unless he had some way of knowing for certain that those on the ground knew exactly who and where he was, an attempted landing at some fairly convenient airport would be risky—assuming that he could spot the airport and had in the flight cabin enough light from flashlights to read his

airport recognition charts. A landing in the water would be at least equally hazardous. If he continued to fly below the ceiling in an effort to assure his own knowledge of his position, he ran other risks.

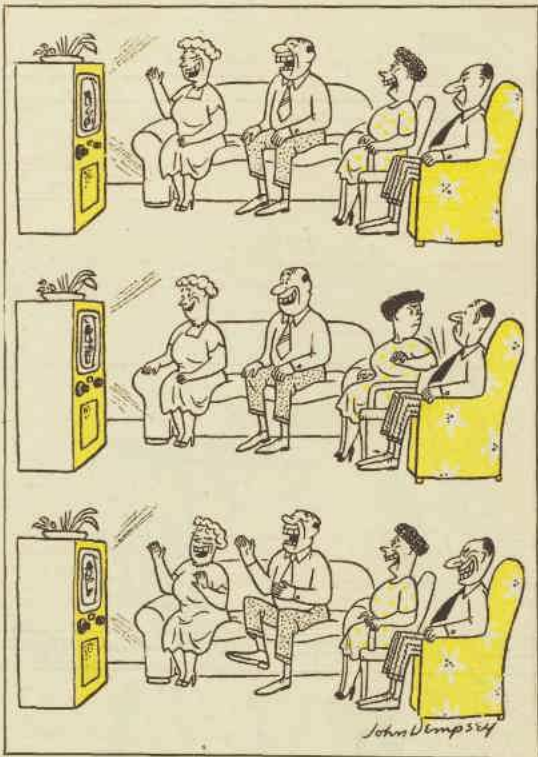
At least, if he regained sufficient altitude to assume he could be seen again on radar, then other planes would be warned out of his path, and if anything else went wrong, if he had to come down in the ocean, the groundlings would have a recent idea of where he was. Besides, if anything did go wrong—an engine cutting out, for instance—then the more altitude he had, the better his chance of dealing with such emergency in flight.

ALL this had been the pilot's thinking, but now, at last, it began to coincide with the thinking of those on the ground. Now they began to assume certain things. From the fact that he had been spotted by a ground observer while underneath the radar, then seen again on the screens, they knew he had climbed once more. They assumed that he would not have done this unless he had

Under the circumstances, it was also, with equal certainty, the least hazardous. The safest thing the pilot could do, knowing where he was, would be to go where he was expected to go:

LaGuardia.

It was not through Mike Trace's brother Willard that the first announcement of the new development leaked this time to the public. On the other hand, Willard's services were not needed this time, either. Marshall Kent, vice-president of Coastal Airlines, who had so opposed the idea of making earlier information public, now saw to it personally that the wire services were notified immediately. The news that the plane was not down had to be made public as soon as possible, though it did not remove Kent's bitterness that the earlier bulletins had got out. What was it he had told Willard Trace over the phone at the first indication of trouble? "I don't want the papers hearing about it... if he's up there and on course then there's nothing seriously wrong." And events to this moment now proved him right. Not that his airline was out of the wood by any means. Not that it was yet known for certain, on the ground, what exactly had gone wrong with this



succeeded in the purpose which caused him to come down to begin with—finding out where he was. He must have recognised the lights of Ocracoke and Hatteras and the mainland to the left.

And if he recognised where he was, then he must know something else. His magnetic compass was serving him well, because Ocracoke and Hatteras were almost directly on course for tonight's mapped plan for Coastal 214.

This, for the time being, was where the ground assumptions left off. But another one was beginning to suggest itself. It was strange, fearsome in its way, and difficult to contemplate, but it had to be thought about.

Coastal 214, if it continued on its present course, would be entering the area of the most heavily travelled air in the world—without lights, without radio, without the slightest illumination from a rain-clogged sky. In this respect this was the most hazardous thing the pilot could do.

craft, or exactly when, or how, or why; not that the most perilous part of the journey did not still lie ahead. Not even that under any conditions the story would not have had to come out later, anyway.

But while there was life there was hope, and there was life now and an aircraft in flight, where before the radio and television had been proclaiming an ocean crash.

So Kent saw to it the news agencies were notified.

Then he prepared to leave the home of Felix Allerdycce to go out to LaGuardia.

Allerdycce said to him, "Well, I'm happy for you."

"Why?" Kent said.

"Well," Allerdycce said, "your plane hasn't crashed."

"Not yet, it hasn't," Kent said. "When I think of all those fish in cargo and that new contract and all those restaurants..."

"It certainly makes you stop and think, doesn't it?" Allerdycce said fecklessly. "Well, I certainly hope everything comes

all right. For my sake as well as yours."

"Your sake?" Kent said, and Allerdycce saw that he had said the wrong thing.

"I mean," said Allerdycce, "I was looking forward to some of those fish. I'm a great fan of Florida sea-food."

"I just want to get that plane landed," Kent said. "That's all I want."

"Well, they have a pretty good idea of his whereabouts now," Allerdycce said. "He can come down any time now. Belly-land in the water, launch his rafts, and everybody'll be saved." He thought for a moment, then brightened. "Chances are they'll get that cargo off, too. A little water never hurt a fish."

Kent was looking at him. "If that pilot has that on his mind, I'll kill him. I'll kill him with my own hands."

"Why?" Allerdycce said. "What's the matter? Isn't it safest to..."

"I lose an aeroplane that way, that's what's the matter," Kent said. "Did that ever occur to that stupid head of yours?"

"Well," Allerdycce said thickly, "things like that are insured, aren't they? Just like anything else?"

"Yes, it's insured," Kent said. "And, meanwhile, where do I get another aeroplane? You got an answer for that one, too?"

"I wonder," Allerdycce said aloud, musingly. He had given up all hope of securing the Coastal advertising account by now. "Suppose the Army or somebody had some trigger-happy scarecrow somewhere who decided that thing on radar wasn't your plane, but an enemy plane instead. It might still happen, for all they tell you it won't."

Kent stared at him.

"Suppose the Army went up and shot it down," Allerdycce said. "Would your insurance policy pay off?"

"Oh, good heavens!" said Kent, and headed for the door.

"Good-night, Marshall," Allerdycce called after him. "The pleasure was mine."

And he turned and went over to the television set and switched it on, and the first thing he got was his headache commercial.

From a news agency's standpoint, the story now was more exciting than ever.

Neither the Global Press nor any other news organisation knew all of the data that went into it. They did not grasp the significance of the simple fact that the plane, when spotted, was on course. They did not know that auxiliary equipment, such as rudder and wheels, was in working order. Some of these things they could not have been expected to know. Others they could have deduced with a little logic. If the plane had gone down, then gone up again, it at least made sense that whatever it was that made an aeroplane go up and down was operating properly.

But, aside from the technicalities, they knew a story when they saw it, and rarely had they seen one like this.

The new lead from the typewriter of Harry Timmons at G.P.A. said what all the news services were saying now:

**BULLETIN NEW LEAD ALL PLANE.**

A FOUR-ENGINE COASTAL AIRLINES PLANE WITH SIXTEEN PERSONS ABOARD IS FLYING NORTH ALONG THE HEAVILY TRAVELLED AIRWAYS OFF THE ATLANTIC COAST TONIGHT—WITHOUT LIGHTS, WITHOUT INSTRUMENTS, WITHOUT RADIO.

FEARED EARLIER TO HAVE CRASHED IN THE RAIN-TOSSED SEA, THE

PLANE IS NOW VISIBLE ONCE MORE, THOUGH ONLY ON RADAR.

APPARENTLY THE PLANE, WHICH HAS FOUR CHILDREN AMONG ITS TWELVE PASSENGERS, DESCENDED FOR A TIME UNDERNEATH THE EFFECTIVE SWEEP OF CIRCULATING RADAR CONES OF THE EARTH AS THE PILOT, MICHAEL TRACE, OF ROSLYN HEIGHTS, N.Y., SOUGHT TO GET UNDERNEATH THE CLOUDS TO FIND OUT WHERE HE WAS. IN SO DOING, HE WAS SPOTTED. THE AIRLINE SAID, BY A LONELY MEMBER OF THE GROUND OBSERVER CORPS, AT HIS POST IN THE DRIVING RAIN ON CAPE HATTERAS.

WHAT THE FATE OF THE PLANE WILL BE NOW IS A QUESTION THAT HAS OFFICIALS, RELATIVES, AND FRIENDS OF THOSE ABOARD, AND, INDEED, THE ENTIRE NATION, FRANTICALLY GUESSING... AND HOPING.

ABOARD THE PLANE ARE THE WIFE AND CHILD OF TONIGHT'S SENSATIONAL BOXING STAR ALBIE WEBBER, WHO...

Timmons couldn't get Webber any higher than that this time around, but nobody took him to task for it. Max Wild, the general manager of G.P.A., did come out of his office to raise a little discreet yell about the quality of the lead.

"You can make it more exciting than that," he told the re-write man.

"Come on, Max," Timmons said. "Nobody has to manufacture excitement for this one. It's built in, I'd say."

"Let me at the typewriter for a moment," Wild said. He sat down, thought for a minute, then wrote:

first new lead  
a giant ghost in the sky—a blacked-out four-engine coastal airlines plane flying without lights, instruments, or radio—tonight is groping a desperate northward path

"No, wait a minute," Wild said, and tried the last line again.

tonight is groping blindly northward through black rain clouds over the mid-atlantic seaboard, carrying twelve passengers, four of them children, and a crew of four toward an unknown fate.

"What do you think?" Wild said now.

"It needs work," Timmons said, but he was on the defensive. The "ghost in the sky" and the "groping blindly" were good. "And you don't have

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**HAPPY RASH**  
AMERICAN FORMULA  
**dermassage**  
MEDICATED SKIN TREATMENT  
Heals, soothes baby's tender skin. Fights infection too!



A treat instead of a treatment  
Now available in Australia from your chemist.



# AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning December 29

## ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

Lucky number this week, 9.  
Lucky color for love, red.  
Gambling colors, red, grey.  
Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.  
Luck in a dramatic moment.

People will notice you. Whether you are arriving or leaving you'll hold the centre of the stage. But there will be wear and tear on your nervous system, so rest if you can. If in love, do not argue when both are tired or exhausted. You're bound to play to the gallery; this means you need vitality plus. Your unusual vivacity will leave its mark.

## TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

Lucky number this week, 7.  
Lucky color for love, pastels.  
Gambling colors, tricolors.  
Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.  
Luck in a holiday.

There will be time for leisure, whether you spend it at home or away. If at home, reduce housework to a minimum; have breakfast in bed if you can. Forget all cares and enjoy your holiday. A touch of romance may highlight the evenings. If long married, your mate may need coaxing into a little fun. But once started you recapture romance.

## GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

Lucky number this week, 6.  
Lucky color for love, navy.  
Gambling colors, navy, green.  
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.  
Luck in a private venture.

On one special occasion you'll do better on your own than with a partner or a group. Tell no one about your plans; no matter how you may be tempted. Whether you intend to catch the attention of a fascinating stranger, buy property or a place to live, don't tell even your best friend until you're the winner. Success lies in keeping your own counsel.

## CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

Lucky number this week, 9.  
Lucky color for love, rose.  
Gambling colors, rose, black.  
Lucky days, Monday, Friday.  
Luck among people.

In a crowded place you may find a lost article or a sum of money. Social affairs can lead to a business matter and a very real opportunity. Your family back you up in regard to an ambition which means everything to you. For many, a wedding is in sight. Enjoy these days of never-to-be-forgotten happiness. You have never got on better with people.

## LEO

The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

Lucky number this week, 1.  
Lucky color for love, brown.  
Gambling colors, brown, green.  
Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.  
Luck in vitality.

While others are worn out with festivities you'll want more. Nothing is too much trouble when it comes to entertaining on a large or small scale. If a parent, your children will be on top of the world. If fancy free, you go camping with a group, help to build a beach house, or give your services where least expected. Your company is sought after.

## VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 22

Lucky number this week, 4.  
Lucky color for love, orange.  
Gambling colors, orange, brown.  
Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.  
Luck in romance.

A touch of romance makes all the world kin. If a teenager, you experience that first love, and, whether you marry or not, it will never be forgotten. If older, glamorous dates are likely to lead to the altar. Young marrieds enjoy doing things together, while older folk have far more social life than usual. Games and pastimes are well aped.

## LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 23-OCTOBER 22

Lucky number this week, 2.  
Lucky color for love, white.  
Gambling colors, white, orange.  
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.  
Luck in the new year.

Those to whom 1958 has not been too kind can look forward now to a better year. They have reached the end of a cycle. There's a fresh wind blowing, filled with opportunity. The first indications are there now. If an old love affair has faded away, or a former activity lost appeal, you start from scratch with 1959. New friends enter your life.

## SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 23-NOVEMBER 22

Lucky number this week, 1.  
Lucky color for love, yellow.  
Gambling colors, yellow, grey.  
Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.  
Luck in invention.

Perhaps you can't do quite what you want in regard to a holiday, but an excellent substitute is not to be overlooked. Second best often comes out on top. Your inspiration serves you well. You are too strong a character to be flattered, so make your holiday a success by using imagination, finding unusual territory to explore.

## SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 22

Lucky number this week, 6.  
Lucky color for love, blue.  
Gambling colors, blue, rose.  
Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.  
Luck in getting your way.

Your own ideas will rule. Family friends will have to fit in with your plans, but results will please them. Personal and household affairs run smoothly, although children may cause worry through mischief. If away from home, insist that all take a fair share of work. If engaged on a family project, enthusiasm could run away with you.

## CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 23-JANUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 8.  
Lucky color for love, black.  
Gambling colors, black, blue.  
Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday.  
Luck in popularity.

There is such a choice of social activity, amusements that it becomes bewildering. Once on the merry-go-round you spin so fast that it's hard to keep control. Your usually serious side goes into the discard and, young or old, you let yourself go. You act impulsively, going off to parts unknown, enjoying freedom from the ordinary round.

## AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 7.  
Lucky color for love, silver.  
Gambling colors, silver, gold.  
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.  
Luck in a new deal.

Surface gaiety may hide your real thoughts. Outwardly bright, energetic, underneath you may be meditating changes. The greater your discontent the more swiftly you will reach decisions, determine on a new goal. Beware of assuming burdens not yours, and too heavy for you to bear. Love affairs may be in a state of flux.

## PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

Lucky number this week, 3.  
Lucky color for love, violet.  
Gambling colors, violet, grey.  
Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.  
Luck in outdoor life.

Your sign is a water sign; swimming is a tonic for tired nerves, will give you a new lease of life. If you go camping you'll be happy to scrap formality, live a casual life. Romances spring up overnight, among the young and impressionable, but may not extend beyond the holidays. Group outings, picnics, sporting fixtures under kind stars.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

that element of heavy traffic that I had in my lead."

Shortly, the new version was going out over the wires:

BULLETIN OPTIONAL  
LEAD PLANE  
A GIANT GHOST IN  
THE SKY — A BLACKED-  
OUT FOUR-ENGINE  
COASTAL AIRLINES  
PLANE FLYING WITH-  
OUT RADIO, INSTRU-  
MENTS, OR LIGHTS —  
TONIGHT IS GROPING  
BLINDLY THROUGH  
THE MURK OVER  
THE ATLANTIC SEA-  
BOARD WITH THE FATE  
OF ITS OWN 16 OCCU-  
PANTS — AND THAT OF  
THOSE ABOARD COUNT-  
LESS OTHER PLANES IN  
THE HEAVILY TRAV-  
ELLED SEABOARD  
VICINITY — A FEAR-  
SOME QUESTION.

For all the nicety of phras-  
ing, Harry Timmons liked his  
own story better. It was sim-  
pler. Besides, Max Wild him-  
self had formulated a rule at  
G.P.A. — no lead sentence  
should exceed 30 words in  
length. This one, which Wild  
had both suggested and ap-  
proved, had fifty-six words —  
count 'em.

Like the balance valve in a  
water-line, Ben Gammon now  
was getting the news from the  
place where earlier he had been  
feeding it. One of the night  
men in the newsroom had  
phoned him the new bulletin.

"He's still in the sky," Ben  
said to Emmy, hanging up the  
phone. "I'm going to make  
myself a drink."

"He's alive," Emmy said.  
"He's safe?"

"He's alive," Ben said, "and  
a lot safer than he's been up to  
now; far as we could tell, any-  
way." He went over and put  
his hands on her shoulders, and  
it was in itself a closer and  
more meaningful touch than the  
two of them had had at any  
time before when they were to-  
gether. Ironically, it came not  
only coincident to, but because  
of, the news that Mike was  
safe.

Safe up to this point, at  
least. Gammon told her what  
the situation was, exactly as  
he had heard it from his office.

Then she said, "What will  
happen now?"

"That," Gammon said, "no-  
body knows. But I'd say his  
chances were awful good."

She smiled and nodded her  
head. "Make me a drink, too,  
Ben?"

"Mmmhmm?" he said, mov-  
ing towards the kitchen.

"Make it a stiff one."

"I didn't know you knew  
the difference."

"I don't."

"But this is an occasion,"  
he said. He stopped and  
thought for a moment. "What  
was that name you called me  
before?"

"You? I? A name?"

"You look pretty when you're  
bewildered," Ben said, and re-  
crossed the room and, without  
warning and without reason  
that he could think of, kissed  
Emmy first on the tip of the  
nose and then on the mouth,  
at once artfully and artlessly,  
and turned once more and went  
back to the kitchen. Neither  
of them, at this moment, could  
fight down the exhilaration and  
the feeling that now, no mat-  
ter what, Mike Trace and the  
Everyinch would be safe.

"The poet," Ben said. "The  
one I knew the dates for."

"Oh," she said from the liv-  
ing-room. "Swinburne. Alger-  
non Charles."

"That's right," Ben said.  
"1837-1909."

"I'm going to turn up the  
television," she called.

"There might be some news,"  
Gammon said. "Maybe from  
A.P. or somebody. Let's see  
what the oppositions are say-  
ing."

Emmy tried a few different  
stations, and by the time Gam-

## Continuing . . . No Time At All

[from page 46]

mon was back in the living-  
room with the drinks she had  
found one in mid-broadcast of  
a bulletin about the plane.

"... heroic pilot," the an-  
nouncer was saying, "refused  
to turn back to Miami even  
though the trouble was discov-  
ered as early as it was, so as  
not to run the chance of col-  
liding with another aircraft in  
the clouds over busy Miami  
Airport. Meanwhile, the ..."

They listened to it all. When  
the announcer was through,  
Gammon said to Emmy,  
"Here's your drink."

"Good. Here's to — to what?"

"Mike. Your flyboy."

"The whole plane, too,"

ject is to avoid doing damage  
to other planes, then the longer  
he stays up in the air the more  
planes he has a chance of hit-  
ting."

"Let me ask you something,"  
Gammon said to her. "You for  
this guy or against him?"

"Oh, I'm for him, I'm for  
him," Emmy said. "But he's  
doing his job. It isn't heroism.  
Is it?"

"I rather think in a way it  
is," Gammon said. "I don't  
know why I'm saying this, but  
that's what I think."

"It's hard to think of Mike

"Go find it and then come her  
and sit next to me, and read  
me the whole poem."

He went and found the book  
on the shelf; looked through it  
and found what he was looking  
for.

"The title," he said, "is 'A  
Parting.'"

"Yes. You know. Parting  
Leave-taking. Going away."

"Am I suppose to read some  
thing between those lines?"

"It's only one line so far  
You have to have more than  
one line in order to read be-  
tween."

"Ah," she said. "Dialectic."  
"That's what the girl said to  
Sergeant Warden in 'From  
Here to Eternity,'" Gammon  
said. "From listening to the  
rest of their conversation, you  
wouldn't dream either one of  
them knew what 'dialectic'  
meant."

"Do you?"

"No. Do you?"

"I'm waiting for the poem,"  
Emmy said.

"All right," he said. His  
voice became louder. "All  
right." Then he read the  
poem:

For a day and a night Love  
sang to us, played with us  
Folded us round from the  
dark and the light;

And our hearts were fulfilled of  
the music he made with us  
Made with our hearts and our  
lips while he stayed with  
us,

Stayed in mid-passage his  
opinions from flight  
For a day and a night.

From his foes that kept watch  
with his wings had he  
hidden us,  
Covered us close from the  
eyes that would smite,

From the feet that had tracked  
and the tongues that had  
hidden us,  
Sheltering in shade of the  
myrtles forbidden us,

Spirit and flesh growing one  
with delight  
For a day and a night.

But his wings will not rest and  
his feet will not stay for us;  
Morning is here in the joy  
of its might;

With his breath has he sweet-  
ened a night and a day  
for us;  
Now let him pass, and the  
myrtles make way for us;

Love can but last in us here  
at his height  
For a day and a night.

After he had finished, neither  
of them said anything for a  
time. Finally, Emmy said,  
"You mean the part about the  
wings."

"Not necessarily," he said.  
"Necessarily," she said.  
"What was that about 'not  
rest'?"

Gammon consulted the book.

To page 48



Emmy said. "The rest of the  
crew. The passengers."

"No. Just to Mike. He's a  
hero."

"A hero?" Emmy said.

"The television just said so."

"That's right," Emmy said.

"It didn't, did it? Because  
he didn't turn back to Miami.  
So he wouldn't hit another  
plane."

"Righto," Gammon said. He  
did not wait for the toast, but  
drank deeply.

"But he's not a hero,"  
Emmy said. "Not for that."

"No?"

"No. If he was going to hit  
another plane, that means his  
own plane would be hit, too.  
So he must have done it as  
much for his own sake as any-  
body else's."

"Well, that's one stinking  
way of looking at it," Gam-  
mon said. "If you don't mind  
my saying so."

"I don't mind your saying  
so," Emmy said. "And besides,  
it would seem to me if his ob-

in any kind of trouble," Emmy  
said. "You don't," she said  
solemnly and clearly, "love a  
man because he's a hero or he's  
not a hero. You love him be-  
cause you love him, not be-  
cause of something they have to  
say about him on television."

"Because he's just your Bill,"  
Gammon said.

"Shut up," she said to him.

"Oh, no," he said. "Don't  
say shut up. Just when I re-  
membered poetry by Swin-  
burne, you tell me shut up."

"Quote poetry by Swinburne,  
then," she said. "But be quiet  
about everything else."

"Ah," he said archly, "and  
suppose the poetry also has to  
do with everything else? With  
arch connotations." He waved  
his glass. "Business between  
the lines."

"You sound like you know  
the whole poem."

"I don't."

"I have some Swinburne in  
a book," Emmy said. "On that  
shelf over there somewhere."  
She settled herself on the couch.

## THE LAUGH WAS ON ME

Here are this week's winners in The Laugh Was On Me. Each week we award £2/2/- each for the two best entries.

I WAS watching a children's mannequin  
parade at our church fete. I clapped  
enthusiastically as each child appeared.  
Then a little girl appeared wearing the  
dress I had made. Modesty forbade me  
to applaud my own work. The lady next  
to me noticed my sudden silence. She  
leaned towards me confidentially and  
whispered:

"I think that one is dreadful, too."  
£2/2/- to "Deflated" (name supplied),  
Kedron, Brisbane.

Send your entries to The Laugh Was  
On Me, The Australian Women's  
Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

MY third baby was due in a few weeks'  
time.

My two sons and I were having a quiet  
lunch together and I decided it would  
be a good time to break the good news  
to them. Hoping to stop any further  
chatter with school pals I told them it  
would be a wonderful secret between us.

Hours later, probably after much  
thought, one little lad approached me  
and in a very hushed voice said:

"Gee, Mum, have you told Dad any-  
thing about this?"

£2/2/- to Mrs. B. Hailstone, Willunga,  
S.A.



"His wings will not rest and his feet will not stay for us."

"I suppose 'us' is you and me," Emmy said, "and the 'wings' are Mike's."

"Drink up your drink," Ben Gammon said to her.

"You know everything, don't you?" she said.

"For a long time I thought I knew everything."

"You found out you didn't?"

"I found out I didn't."

"Did it make any difference?"

"No."

"Not knowing or realising you didn't know?"

"Both. Neither."

"Oh! The only things you didn't know turned out to be things that didn't matter. Insignificant little nothings."

"No. It was just that whether I knew everything or didn't know everything, it didn't make much difference one way or the other. Who was I going to tell?"

"I don't know," Emmy said.

"I'm not sure I follow this. Are you making sense?"

"Maybe. Mike Trace would know. There's a fella makes sense."

Edward, the night copy boy at Global Press in New York, came up to Harry Timmons' desk and said, "There's a man outside and he's crying."

"He's what?"

"He's crying."

Harry Timmons passed a hand in front of his face. "I don't know what you have to do to make a simple living around here. Who does he want to see?"

"Somebody about the plane."

"What's he doing again?"

"He's crying," Edward said.

"You better send him in here," Timmons said, and Edward went out into the waiting-room by the elevators and came back with a little man who had a grey suit and a moustache. The little man had indeed been crying. His eyes were circled with red, and when he spoke his lower lip quivered, but his voice was controlled enough.

"I was in a bar in the neighborhood," he said. "I just heard about it. They told me you'd know up here." He looked pleadingly at Timmons.

"Is she on it?"

Timmons said gently, "Who?"

"My wife," the man said.

"Do you want to sit down?"

## Wedding Day

Your professional facial and your truly natural make-up is planned.

Eye shadow that will enhance beauty but not be detected.

and nothing too vivid. Now for the hectic going away change. You will feel flustered and dusty so step out of your clothes and, with a cloth wrung in lemon delph, quickly rub your whole body, and smooth over with oil of ulan. Freshen the face the same way (missing the eye make-up).

A little ulan, powder and rouge, and there you are, more fresh and beautiful than ever.

Margaret Merril.

## STOP FOOT PAIN

HERE! Dr. Scholl's Ball-O-Foot Cushion provides soft cushion where feet hurt most. A snug-fitting cushion of latex foam loops over toe, soothes and protects callouses, prevents burning and tenderness. 5/9 pr. for Men and Women, at Chemists, Stores, Shoe dealers, Scholl depots.

\*Keep Trade Mark

Dr. Scholl's SUPER-SOFT BALL-O-FOOT\* CUSHION

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Dr. Scholl's SUPER-SOFT BALL-O-FOOT\* CUSHION

# Continuing . . . No Time At All

from page 47

Timmons said, "Edward, why don't you bring this man a glass of water?"

"That would be wonderful, thank you," the little man said. He took out a handkerchief and blew his nose loudly. "I'm sorry I'm making a spectacle."

Timmons smiled a soft smile. "We have every reason to hope for the plane."

"You're sure it didn't crash?"

"That's right."

"They told me downstairs they weren't sure."

"No," Timmons said. He reached for the copy spike. "I can show you the latest bul."

He stopped. It occurred to him that the cold, barefaced news copy, especially as it had been doctored by Max Wild, was not the nicest thing in the world to show the husband of one of the passengers. Timmons realised, even in thinking this, that this same copy was being read over radio and television the nation over; but still, here in this personal atmosphere, it seemed deeply wrong. Then another thought came to him, and he said, "First, you haven't even told me your name."

The other man stared at him for a moment. Then, in comprehension, he took out his wallet and slowly extracted one of his printed cards. He seemed to have immense patience, acting as one might after definite news of a death.

The card said:

K. L. SHERMAN

Human Hair Goods

Flatiron Buildings New York

Reading the card, Harry Timmons' eyes grew large, and it took an immense feat to decorum to keep him from asking outright what human hair goods were. Instead, he said, "Well, let me see. Was your wife supposed to be flying back from Miami tonight?"

"I think so," the little man named Sherman said.

"You think so?"

"Yes," Sherman said, and now he began to cry openly.

"Well, let's check the list," Timmons said, and went down the list with his finger. He said, "Uh-huh. Mrs. K. L. Sherman, New York City."

"That's Dorothy," the man said, and buried his head in his hands.

Harry Timmons looked around for a moment. Edward, the copy boy, was there with a paper cup filled with water.

"Edward," Timmons said to him, "let you and I take Mr. Sherman here into Mr. Wild's office."

He bent over the little man and said, "Let's go inside where we can get you something, Mr. Sherman. The last reports we have are that the plane is all right. We can keep you up to the minute with all the news."

"Dorothy," K. L. Sherman said. "Dorothy." He sobbed helplessly as Timmons took his arm and led him toward Max Wild's inner office.

"Edward," Timmons said, "go ahead and tell Mr. Wild we're coming."

Edward swallowed and went ahead, and Max Wild was waiting at the door of his office when Timmons got there with the bereft K. L. Sherman. Wild was the kind of man who reacted and adapted most quickly, and he was ready to help guide Mr. Sherman to the couch inside.

"This is Mr. Sherman," Harry Timmons said. "This is his card." He gave the card to Wild, and Wild looked at it and then looked at Timmons.

"His wife is on the plane," Timmons said. (Nobody paid attention to how easily and universally Coastal 214 had become by now merely The Plane.) "He heard about it and came up here for news."

"Well, of course, Mr. Sherman," Max Wild said. "Your

wife's going to be all right. May I get you something to drink?"

"Dorothy," K. L. Sherman mumbled brokenly.

"Yes, indeed," Wild said smoothly. "Everything's going to be just fine, Mr. Sherman. Human hair goods, hey? Must be fascinating, Mr. Sherman, fascinating. I'm Max Wild, the general manager of Global Press Association."

Harry Timmons and Edward, the copy boy, closed the door on their way out. Mentally, he noted the time and calculated it would take Max Wild no more than twenty minutes to get a human interest story (a

give the pilot a visual fix — that would account for his steady course; also for the fact that he was by now as far behind schedule as he was.

Kramer and Donaldson, in the tower now at LaGuardia, talked about it.

"He'd better come down pretty soon," Kramer said.

"Maybe he is," Donaldson said. "Somebody on that plane must have a wrist watch."

"That's true," Kramer said.

"If he recognised Hatteras he'd know how long it took him to get there from Miami," Donaldson said. "He figures in his time lost descending and going back up again, keeps his speed as constant as he can without knowing if the wind shifts or not. That way he



human hair interest story?) under the by-line of K. L. Sherman. It would make a fine sidebar to the main plane story for the G.P.A. wires.

He noticed that in his absence somebody else had handled a news box about the father of one of the other occupants of Coastal 214. It was a cute item. William Goldstone, father of Marvin Goldstone, who was the flight engineer on the Everyinch, had just now landed at LaGuardia on the flight from Kansas City. Goldstone the elder did not hear about the trouble with Coastal 214 until he stepped off the plane at the end of his journey.

Now it was past midnight, and radar watched the Everyinch and marvelled that the plane deviated not at all from course (though he could be under the clouds by now — the ceiling ranged up to 2000). Coastal 214 was just off the shoreline, fifty miles south of Atlantic City, New Jersey, and in New York, A.T.C. watched and waited.

For the three metropolitan airports—Newark, LaGuardia, Idlewild — flight plans showed a total of forty-seven commercial aircraft scheduled to arrive in the half-hour period between 12.55 a.m. and 1.25 a.m.—the spread that now seemed inevitable for the arrival of Coastal 214 itself (assuming the pilot did not decide to land at some other field en route).

Weather had steadied all along the coast now, though exact ceilings at given points were changing from minute to minute. In New York it was still over 1000, more than it had been at Hatteras when Coastal 214 had come down to get under the clouds off the Carolinas. Apparently, the Everyinch had come down several times since, just enough to get under the clouds and

ought to be able to figure New York.

"He's got to be up in clouds now," Kramer said.

"Well," Donaldson said, "what can we do?"

"Everything possible," Kramer said. "Let's get it straight again. Searchlights?"

"Every searchlight from Cape May north," Donaldson said crisply. "Including a dozen ships at sea that we know of."

"Plane arrivals?"

"Every airport, commercial and military, from Philadelphia north under instructions," Donaldson said. "Land all incoming planes. Take-offs as scheduled, but not at the expense of any incoming aircraft even on the fringe of tower control."

"Well, we don't have to do that," Kramer said.

"It won't make that much difference, according to the traffic we'll be having," Donaldson said. "And, besides, towers can act at their own discretion up to the time we put them on final alert."

"I think he's going to be all right," Kramer said. "If you want the truth of it."

Donaldson looked at him. "You're sure he's coming here?"

"No," Kramer said. "No, I'm not. But I'm less sure of anything else. All I know is, this is where he's supposed to come."

"Assuming he comes into New York at all," Donaldson said. "It seems to me there are a number of safer things he could do."

"Such as?"

"Land at Floyd Bennett or Idlewild — give him that much less traffic to cut through. Ditch in the ocean alongside one of the beaches — keep him away from airport traffic completely and still give him shallow water and a heavily populated beach line, so he'll be sure to be noticed."

"Yes and no," Kramer said.

"For that matter, he could land at Atlantic City, but he obviously isn't going to. Remember, this pilot hasn't come into any New York airport except LaGuardia in four years. He knows this field. He'd have to check charts on any other, and even then he wouldn't have the feel of it. Go down in the water — I don't know. He's got no landing lights. It's still raining pretty tough out there, regardless of the ceiling. To be that close to a dozen airports and put his plane in the water, at that much more risk to his passengers and cargo and heavens knows what kind of loss to the plane itself he might figure we'd think he was crazy instead of smart, and who knows what he thinks his bosses might think. That guy Kent at Coastal is a maniac."

"But you just said it was raining," Donaldson said. "Suppose he comes straight into LaGuardia. Ceiling or no ceiling, as you say, he's supposed to come in on instrument and radio in the rain. Sure, once he's got the field in view, that's one thing. But what about before that? Where's his visual fix coming in? Coney Island? Is Coney lit up in the rain? No. Night ball game at Ebbets Field? Not in the rain."

"Look," Kramer said to him, "you see New York from the sky at night and you're an airline pilot, brother, you know where you are. Rain or no rain."

"Well," Donaldson said, "are we arguing or are we trying to think with the pilot? A tired pilot. Don't forget that. Been through five hours of the worst strain you can imagine, and the most deadly part of it is coming up now. This is where he can crash his plane the easiest. This is where he's got a ten times greater chance of hitting another plane in the air."

"Maybe he's tired," Kramer said.

"You don't think he is?"

Kramer shrugged. "There are all kinds of theories about pilot fatigue. One of them has to do with hypnosis — the same kind you get driving your car hour after hour along a super-highway. And what's the greatest inducement to that hypnosis."

"The hum of the engines," Donaldson said. "He's got that."

"I don't know," Kramer said.

"The thing that bothered me most when I was flying wasn't the noise. It was the view."

"The view?"

"I don't mean the view from the plane. I mean the view when you can't see out. That lighted instrument panel. Dial after dial. Sitting there. The lights on each instrument. More than a hundred dials. Each one individually lit. The dials never seeming to move, any of them. Just sitting there."

"Well, he hasn't got any dials lit up," Donaldson said. "That's for sure."

"Best we can do is wait and see," Kramer said, and gazed out of the window into the rain. The window commanded a full-circle view, and now, looking south-east, away from the field and towards the approach roads and parking lots at the airport and the Grand Central Parkway beyond, Kramer frowned and stared. "Joe," he said, "what are all those lights?"

Donaldson came and looked out of the window.

"They can't be automobiles," Kramer said.

"They are automobiles," Donaldson said. His tone was one of complete disbelief. "Thousands of them."

The Port Authority cops at the Triborough Bridge had reported it first. At this time of night there were only two lanes open at the Manhattan entrance, two others at the Bronx.

It was like the night of the locust.

Seemingly in one fell swoop, the traffic had piled up upon them, reaching endlessly. And the bridge to Queens became black with midnight traffic pouring in that direction.

New York police were quick to sense what it was. Thousands upon thousands were headed for LaGuardia Field. They did not know that was where Coastal 214 was going to land. They knew only that that was where Coastal 214 was supposed to land.

In that growing crush only one automobile had any real business being there. It was a 1939 Chevrolet, and in it were seven persons, all named Diaz, from East Harlem. They had heard the radio. One reporter had found them — a reporter from a New York paper which had been tipped by one of their neighbors — but they had not let him in the flat they occupied; had chased him away with threats and imprecations.

Their relative, Rafael Diaz, and his wife and three of their children, all from Puerto Rico, were aboard that plane. Something told them they must go to LaGuardia. They went the best way they knew how. It had not occurred to them that the police or the newspapers or the airline would help them. To the police they were criminals, to the papers they were statistics on delinquency and crime, to the airlines they were no more than paying cattle. This was their thinking.

They were there in the creeping, horn-blowing, Roman holiday midnight traffic on the Triborough Bridge. Stuck there.

But the Diazes were at least accounted for, and now, with Coastal 214 watched on radar as it passed Atlantic City, the entire passenger list was accounted for, and the crew as well, as far as kinfolk on the ground were concerned. The officials or the airline or the Press had, one way or another, made contact with those closest to the four members of the crew and the passengers—the wife and child of the fighter Albie Webber; the newly-weds, Mr. and Mrs. James Laurie; Herman Jonas, the man from Miami; the Diaz family; and Mrs. K. L. Sherman, wife of the man in human hair goods.

The entire list? Not quite.

There was one name on the passenger list that had no accompanying address.

In the city rooms of newspapers around the country, and in other places, too, the question seemed most appropriate.

The mishap that had befallen Coastal 214 was nothing if not mysterious.

An added touch of mystery would hardly be out of place.

The unknown extra passenger.

Who was John Black?

The phone rang in Emmy Verdon's apartment, and it was Ben Gammon's office calling.

"Ben?" It was Harry Timmons. "You going to the airport?"

"What airport?" Gammon said.

"LaGuardia."

"That where he's coming in?"

"Heaven only knows where he's coming in. Or even if."

"Then what's the question for?"

"Because," Timmons said, "if you're going to LaGuardia, here's what you do. Jump a cab and get down to the Port Authority Building. You know where it is? Between Fifteenth and Sixteenth and between Eighth and Ninth. The big building. Whole block. You know."

"I know where it is," Gammon said.

"All right," Timmons said. "Go to the Sixteenth Street side. All you've got to do is show them your Press card. They've got police and P.A.

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Films WITH AINSLIE BAKER



## There's no need to worry about Elvis

**P**RESLEY fans need not worry that their boy is being treated too harshly by the U.S. Army. At Bad Nauheim, in Germany, where he is serving with the 3rd Division as a light-truck driver, Presley, along with his father, grandfather, and two friends, is

living at an exclusive hotel once patronised by the Czar of Russia. But just to keep things military, Elvis has to report back to his unit at six every morning.

Presley, now 23, will be out of the Army next year. In the meantime the stockpile of records he made before he put on uniform is being released at judicious inter-

vals, and Paramount's "King Creole," his fourth film—the last he made before the Army caught up with him—will soon be in general release.

During the making of "King Creole" Presley was accompanied to Hollywood by an even larger entourage than that which is now with him in Germany. It consisted of two cousins, four high-school friends, three musicians from his home town, Memphis, and a singing trio.

These, given the use of the backwoods-boy's four Cadillacs, lived as his guests on the penthouse floor of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel.

Despite the home comforts with which his manager, "Colonel" Tom Parker, surrounds

his charge (even while on national service), it is said that there will be changes in the Elvis who emerges from service with Uncle Sam.

For one thing, he has already shed the best part of a stone in weight.

Producer Hal Wallis has three films lined up waiting for Presley, and Fox have two.

Wallis, who made his contract with the singer three years ago when he was virtually unknown, is of his own accord more than doubling Presley's salary, and in addition is giving him more than seven per cent. of the film's earnings.

With a Presley picture easily earning £3,000,000, he's going to be in the chips.



# No Time At All

from page 18

helicopters leaving from the roof."

"Helicopters leaving from the roof? What is this?"

"It's the word, buster, that's what it is. That's how we get it."

"No taxi-cabs driving to Queens tonight?"

"The taxi-cabs can't move any more than anybody else can. The whole city of New York is headed out to LaGuardia Field to see the show. They say it's the damndest sight in all history."

"Okay," Gammon said. "If I go, I go. You've got other people going, haven't you?"

"Are you kidding? Max has guys at every airport you ever heard of. Even that blimp place at Lakehurst. Remember? Where the Hindenburg blew up?"

"Okay," Gammon said again. "Thanks, Harry." He hung up the phone, then looked at Emmy. "You want to go to the airport, don't you?"

"Yes," she said. "I'd like to."

"She stopped, and then said, 'No.'"

"What do you mean, no?"

"I mean no."

"You don't want to go?"

"That's right."

"You'll be expected."

"By whom? Your photographers? Kissing the hero as he comes off the plane? You help that company of yours a lot on your day off, don't you? Eagle scout in person."

GAMMON looked at her and said nothing.

"You don't understand," she said. "For no immediate reason that Gammon could perceive, she began to cry."

"I don't know," he said. "You started out one minute by saying yes, you wanted to go, and now all of a sudden something else. No, you don't want to go."

"Why don't you quit it?" she said. She sniffed and brought her handkerchief to her eyes and nose. "I suppose I'm a sight."

"The eternal woman," Gammon said. "And on top of everything else — are you mad at me all over again?"

"No," she said. "I'm sorry. It's been a tough night for you. Hasn't it?"

"What do you mean? Hasn't it been for you?"

"Yes," she said. "But for you, too."

"That's not my fiancée in that aeroplane."

"He's going to be all right now," she said.

"If you believe that, why don't you want to go to the airport?"

Emmy said, "I don't know."

"Well, you make no sense at all," he said.

"Oh," she said, in a very small voice, a voice that was at once both frightened and

somehow pleased. Then, more strongly: "Say that again."

He looked at her. "You make no sense at all."

"Now you're talking like Ben," she said. "Like my Ben."

His heart leaped. "Your Ben?"

"My Ben," she said. "All night long you've been trying to be nice. Trying, genuinely trying. That's what I meant when I said it's been a tough night for you. Being genuinely the kind of nice that doesn't come easily to you. Not like a martyr. Just nice."

Gammon said, "What happens if the plane crashes now?"

"I don't know," Emmy said,

but she said it in a way to indicate she knew it was not going to crash.

Gammon stared at her for a time. Then he nodded his head slowly and went to the hall closet and got his hat down off the shelf.

"What are you going to do?" Emmy said. "I told you I didn't want to go to the airport."

"The blazes with you, lady," Gammon said to her. "I don't care where you're going and I don't know where I'm going. It's the story of my life. Of all the women I've got to pick to fall in love with —"

"Ben," Emmy said.

"It had to be somebody who'd sit and pick me apart while the other man in her life was getting ready to live or die, he wasn't sure which."

He opened the front door of the apartment. "You die in more ways than one, lady. There are fifty-five different ways you can die. Sometimes you walk around for years afterwards like a zombie." He nodded.

"Thanks for the meat loaf."

The door closed behind him.

"Mr. Kramer! Message!"

The man at the headset in the control tower at LaGuardia almost shouted the words.

"Keep your voice down," Kramer snapped. "What is it?"

"Identification, sir! The S.S. United States!"

"Where is she?"

"Laying off Ambrose for the night. Coming in in the morning."

"What does she say?"

"Four-engine aircraft without lights. Under the clouds at fourteen hundred feet."

"All right!" Kramer snapped.

"Message!" another man in the tower broke in. "Fort Hamilton reports recognition. Heading north-bound over Sheepshead Bay!"

"Message!" the first man said. "Fort Tilden! Two searchlights have the aircraft, sir!"

"North over Sheepshead?" Kramer said.

"Estimated over the Belt Parkway at Sheepshead Bay in two minutes, sir!"

Kramer turned to Joe Donaldson. "Turn on your green spot."

"He's coming here, isn't he?" Donaldson said.

"You're right," Kramer said. "Want the other runway lit? So he doesn't have to turn?"

It was a lightning decision, but it had to be made. Coastal 214 was now maybe eight minutes away.

"No," Kramer said. "He knows this airport. We've got other craft to land. The less we confuse him, the better off we are, and we can't afford to confuse the others. His manoeuvrability isn't in question. Let him make a left turn and land on the runway that's already lit up. Send downstair and get a blinker going. Give him the runway in blinker code."

"What if he doesn't read blinker code?"

"Let it blink at him anyway."

"Want us to find him with a searchlight?"

"No. He's probably blinded enough already. Your sweep is all you need."

"Right," Donaldson said.

Kramer stepped to the middle man among the three control microphone men — one of them in contact with ATC beyond tower range; the middle one controlling take-offs and landings; the third one controlling traffic on the ground. "Who've

# TELEVISION PARADE

● Christmas on TV is a rich feast, with a bill of fare that should satisfy all. There are religious services, the Queen's message, carol singers, full-length movies, and, to top off the day, those built-in child quieteners, the regular children's sessions.

SYDNEY'S Channel 9, with commendable restraint, has saved its carol-singing telecasts and presents its first programmed carol singing on Christmas Eve at 10.30 p.m.

It will be well worth waiting for. It is a live telecast presented by the Central Methodist Mission Choir of more than 50 voices.

This choir, regarded as one of the best in Australia, was recently commissioned by Bing Crosby to record an Australian carol for his special Christmas show in America, "Christmas Round the World."

The carol recorded for Bing's show, "Christmas Bush For His Adorning," will be sung in the first bracket of carols they sing in Channel 9's Christmas Eve show.

Two other Australian carols will be sung, as well as "Silent Night," and some of the best-known Christmas hymns.

Sydney's Channel 2 tells the story of the famous carol "Silent Night" in a film on Christmas Eve at 9.50 and telecasts a carol recital by the famous boy choristers of Manchester Cathedral, England, on Christmas Day at 6.15 p.m.

At the end of the telecast from Chatham Hospital, Manchester, the boys join in the annual ceremony of stirring the Christmas pudding.

Dickens lovers have been provided with a real Christmas treat by Sydney's Channel 2.

It starts on Christmas Eve at 8.30 when it telecasts a feature film of Dickens' "Scrooge," with Alastair Sim as Scrooge. On Christmas night at 8.30 Mr. Pickwick's Christmas is shown, and straight on its heels at 10 o'clock is Basil Rathbone in "A Christmas Carol."

The children can be parked before the TV from 4.30 p.m. on Christmas Day if you wish it. Channel 2, Sydney, at 4.30 shows a delightful cartoon "The Littlest Angel," and follows it with a special chil-

dren's Christmas film, "A Flower for Christmas."

"A Flower for Christmas" was made in Australia. It is the A.B.C.'s contribution to the European Broadcasting Union's Christmas Exchange films.

It tells the story of two Australian city children who go for a walk in the bush with a country friend looking for wildflowers.

Captain Fortune presents his Christmas programme from Channel 7 at 5.30, and Channel 9's Mickey Mouse Club starts at 6.00, so, apart

By

NAN MUSGROVE

from a little channel switching, parents can relax for two hours.

And I'll bet they will appreciate that two-hour lull.

If you are not completely sold on the traditional Christmas, there are other treats.

You can digest your dinner while watching Jack Benny in "The Horn Blows At Midnight" from 3.00 on Channel 7, or have a sleep and then watch Channel 9's Christmas Matinee at 4.30, a full-length film, "Captain Kidd," starring Charles Laughton, that finishes at 6.00 p.m.

Don't let your Christmas tea stop you seeing Channel 7's Sid Caesar Show, which replaces the Perry Como Show that week. It's a variety show that lasts for an hour, and is said to be really something.

I haven't seen it, but Steve Allen, of the Steve Allen Show, whose opinion really should count, lists Caesar as his favorite TV comedian.

MELBOURNE viewers must be made of sterner stuff than their Sydney counterparts.

They don't like kinescopes, a kind of cheap film carbon copy of a live show which is customarily made of most live shows.

## THE QUEEN ON TV



THE QUEEN photographed in the Long Library at Sandringham following her first Christmas telecast. Since this telecast for Christmas, 1957, the room has been called "the TV Room," and the Queen will telecast a Christmas message this year from the desk at which she is pictured. Films of the telecast are being flown to Australia and will be shown on ABC-TV, Channel 2, on Sunday, December 28, at 5.45 and 9.30 p.m. and from Channel 9 at 3.15 p.m.

No kinescoped show has ever rated in Melbourne like a "no expense spared" live show does, although Sydneyites take them and like them.

Because of this strength of the Melbourne character, Bobby Limb and the cast of the Bobby Limb Late Show are in for a busy time when they return with their wonderful variety show to Channel 9 next year. There will be no kinescopes.

The show originates at Channel 9, Sydney, on Monday night, but to make Melbourne smile the whole show will pack up and commute by air to Melbourne, and do their act at Melbourne's Channel 7.

ONE of the first riddles I ever found in a Christmas bonbon was "When is a door not a door?" The answer, of course, is "When it's ajar." I think of it as a kind of confidence trick riddle that adults happily play on unsuspecting children.

## ARE YOU A GOOD SAILOR?

● Channel 9's telecast of Australia's classic Sydney-Hobart yacht race on Boxing Day, starting at 10.45, should be, weather permitting, the most spectacular live outside broadcast yet done.

If the day is fair, and weather conditions good, Channel 9 will do a live telecast from aboard its own ship. It will show the start, then turn us all into blue-water sailors and follow the yachts to Bondi.

If the weather is bad (a smooth sea is necessary for a good picture), the telecast will be done from cameras on Bradley's Head, opposite the starting line, and cameras on South Head will show the yachts leaving the Harbor.

Let's hope for good weather, and a view like Cinerama from the TCN ship, even if it does mean keeping the seasick pills handy.



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*Best Wishes  
 Sgt. Preston  
 and Yukon King*

# YUKON HERO

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 31, 1958

"SERGEANT PRESTON OF THE YUKON" is a TV adventure series set in gold-rush days in wild country round Whitehorse and Dawson City. In the series (Channel 9, Sydney, Thursdays, 7 p.m.; Channel 7, Melbourne, Fridays, 7 p.m.) Richard Simmons stars as Sergeant Preston, but some viewers think his malamute dog, Yukon King (pictured above with Preston), should get top billing. Yukon King and Rex, a magnificent black stallion, help Preston maintain law and order, and, in North-west Mounted Police tradition, little use is made of gunplay. Simmons, a tough veteran who has never used a double, is 6ft. tall, weighs 13 stone, excels in ski-ing, horsemanship, fencing, swimming, and trackwork, and his hobbies include woodwork, organ-playing, and fishing. He lives in Inglewood, California, with his wife and two children, and was a rodeo rider before he entered Hollywood films in 1940.



# No Time At All

from page 50

you got, Phil?" he said to the man.

"Three planes headed by TWA 513, held short of the runway," Phil said. "Three planes to land."

"Three?"

"The third one's over Masspeth now. Here are the cards," Kramer riffled through the cards and nodded quickly. "All right, carry on."

"TWA 513," Phil said into the microphone, "you're held where you are."

The voice in his ear, as he put on the headset, said, "513."

Phil scanned the rainy sky. "United 72, you're on final approach and cleared. Wind negligible, under twelve. American 818, you're behind that United DC-6 and cleared for final approach. Make your left turn just back of the el tracks there."

"72," the headset said to him, and "818."

"North-west 412," Phil said, checking with the cards that were slotted before him like time-punch cards in a factory, "you're number three to land. Can you see that Convair up ahead of you?"

"412," the headset said. "I see him."

"There's a United DC-6 making his final descent now over Flushing Bay," Phil said.

"Confirming number three to land behind the DC-6 and the Convair," the headset said. "This is North-west 412."

"Where'd you break through?" Phil said. "I'm asking 412."

"Lower Bay at twenty-one hundred feet," 412 said.

"Now, Capital 22," Phil said, noting the next plane scheduled to land. "Do you read this? This is LaGuardia Tower."

"22," a voice said.

"Are you under the clouds, 22?"

"Under the clouds at nine-hundred, over Flatbush."

"22, hold present altitude and continue to New Rochelle, then make a left turn and fly for five miles. You're number one in the stack. That Coastal 214 will be behind you but coming down."

"22," the voice said. "Permission to ascend as much as one thousand feet?"

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# THE ten films of 1958

★ It has been a year of reorganisation and financial difficulties in the film industry, with fewer — and unfortunately not always better — films coming from the Hollywood and British studios.

**F**ALLING attendances, short runs, and picture-show shut-downs prove that the film industry is in trouble.

Yet, when a picture does appeal to the public — as "Kwai" and "Witness" did — there is no keeping the patrons away.

Of the highly colored blockbusters which Hollywood hoped would win back big audiences, only "Peyton Place," with its strong line-up of new acting talent, had anything like a popular success.

Seeking a cure for box-office ills, producers have started a cycle of films made on location in foreign lands, photographing their scenic beauties in color for widescreen projection.

Japan has been specially popular, threatening to eclipse the already well-explored Riviera and Costa Brava of Spain.

The trickle of comedies have mostly looked to the Armed Services for their inspiration.

Generally speaking, the best of the Continental films have been the most artistically satisfying, though the poor Continental film retains all its most obnoxious qualities.

Looking back over the year's releases, I would name the following as the ten most interesting and memorable films of 1958:

**"A GIRL IN BLACK."** Made on the highly photographic Aegean island of Hydra by brilliant young Greek director Michael Cacoyannis and notable for its dramatic black-and-white photography and the exciting new faces of its all-Greek cast. A raven-haired, withdrawn beauty, Ellie Lambetti, is the girl tormented by the islanders because of her mother's lapses from virtue.

**"CRIME AND PUNISHMENT."** Dostoevski handled as Dostoevski should be handled, even though the great Russian story of tormented conscience has been transplanted to today's France. With Robert Rossin, Jean Gabin, Marina Vlady. Directed by Georges Lampin, from a Charles Spaak screenplay.

**"DUNKIRK."** A black-and-white blockbuster from Britain, recounting with admirable lack of heroics one of the most stirring episodes of World War II. Memorable for director Leslie Norman's powerful handling of the agonising evacuation scenes on the beaches. With John Mills as the shepherd of a small group which comes through.

**"GERVAISE."** The dark Emile Zola story of poverty and alcoholism in Second Empire France is illuminated by Maria Schell's brilliant performance as the mother of another famous Zola character, Nana. Francois Perier lends fine support as the drunkard responsible for Gervaise's ruin. Directed by Rene Clement.

**"GIGI."** Utilising the talents of a French-English cast and the Cecil Beaton flair for period decor, Hollywood, working in Paris, has made an exquisitely elegant and nostalgic romantic musical out of the Colette novel. Lerner and Loewe supply music in their "My Fair Lady" vein. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, Hermione Gingold. Directed by Vincente Minnelli.

**"LA STRADA."** Italian director Federico Fellini and his brilliant actress wife, Giulietta Masina, in a haunting, unforgettable film about a half-wit girl and her brutish owner (Anthony Quinn). Heartrendingly

played by Masina and endowed with the highly personal artistic quality of its director.

**"THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI."** Marathon runner of the year's films and winner of seven Oscars, with the Alec Guinness best-actor character increasingly controversial in retrospect. Was he a hero or was he mad? With William Holden, Jack Hawkins, Sessue Hayakawa. Directed by David Lean.

**"THE SHEEPMAN."** Outstanding among the year's Westerns, though a decided notch or two below the standard "greats." On the credit side is the delicious, humorous performance of Shirley MacLaine and a refreshingly high level of technical excellence. With Glenn Ford as the sheepman who tries to settle in traditional cattle country.

**"WILD IS THE WIND."** An American picture that leans heavily towards the realistic Continental approach to film-making. Top performances from Anna Magnani and Anthony Quinn, as middle-aged newlyweds in a down-to-earth, human story. With Anthony Franciosa as the son who offers Magnani the love Quinn lavishes on the memory of his dead wife. Produced by Hal Wallis, directed by George Cukor.

**"WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION."** The Agatha Christie courtroom thriller whose sensational run proved that with more films like this the film industry just wouldn't HAVE a crisis. With Charles Laughton at his flamboyant, outrageous best, and Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich. Producer Arthur Hornblower, jun., director Billy Wilder.

— Ainslie Baker

## Peer's book for screening

★ Lord Robin Maugham, nephew of the famous novelist Somerset Maugham, is the latest aristocrat to join the ranks of the moviemakers — as a writer.

**H**IS novel "The Rough and the Smooth" is about to be turned into a film in Britain.

It's the tale of a brilliant young scientist whose career is ruined by a corrupt and scheming girl.

Top German feminine star Nadja Tiller, who was the personality sensation of this year's Venice Film Festival, will play the female baddie.

Lord Maugham is delighted with her and with the plans to film his work.

"I will get 7½ per cent. of the film's profits," he said, "so perhaps I'll no longer be an impoverished peer."

**VAN HEFLIN** is being sought by Italian producer Dino de Laurentiis for the starring role in "Love in the North Sea," to be filmed

next year. Heflin, who starred in De Laurentiis' "The Tempest," is currently in "They Came To Cordura," with Rita Hayworth.

**C**URRENTLY a star without a film, Natalie Wood says stoutly that she "isn't disturbed" at the idea of her husband, Bob Wagner, starring with Debbie Reynolds in "Say One For Me." Debbie is the girl Bob once almost married.

**KIM NOVAK** slipped out of Hollywood and flew to Chicago to visit her parents. Friends say Kim also plans to talk to Paddy Chayevsky about her next picture, "Middle of the Night," to be filmed on the Atlantic coast.

Miss Novak was somewhat perturbed when critics recently said she had been miscast in "Bell, Book, and Candle" with James Stewart.

## Movie gossip

**W**HEN Warners' were looking round for bagpipe players to appear as Scottish Grenadiers in "The Miracle," they called on the local fire brigade, whose pipers have won prizes in contests all over California. Substitutes went on duty at the station, while the pipers went off to the studio.

**EVA MARIE SAINT** has to look sexy in her next picture, "North By Northwest," with Cary Grant. The studio thinks her intellectual type of charm will hot up if she cuts her hair, so the Eva Marie you will be seeing will have her blond hair short.

**MARLON BRANDO**, sen., plans to set up a London branch of his son's film production company. He expects to spend at least four months a year in England to make at least three British pictures in the next four years.

The plan resulted from the making of "Shake Hands With the Devil" in Ireland with stars James Cagney, Don Murray, Dana Wynter, and Glynis Johns.

**BRITISH** producers have requested that American film companies filming in Britain identify their pictures as "A British-American co-production."

The Rank organisation has been displeased with seeing the limited British quota in certain countries in part taken up by co-productions which, under a more rigid definition, might not rate as purely British.

The Americans may have to affix the co-production label as a bargaining point.

**A**CTOR Richard Ney, former husband of Greer Garson, will star in and produce a Western, "Arrows Past the Sun." The film concerns an English lawyer who becomes a frontier scout.

### DRIVE SAFELY

Don't let drowsiness or fatigue turn you into a dangerous driver. Stay wide awake at the wheel.

**No-Doz**  
AWAKENERS

Safe as a cup of coffee  
AT YOUR CHEMIST



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# Fashion PATTERNS

## PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F4142. — Beginners' pattern for easy-to-make junior shorts. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 1/2 yd. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F3727. — Smartly tailored one-piece tennis dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F5086. — Two-piece summer suit has soft styling in the short-sleeved jacket and all-round pleats in the skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5 yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

Continuing . . .

## No Time At All

from page 52

went through he crashed in coming down?"

"Where is he?" Kramer asked. "Is that him?"

"Over Astoria," Donaldson said. "See him in that light?"

Kramer nodded. "You got a line to that Army truck?"

"I don't know. I think so."

"Tell them to cut that light."

"What for?" Donaldson said. "You going to lose him now?"

"If anything's going to go wrong with him now," Kramer said, "that searchlight won't stop it. Meanwhile, coming around that final bend, it'll be in his eyes."

Donaldson said to one of the men on the phones behind him, "You hear that? Get that light cut."

"Now all aircraft," Phil said into the microphone, "hold your altitudes. Eastern 92, fly north for two more minutes and make a left turn."

"92" the headset said.

"Informatively we have that Coastal aircraft on a final approach pattern," Phil said into the microphone.

"He's coming up the el tracks now," Donaldson said. "See him?"

"Get that light off!" Kramer snapped. "Get it off!"

"Now he's turning," Donaldson said. "I can't see his wheels. Lou. I can't see his wheels! Put your wheels down, put your wheels down!"

"Five more degrees and that light will be dead into his eyes," Kramer said. "I want that light off or I'm going to find out why!"

"His wheels . . ." Donaldson said.

"What about them?"

"You can't see them. He must have forgot . . . Look for yourself, in the light."

Kramer looked, and as he did so the searchlight from the far end of the field went out.

IN the after-effect of the light no one looking out from the tower could see a thing, for the night was suddenly black upon black, and the sound of the automobile horns and, a little closer, the rain itself joined in a weird cacophony that seemed to isolate those in the tower completely.

"TWA 513," Phil said into the microphone, talking to the Constellation that was now awaiting clearance for take-off just beside the end of the runway. "That dark aircraft is on final descent, over the water by now, I think. Will you watch for him?"

"What do you think I'm doing?" the headset said, not in the least bit disrespectfully.

The tower fell into silence.

With the deadening of the searchlight, the noise of the automobile horns had quickly died down; now it was hardly noticeable.

Even the rain seemed far away.

Kramer switched on the loud-speaker system, already dialled to Phil's wavelength, so everyone in the tower could hear. An emergency now would require action by more than one man in the control area, and the news of it would come from the Constellation on Phil's wavelength, most likely.

The sound of restive static, like an ocean tide, in the tower now.

Kramer looked at the clock: 1.17 a.m.

1.17 a.m. and 13 seconds.

14. 15. 16.

To the east of the bay and the sky black and impenetrable. Runway lights to the water's edge, and beside them the blinking wing and tail-lights of the patient TWA Connie and the two other waiting aircraft behind it.

"All craft in the sky, radio silence, please," Phil said into the microphone. Every plane

in the stack was listening, he knew, waiting . . .

1.17 a.m. and 22 seconds.

23. 24.

The pulsing red lights of emergency truck after emergency truck winked flanking both sides of the runway.

Joe Donaldson said to himself, "The wheels . . . I didn't see the wheels . . ."

Blackness, rain, and the second hand of the clock.

1.17 a.m. and 28 seconds. 29.

And a voice.

"Tower, that plane's . . ."

A pause. A pause for how long? Half a second? A full second? More . . .

And what?

Now landed smoothly. This is 513. He's already past that first emergency equipment. He's reversing engines, I think. We hear him clearly . . .

Louis Kramer put his hand against his eyes and stood there for a moment. He heard Phil saying into the microphone: "Now, this is tower; we've been on radio silence, but that dark plane is safely in. Trans-Canada 51 and Mohawk 312, please report your positions in order. We believe we can see you both . . ."

Kramer looked out of the window and saw a grease-monkey perched on a fire truck with a green guide flash in his hand, turning the Everyinch off the runway . . .

First off the plane had been the newly-weds, Mr. and Mrs. James Laurie, of Brooklyn, New York, and their in-laws were there to meet them. Back of the police lines surrounding the front of the hangar where the Everyinch had pulled up, the public pushed and thronged and strained to see.

"We weren't worried for a minute," Mr. Laurie choked. "Believe me."

"Worried about what?" his son asked him.

"He was the one who was worried," Mr. Laurie said, and levelled a finger at Mr. Kramer.

"I was worried for a minute, that's all," Mr. Kramer said. "Then I stopped worrying. You know why? We found out the head man in the whole system here upstairs in that glass window there is named Kramer. His name is Louis Kramer! A relative! You know who he is? A cousin of your cousin Sidney; Lena, what do you think of that?"

"What were you worrying about?" the bride asked.

The Diaz family came off the plane next. The woman was holding her baby, and the husband had the other two boys by the hand. They looked around and saw the entire outskirts of the field jammed with thousands of people as the photographers engulfed them. Their relatives were nowhere to be seen, still trapped as they were in the traffic on the Triborough Bridge.

"We sent a telegram," Rafael Diaz said, looking around him. "But no one is here."

"First trip to the United States?" a reporter asked.

"Yes," Rafael Diaz said. "You talk good English."

"Thank you, sir."

"How was the trip?"

"We were delayed. By winds, I believe."

"Didn't you notice the lights were out?"

"They were not working. The hostess explained this to everyone."

"Afraid?"

"Of what? Where are my relatives? They were supposed to be here, along with several of their companions."

"You must have known some-

To page 54



F5123. — Glamorous trousseau nightgown and matching jacket. The nightgown is figure-flattering, with a contrast yoke matched to the puffed sleeves in the jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1/2 yds. 36in. plain material and 1/2 yd. 36in. printed material. Price 4/6.

F4983. — Chic, beltless line for a short-skirted evening dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6 1/2 yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

861

No. 861—SLEEVELESS SUMMER DRESS. The dress, with full sewing instructions, is obtainable cut out ready to make in printed Rufflyn. The color choice includes grey, black, pink, and lemon; pink, black, lilac, and blue; aqua, black, and rose-pink. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 38/3, 36 and 38in. bust 38/9. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

No. 862—LUNCHEON SET AND MATCHING SERVIETTES. The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. Sizes: Centre mat 11 by 17in., plate mat 11 by 14in., cup-and-saucer mat 5 by 5in. The material and color choice include cream and white Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Nine-piece set 12/6. Postage and registration 1/6 extra. Thirteen-piece set 24/6. Postage and registration 3/3 extra. Serviettes 1/9 each. Postage 6d extra.

No. 863—CHILD'S SHORTIE DRESSING-GOWN. The gown is obtainable cut out ready to make in a floral no-iron seersucker. The color choice includes blue and pink, pink and lemon, and rose-pink and white. Sizes: 4 years 15/9, 5 to 6 years 17/3, 7 to 8 years 18/11, 9 to 10 years 21/-, 11 to 12 years 23/6. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 864 and 865—DRESS AND SUNBONNET. Pretty sleeveless dress and matching sunbonnet are obtainable cut out ready to make in woven check gingham. The color choice includes red and white, blue and white, green and white, lemon and white, and pink and white. Sizes: 2 years dress 10/11, bonnet 4/9; 3 to 4 years, dress 11/3, bonnet 5/3; 5 to 6 years, dress 13/9, bonnet 5/9; 7 to 8 years, dress 15/3, bonnet 8/6. Postage and registration 1/6 extra for dress and 6d extra for bonnet. Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

862

863

865

864



## Continuing . . . No Time At All

from page 53

thing was wrong," the reporter said.

"I have told you the lights went out early in the journey," Rafael Diaz said. "We will have to go to" — he disengaged the hand of his older boy and reached in his pocket for a piece of paper, to read the address written there. "Six-two-seven east one hundred eighteenth street. Please, where is the bus?"

"You leave from here by helicopter," the reporter said. "Meanwhile, what did . . ."

"You hear that?" Diaz said to his wife. "Helicopter. Is it not a fabulous country?" Mrs. Albie Webber and her daughter came off the plane next. Albie Webber, the fighter, was waiting there to embrace them, and Hasky Gideon, the puncho bodyguard, swept the little girl into his arms and said, "It was a unanimous knock-out in the first round. You understand?"

Mrs. Webber heard what Hasky said. She said to her husband, "Albie, did you really win?"

"Big," he said in a broken voice. "Big, honey. Next we go for the title."

"I asked the stewardess three times to find out from the pilot on his radio how it came out," Mrs. Webber said, "but she said it was against company regulations, and I told her about that other time I flew on United and they got me the result of the fight that time, but still she wouldn't do it, and the lights were off on the plane the whole trip and . . . well, you don't know how hard I was praying for you."

Mrs. K. L. Sherman came off the plane, with a thin, neutral-looking man behind her. Mr. Sherman was waiting there. He was crying again. "Dorothy," he wept. "Oh, Dorothy, Dorothy!"

"I hate you," his wife said to him in a low voice, averting her mouth from his. "You want to pay him off now or later?"

"Pay him off?" Mr. Sherman said, his voice equally low, and he looked fearfully around.

"The clown," Mrs. Sherman said, straightening her shoulders underneath the mink stole she wore and gesturing with her head towards the man who had come off the plane behind her. "The detective you had follow me all over Miami for ten days. Your buddy, John Black, he says his name is. Go ahead. Ask him what he found out."

"I'm so happy you're alive, Dorothy," Sherman said. "I'm not," Dorothy Sherman said.

Herman Jonas, of Miami, Florida, came off the plane, and they made way for him understandingly when he said he wanted to call his home long-distance. He called and spoke to his wife to assure her he was all right — having slept up to and including the landing, he did not know he might not have been all right till the newspapermen told him. Then he said hello to his stepson.

"I'm glad you're all right," the boy said to him. Was his voice unusually strained and distant, or was it merely the phone connection?

"You can call me Dad, Andrew," Herman Jonas said to him. "Yes, I'm fine."

"That's nice," Andrew said. "Dad." There was a pause. Then the boy said, "I hope you weren't frightened?"

"I am now," Herman Jonas said, and giggled into the telephone. "But we weren't during the trip. It was a very smooth trip, really."

"Then you'll keep on flying when you travel?" the boy said. "Oh, by all means," Herman Jonas said. "Did you call me Dad?"

"Dad."

"Isn't that wonderful?"

Jonas said. "Now, you tell me, Andrew. Is there anything I can get you while I'm here in New York? You know your old Dad wants to do right by you."

"Well," the boy said, "there is one thing. Dad. You can't get one in Miami, but there's a place called Wening's in New York . . ."

"Wening's?"

"That's right," the boy said, and spelled it out. "Scientific equipment. A specialty house. What I need isn't too expensive."

"Don't you worry about money," Jonas said to him. "Thank you, Dad," the boy said. "It's called a Gomburg reactor."

"A Gomburg reactor," Jonas said. "Now, just let me write that down. A Gomburg reactor."

"It's for one of my new inventions," the boy said.

"I didn't know you were working on a new invention," Jonas said.

"Oh, yes," the boy said. "It's almost finished."

"I'd love to see it."

"I hope to have it ready before your next trip."

"That would be marvellous," Jonas said.

"Yes, Dad," the boy said.

AND finally came the crew of Coastal 214.

The flight engineer, to find his father there waiting—the co-pilot and stewardess, to call their homes long-distance—these alone realising what the danger had been.

And last, Mike Trace, the pilot.

The newspapermen had his ex-wife, Karen, up on the top step of the ramp to meet him.

The television cameras went live under the klieg lights.

Across the nation, fifty million people saw it.

Karen threw her arms around Mike and kissed him.

"Well," he said. "Well, this is a surprise."

"It must have been horrible, darling," his ex-wife said to him. She talked loudly enough for the pick-up microphone that Mike Trace did not realise was there. It was 12.30 a.m. in Chicago, 11.30 p.m. in Phoenix, 10.30 p.m. in Los Angeles. All three networks had this on camera. A nation watched and listened.

Mike Trace, knowing none of this, recalled none the less how fresh and warm and delicious Karen was. And the strange thing was, he had been

### Notice to Contributors

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through tougher flights than this: had had an engine quit on take-off once in the Azores, had had a wheel buckle on landing at Fort Worth. Here he had known they could see him on radar, and he had come down under the clouds several times to check his position.

He had ridden the last stretch into New York well under the customary altitude, and the result was he could not have hit another plane if he'd tried. The last half of the trip the ceiling had stayed high enough so he could descend under the clouds and still be seen on close-range radar. The only really tough part had been the beginning,

and then only for a short space of time — the proper decision not to turn back to Miami; and the part of the trip well over the ocean where, distrustful of his star fix, he had come down so close to the water to learn where he was. But that had worked out fine.

He recognised Hatteras and the mainland to the left, and from that point on he knew he was all right. His wrist watch told him at that point that his fuel reserves would be there. From then on, there was no question in his mind, even though Ken Belding, the co-pilot, had said it was no better than 60-40 some jet would come out and shoot at them.

Marv Goldstone, the engineer-navigator, had even insisted that somebody down there in the rain on that desolate Ocracoke Island, just south of Hatteras, was actually shining a flashlight up at the plane. How crazy could you get?

Yet here was a mob of people such as Mike Trace had never seen and flashbulbs, and—what was that?—a television camera atop a truck?

"I know what you went through," Karen Trace said to him. "You're the only man I've ever loved. How can I make it up to you?"

Mike Trace told her how she could make it up to him. The positioning of the microphone boom being what it was, fifty million Americans learned his opinion of how she could make it up to him.

They brought the portable kennel crate into the cargo office of the airline, and Mrs. Cameron Fletcher III, was there to liberate her dog, Champion Venerable Lady Stand-aright of Locust Farm.

"Boo-boo," she said, crying.

"It's me. Mother."

"Well, what d'you think of that," Harrison, the Coastal Cargo man, said as he watched the animal come snarling out of the cage towards her mistress. "She does bite."

In the Operations Room, Vice-President Marshall Kent of Coastal Airlines said to Willard Trace. "So. You're the one who called out the news."

"I called my brother's girl," Willard said stiffly.

"You mean the one kissing him on the ladder out there?"

"No," Willard said. "That's the woman he married. I mean his girl."

"You're fired," Kent said to him.

"Thank you," Willard Trace said.

Kent looked at him. "What do you mean, 'thank you'?"

"I mean I'm glad you said that," Willard said. "Because I don't like you, Mr. Kent, I'm glad I'm not working for you any more. That's all I meant. Most of the big men in this airline are wonderful men, but you make up for all of them all by yourself."

"Oh!" Kent said, and nodded heavily. "Idiot gets fired, so he comes back with the speech about the nasty old boss. That's happened before, too. If you felt that way, why didn't you ever quit?"

"I never felt that way till tonight," Willard Trace said.

"Well, while you're at it, think about something else, too," Kent said to him. "And that is that you haven't heard the end of this from me. Informing the newspapers was . . ."

"Mr. Kent?"

It was a voice at the door of the room, and Kent wheeled to see who it was.

The newcomer came in the door. "My name is Max Wild. I'm general manager of the Global Press Association."

"Ah, yes," Kent said. "I hope you're pleased with your

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## Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and LOTHAR, his giant Nubian servant, have probed the secret of the Thundergod and his forbidden Mesa. With the aid of Mandrake's hypnosis they overpowered the gang of men guarding the hill, then made some interesting discoveries. The mysterious bolts of the Thun-

dergod were produced by charges of dynamite lining the slopes and controlled by a master switch. Concealed microphones were responsible for the booming voice. The reason for this sham was the gang's desire to conceal from the Indians their find of uranium. NOW READ ON:



### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD







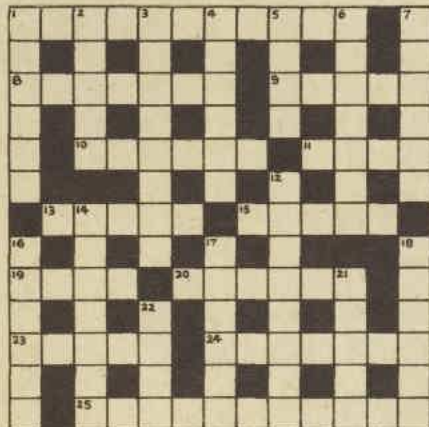
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- Bets in a ring to gain two-masted vessels (11).
- Flashes mostly thrusting weapons (7).
- Bounding surfaces ending in Rome on the 15th of March (5).
- Sailor to stick together the Aramaic paraphrases of the Scriptures (6).
- To that woman a goddess (4).
- Objectionable being mostly a dirty hovel (5).
- Everything that comes to a mill (5).
- Employer in a house revelry (4).
- Lasso containing a melodious air (6).
- Depart to the back of a rough mass of wood to get a famous Russian author (5).
- Stout pole to propel a boat for a common bird (7).
- Calling for sorrow, especially when on a picnic you must have your lunch on the grass (11).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

- Starts though full of gin (6).
- Unsuitable paint (5).
- Exact on account of the assistant of the incumbent (8).
- On this depended the fate of many a coin (4, 2).
- Snuggery in an African establishment (4).
- Makes dull dismal retreats (7).
- Rogue who could easily re-
- place an East Indian sailor (6).
- Such a thing brings us up to scratch (8).
- In heaven Germans produce this retaliator (7).
- Booked by Kipling (6).
- Indian follower of Zoroaster (6).
- Twigs as fodder to read for enjoyment (6).
- Palpitation with a felonious ending (5).
- Hit hard with a log (4).

## Continuing . . . No Time At All

[from page 54]

little scoop, Mr. Wild. You were the first of them, weren't you? You were out ahead with the news. You had all those phony lines about ghost planes and planes that were supposed to have crashed. You caused the biggest automobile traffic jam they ever had around here. You and your sensational yellow journalism. Don't ever bother with any facts. Just get headlines, that's all. Can you stand there and wonder why you don't get any more co-operation than you do? When you act the way you act, you get what you deserve."

Kent's face was red. "You know what this was tonight? A routine flight. Trouble, yes. But it didn't endanger a man, woman, or child. You realise that? After all your shrieking and shouting all over the country, you realise it?"

"I wouldn't call it routine," Wild said in a quiet voice.

"Let's say it was a safe flight," Kent said. "In our business safe flights and routine flights are one and the same thing, but maybe you don't understand that. Maybe you talk a different language. All right. Let's just say it was a safe flight. You admit that?"

"Yes. Do you know why it was safe?"

"Of course I know. You don't, though."

"No?" Wild said.

"No," Kent said.

"It was safe," Wild said, "because the people found out about it."

Kent stared at him. "What people?"

"Just people," Max Wild said. "People everywhere. There were people that prayed for that aeroplane tonight, Mr. Kent. Do you know that?"

"Wait till I get my violin," Marshall Kent said to him.

"Meanwhile, were any of your lovely people doing anything else except praying? Was there anything else, anything maybe a little more direct, that they could do?"

"At least one other thing that I know of," Wild said.

"I'm listening."

"That Ground Observer Corps man on Hatteras."

"Oh, sure," Kent laughed. "Big hero. Hero of the night."

"No," Wild said, "the hero of the night isn't this man. This man heard about the plane on the radio. The hero of the night is a newspaperman. He works for me. Name is Ben Gammon."

"I talked to him on the phone," Kent said.

Wild nodded. "It was his day off, and he was in a situation where he might have thought a lot differently than he did. But the one way he thought was to call his office. That's what started it. A very small thing, Mr. Kent, but that's what touched it off."

"That must be significant to your way of thinking," Kent said.

"It is," Max Wild said.

"So?"

"So, as a result of the bulletin he heard on the radio, this old man on Hatteras identified your aeroplane."

"Big deal," Kent said. "Big deal. And three minutes later twenty radar screens had him back on there and made the same identification."

"Yes," Max Wild said, "but that man standing there in the rain on Cape Hatteras told you the one thing you had to know to make it a safe flight. The one thing the radar couldn't tell you."

"And what was that?"

"He told you what to look for."

"I got a little news for you," Kent said. "Every man on the searchlights, every man in the tower here, every man connected with the last stages of that flight knew what to look for. They didn't need a nut on Cape Hatteras to tell them the

plane's licence number or markings or shape or anything else. We knew. And in the last stages of the flight, it wasn't a nut on Cape Hatteras telling us what to look for. We had that plane pegged all the way. What did your man tell us that the radar didn't?"

"He told you what to look for," Max Wild said again, patiently. "So searchlights could pick him out in the sky and let him know for certain he was expected at his landing field."

Kent said, "I don't get this. Radar told us what we had to know."

"No," Wild said. "Radar merely said the plane is there, and if you'd looked for it there was a chance you might have missed it — could have lost precious time before you found it in that black sky, anyway — because all radar said was look for a plane."

"All right," Kent said, exasperated, "so all radar said was look for a plane. That's all that man said, too."

"No," Max Wild said gently. "That man said look for a plane without lights."

At two o'clock in the morning Ben Gammon rang Emmy's

go to the airport. You couldn't very well share the spotlight with an ex-wife. Very smart. He tapped himself on the temple, then nodded. "And I was feeling sorry because of you."

Emmy laughed.

"Quit it," he said uncertainly. "What's funny?"

"Come in, Algernon Charles," she said. "That's it. Come on. Give me that wet hat of yours." She steered him into the apartment.

"Now what?" he said.

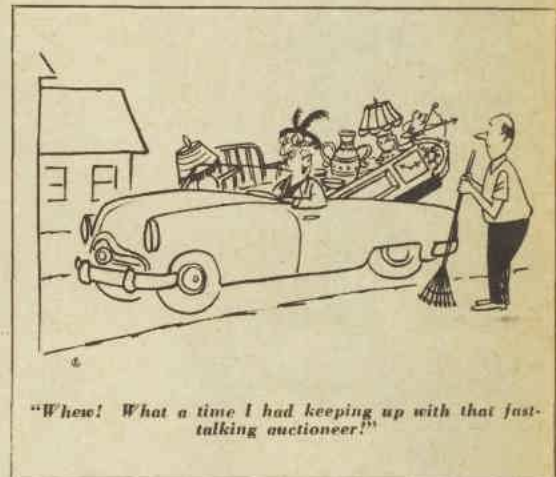
"Now the lady tells the man she loves him," Emmy said, "and loved him before tonight, but didn't find out till now."

"Oh," Gammon said quietly; then, more loudly: "Oh." He thought for a moment. "What for?"

"Because he's just her Bill," Emmy said.

All alone in his New York apartment, Felix Allerdycce, the advertising man, reflected that his firm might well still land the Coastal Airlines account. It would be well not to press it for a few days, but it was going to be all right, he felt sure.

After all, there was the marvellous slogan that he himself had coined. And marvellous was not too strong a word for it. It had all the necessary elements — it embodied a



doorbell. She answered it, still fully dressed. She had been watching the airport scene — including the part with Mike Trace and Karen — on television.

"I'm sorry, lady," Ben said to Emmy. "That's all. I just came to say I'm sorry."

She said nothing, just stood there looking at him, so he said, "I mean for what I said to you. That's all."

"Ben?" she said in a soft voice.

"Ayuh, I've been drinking," he said, "if that's what you want to know. But I'm not drunk. I will be before the night's over, but I'm not now. I just came to apologise. That's the whole thing together."

"Stop saying that's all," she said to him, "and come in here."

He looked at her uncertainly. "Come in here?"

"Yes. Please."

"And then what?"

"And then you can kiss me."

"Like the flyboy kissed the blonde coming off the plane?" Gammon said. "I watched it on television in Horatio's bar and grill below. You know what I think? I think the whole thing was an act. From the minute he took off from Miami. The clinch at the end with the ex-wife. Here is the hunter, home from the hill, and the sailor home from . . ."

He stared at her, still standing in the doorway. "And that's why you didn't want to

familiar phrase, one that was easy to remember, one that could bear the repetition necessary to put a new slogan across the public. As for subject-matter, it played up the airline's greatest advantage — speed — without intruding the stubborn fact that frequently ground transportation or air traffic or weather difficulties of one kind and another slowed the passengers down. This slogan stressed the element of speed without committing the airline to timetable accuracy.

What with the excitement tonight, not to mention Marshall Kent's neuralgia or whatever it was, Allerdycce had not had the chance to show the slogan to the Coastal vice-president.

Now, though, he took out the large manila folder from his desk drawer and extracted the beautifully lettered slogan, inked on a great square of white velum underneath the handsome picture of a Coastal Airlines plane in flight.

The slogan said:

BE THERE

IN

NO TIME AT ALL.

And Felix Allerdycce smiled and replaced the slogan in its envelope and had a small drink of excellent brandy and went to bed and had a rather disquieting dream in which somebody kept repeating the clincher on the slogan—No Time at All—No Time at All—while, in dreadful counterpoint, somebody else kept chanting, "The Miles Never Show . . ."

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